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BROKEN WINGS

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY J. C. SHEPHERD

IT was not yet two o'clock. The August afternoon sparkled over the lake, and the mountains crowded down in unshadowed greenness to long lazy waves. A mile away, where the Little River twisted in from Lac Noir, haze blurred the edges of sentinel tall spruces in the opening and dimmed the billowing hills beyond, speaking of the heart of summer even in these Canadian fastnesses. It was as if a fresh young girl should wear a veil, laughing through it for its needlessness. Close to the camp-gallery water lapped against pebbles; a trout rose listlessly and left a vague circle, widening, vanishing; somewhere back of the stretch of log walls a *suisse*, a small striped chipmunk, clucked and clucked and clucked; if one had not known that chipmunk one would have taken the contemplative, continuous sound for a partridge. A kingfisher darted, scolding, across the glitter of lake before the camp and dived with an infinitely sudden splash into brown and silver ripples.

The woman on the wide gallery glanced up from her book and gazed out where black-green boughs of spruce were laced against gray-green hills across the lake. Through both translucent gold and emerald birch-leaves shot dancing light. Her eyes lingered on the tracery as eyes which do not merely look, but see.

"'A tapestried tent
To shade us meant
From the bright, everlasting firmament.'"

She spoke the lines aloud and laid aside the book, and went and stood by the rough wooden columns at the edge of the gallery. "The peace of God which passes understanding." Peace surely wrapped her, yet her face, alert and vivid as it was, was not all peace; under their brightness the bright eyes were harassed. But there was healing in the silence, alive with myriad small under-sounds of a teeming world, a world where human beings must forever stand at the door, and buy any glimpse inside with the self-forgetfulness of nature herself. There was healing in the vast sky and in the hills which stood about it, hills just as lovely year after year when no eyes were there but eyes of wild creatures to look at them. The healing slipped past the senses and into the soul. The gray eyes laughed as two shadowy, dark arrows sped through the bushes by the lake and fled, careless of her, rustling into deeper greenness. Mink. Shy, wild things like that about meant the real forest. Out from a rocky, small island a silver knife ripped the brown lake for thirty feet, and a loon wailed a long disconsolate, grotesque cry and dived, a mile away. Not by accident is a loon a synonym of mental unbalance. It was all securely remote, removed from wear and tear of civilization. One felt peace "dropping slow"; a telephone ring, an automobile horn was impossible; a hundred miles of mountains and lakes stood between this August afternoon of the forest and any thinkable manifestation of modern life. The woman sighed contentment.

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And she was aware, across the sound of her own sigh, of a steady, almost inaudible vibration, continuous, pervading. The camp-stove—she stepped through the low door and listened. That familiar, indispensable person, the stove, was holding an uneven, unending conversation as always, of soft whisperings and cracklings, with whom it might concern. This queer other sound, balanced, growing, was not the stove. It floated across the low talking of the fire as a canoe floats across water—unmistakably separate. Another thought flashed—a whirlwind. Such things happened in the woods. The camp, Brian, the guides, they might all be wiped out in a moment. And the sound purred nearer. She fled to the tent outside where Brian had been asleep.

"Brian! Something's wrong, Brian!" she called as she ran.

He grinned up at her, sitting on his low bed, lacing *bottes sauvages*. "It's an aeroplane. I couldn't think what the dickens. And then I knew. It can't be anything else."

The two were out at the end of the camp now where an open space on the mountain commanded a short reach of sky. "An aeroplane—here! It's impossible," argued the woman.

With that, behind the top branches of spruce spires, there crossed the heavens, unhurried against blue depths, such a wonder-striking shape as has come to be familiar to-day. Over at the guides' camp the men were calling in excitement; the woman and man shaded their eyes and stared up, hardly less excited. The almost incredible vision marched on with a beat now filling the air, above wild mountains and untracked forests.

"Must be flying from Quebec to Lake St. John; it's going due north," commented the man as they followed with their eyes.

"Wouldn't it be dangerous if anything happened over these woods? If they came down in a lake or in the tops of the trees?" She knew little of the ways of aircraft; to see things and report them in color on canvas was her affair.

The man, watching intently, announced after a minute: "They can't come down. Not hereabouts. It would be the finish—what?"

She caught his arm. And he needed no word more, for it was plain that something was going wrong up there above and beyond high Mount Storm at the end of the lake. The straight flight of the great bird was swaying. They never knew if it was seconds or minutes during which they watched the aeroplane come down. It came, reluctantly, not fast, an oblong black speck, the outline of the fuselage just discernible, gliding down in a long steep line, and the edge of Mount Storm hid it, close to earth, a mile away.

"Is it—oh, Brian, *what* is it? An accident?" she gasped. "Are they all killed?" She had a way of appealing to the man, otherwise her slave and henchman, as an ultimate authority on any subject whatever. Aeroplanes are not, *ipso facto*, the specialty of distinguished doctors. The man shook his head.

"Lord knows. It must be an accident. I hope they lit in the big marsh; it's their only chance. The tree-tops would smash them. But there's no water for five miles—till Lac Creux. Thank heaven for that. I must get there—somebody's hurt likely. My kit." He turned to the camp.

The woman suggested something. "Fire a rifle," she said. "Three or four shots. They'll know then that we're coming. We'll all go, the men and I. Maxime is a mechanic and Gros-Louis a carpenter. They might help."

"And Abraham's a barber," the man added. "Who knows but the pilot might need a hair-cut? The rifle's a good thought, though. Fire it, you, while I call the guides."

In five minutes more a relief-party, carrying what any one could think of, started down the gully, the *coulée*, between Mount Storm and the lower hills opposite. Two shots had answered the rifle.

"They're not all killed," commented the doctor.

"And they want us to come," interpreted the woman further.

"Likely," he agreed. "They must be in trouble. An aeroplane doesn't sit down on a forest just for fun."

In three-quarters of an hour of rough going, through unbroken wilderness, through soft wood where the small spruces —*bois forts*—stood so thick that one must

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pick and choose places to crowd between, through swamps where one must jump from mossy stump to slimy rock and then sometimes go into the black mud, through sunshiny open birch hillsides, through a bit of windfall where logs must be walked high in air at this point and crawled under low in brambles at that—through many sorts of going the rescue-party hurried down the *coulée* toward the marsh. Close to it they fired again, and an answering shot, near, told that they had come straight. Out from the edge of the woods at last a great beaver meadow, luckily fairly hard in the dry August weather, opened and spread two miles down the wide valley, dotted with small trees, larches, and stunted balsam, carpeted with thick grass, parching brown and gold.

"There's the aeroplane."

The woman saw it even before the guides. Four hundred yards away, from behind a clump of larches and alders, stuck up a white rectangular something which never grew in the woods, and as they looked a man emerged and waved to them.

Apparently a hair-cut was not in the day's programme for the N–V–7, on a trip from Quebec to Lake St. John, carrying, besides the pilot, a mechanic and one passenger, a tall grizzled man in British uniform, walking with a limp. But Abraham, though not professionally needed, was as hard at work in five minutes as Gros-Louis the carpenter and Maxime the mechanic helping mend "the ship." So was the doctor, whose black bag was not needed either, as no one by good luck was hurt. There had been engine trouble, it appeared. Also, in landing, a wing had struck on one of the marsh trees and was damaged.

"We can get her together perfectly and peg along," announced the pilot cheerfully. "It's a great help to have you people. My word! It makes the difference of roosting overnight in the puddle. We couldn't have tinkered her before dark, alone. Colonel, you keep away, please. You're not fit for extras, and, if you don't mind my saying so, you're not good at this job," ordered the boy pilot, smiling at his passenger.

The colonel shook his head. "Maybe I'll also serve by only standing and waiting. I'll get out of your way." He turned and walked toward where the woman had waited on the edge of the woods. The gray figure, in trousers and high boots and a felt, nondescript hat, bent over a tea-basket; she lifted out a thermos bottle and a tin box which suggested food. "My lad, you don't mean to say you've got tea for us," the colonel threw at her.

The woman lifted a face of laughter and pushed back a loose lock of grayish-brown hair.

The startled colonel stared, then his hand shot to his overseas cap. "I beg your pardon. I hadn't an idea. I took it for granted"—he laughed here—"that it was an uncommonly well-mannered boy. I wondered why you weren't all over the machine and in everybody's way."

"There seemed plenty to work. I recollected about those also serving who only stand and wait," the woman explained, and the colonel's eyes opened wider.

"We must have the same make of brain. That's odd. I fitted that quotation to myself not three minutes ago," said the colonel. "May I sit down and talk to you?" He slipped off his big army overcoat. "We'll make a davenport of this," he stated and spread it on a huge, moss-covered trunk which must have lain waiting for them there, growing mossier every year, for fifty years. "It's not tea-time yet?"

"Oh, no, indeed. Not for an hour. Not till everybody else has earned it by mending the aeroplane, and you by talking to me." There was a direct friendliness about her which made her, the colonel thought, like the boy he had taken her for. "Do you think they can mend it?" she inquired in a feminine general manner of speaking. "Engine trouble" meant to her something as indefinite as "contingent remainder" or "hypothenuse." She was glad the others understood; she had no desire to understand personally as long as they stood in the breach. "Do you think they'll mend it? Because you needn't worry if they can't. We can put you all up at the camp and send out guides for whatever you need."

The soldier smiled. "That's hospitable," he said. "It's heaven's own provi-

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dence to find you here, in this endless wilderness. We were astonished when we heard the shots. And so glad. Never dreamed of people within scores of miles. It certainly was surprising to have you rise up out of the earth, tea-basket and all."

"I don't believe you were half as surprised as we were when we heard you purring away down the sky. I'd just been quoting to myself about peace, perfect peace and such things, and reflecting how far we were from modern inventions. At first I thought you were a stove, and then I thought you were a whirlwind."

"Perfect peace," repeated the colonel. "Did you have that? And we broke it. Wicked. For there's very little of it going. I don't know that I could lay my finger on a single scrap, unless you have some left back in your camp," he considered.

The woman looked at him; this seemed an uncommonly interesting manner of person. "It's satisfactory to have some one find shortcomings in the scheme of things," she spoke. "I'm worn out living with my optimistic children; they're jubilant and altruistic unendingly. They lecture me. The modern young person is either cynical and fast, I find, or else very crudely holy. My boy and girl aren't fast. Yet—they're extremely up to date; mighty dancers; social workers; earnest, knowing it all; dabbling at everything—wanting to take everybody by the scruff of the neck and amuse them and do them good. If they could get at the ear of the Almighty, how they'd put Him in His place about some of His arrangements!"

The man laughed. "I know," he said. "It's the foam on the wave of this generation. Thirty years from now their children will be laughing good-naturedly at them. Yet it's a generous and forward fad," he added. "It's bound to help on the world a bit."

"I know," the woman threw back. "I believe that's partly why it makes me so cross. I realize I'm partly in the wrong. They're so aggressively right; and it's all so raw; and they're so self-satisfied. And I'm—I'm tired."

The keen, deep-set blue eyes of the man, eyes which had a look as of one who had smiled a long time out of pain, searched the woman's face. "It's that," he said. "When we're tired, the roughshod certainty of youth seems cruel. I'm not saying there aren't exceptions," he qualified. "There are sorts and sorts. There was a boy—there *is* a boy," he corrected himself, "as selfless and happy-hearted as—as Cardinal Mercier. He knew no differences in age. Everybody was people and people were mostly good and delightful. But—but—" The woman looked up wondering as the voice broke. It went on, triumphant. "There was never a lad quite like that." With an effort the tone found its way back to commonplace. "Generally speaking, there's little shading to youth," he agreed. "All sharp light and shadow. I don't believe in the theory that youth is all brightness. Children are happy if you will, but beyond childhood the young suffer a good bit from self-consciousness and vanity."

"Youth!" the woman exploded softly. "I hate youth!" She brought it out with swift passion. "Selfish, ignorant, arrogant, short-visioned, complacent—that's youth. Personality means nothing to them if twenty years separate them from it. They simply don't see you as humanity—only as background. They're the race; anything over forty is necessary padding. That's the theory. Of course they're civil, the well-brought-up ones. But I *hate* their condescending civility. I hate the sophisticated twenty-year olders—sometimes thirty-year olders—who bound from their chairs when I come into the room. I could bat them over the head, the stupid owls, when they spring aside with deference at a doorway. I hate deference. I think such good manners are very bad manners." Suddenly her look broke into amusement. "I do like my own children. We're enormously friends. They're crazy about me, too. You'll think I'm an inhuman monster—oh, don't!" she begged, and the mobile face was alight with shifting expression. She was full of charm and spontaneousness.

But the man regarded her gravely. "I don't think you're a monster; I think you're a soul in torture," he answered, and the woman, astonished, all at once was aware that the bronzed and lean features were dim through a haze. She

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put up her fist, laughing a little as people laugh in moments of strain, rubbing away tears.

"I'm afraid my nerves are pretty close to the top," she apologized. "It's idiotic. But you hit straight so unexpectedly. You see," she explained, "when a hammer is whacked down into delicate machinery it takes a while to get the machinery solid." The low voice was unsteady. "They think it ought to adjust at once and grow comfortably around the hammer. That's what the young think." She laughed again and the sound was desolate. "I'm bitter," she went on. "I never was bitter till lately. You see," she explained, and it came to her in a rushing thought that she was baring her soul to a stranger—and she went on. "You see, it happened. My—my best beloved hit me with a hammer—stabbed me in the back. Oh, not Brian." She nodded toward the group of men around the aeroplane. "Not him. I don't catalogue him, or call him best or least or anything. He's—Brian. But—another. A close one. And the world is hard to get together now to be livable. That's why I'm bitter. That's why I hate things—youth and—and a thing more concrete."

The sad eyes of the man burned into hers and there was understanding and healing in them. She was not sorry she had done an incredible foolishness and told her heart's secret to a stranger. He shook his head. "You mustn't," he said. "For all sorts of reasons. Hate kills. It kills the person who does the hating. And bitterness eats off the bloom of life. You can't be happy when you're bitter and hate anybody. It's the law."

"The law!" she threw at him scornfully. "A law over thought—emotion?"

"There is," the man answered with quick decision. "And we can't transgress it without the punishment. That's the selfish side. The other side's obvious. We're here to do the Lord's work on earth. It's to be done by love, not hate. You know that."

The woman linked brown fingers around her trousered knees and frowned. "Likely I know with my head," she agreed. "But the main part of me doesn't know. It doesn't get across, that reasonable, calm sort of knowledge. It doesn't make a dent in me—what's really me. The other thing, the bruised, bitter hatred and resentment—that gets across in tidal waves. It sweeps me away. You see," she explained, "I have Latin blood and I suppose it's the curse of that thing they call temperament."

The man smiled. "You don't need to tell me," he said.

She went on. "For my job temperament's necessary, maybe. For any creative work. I'm a painter." She threw out hands despairingly. "And my wings are broken! My work is all different. I believe I resent that more than the trouble which has fastened itself on my daily life. My colors used to—come out of heaven. There'd be clear lights and clean, lovely shadows that I'd never planned. They'd jump off my brushes. They'd astonish me. I laughed out loud sometimes for the joy. As if some winged life had flown into the heaps of paint on the palette. Sometimes a whole morning's work would be so—doing itself through my hands. That work would be—oh, nearly satisfying. Of course an artist is never really satisfied. I called it my wings. Brian would ask: 'How were the wings to-day?'" She stopped and regarded the man with direct gaze. "Do you know it is a real thing I am talking about? Not a figure of speech?"

The man nodded. "I know," he said. "I have a job of that family. I'm a writing person. Words are like colors; they come at times on wings. To me they seem even a more subtle and flexible medium, the most wonderful medium in the world. But then—it's my job."

"Your job?" The woman's gaze wandered to his uniform.

"Yes. Of course I went into the service. I had to pull wires to get in, for I was too old—a good bit beyond the limit. The boy and I went in together. He was very pleased to have me."

"You have a boy?"

The man in uniform hesitated, and then the lined face suddenly lighted with an astonishing brightness. "Yes," he said, "I have a boy."

The woman, wondering at his look, harked back to what he had said. "You are a writer? And words came with wings—like colors? I didn't know. But

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of course I'd have known if I'd thought. It's all one. It's all the blessed service of recording life—the earth and the fulness thereof. What a work! Even to the least in that kingdom of heaven it's glory. Nothing like it, is there? And most of the world doesn't suspect that we of the creative clan, we're the apostles. It makes me laugh when I see millionaire business men and lawyers and doctors and such carrying themselves importantly, as if their job was running the world! Plain funny, isn't it? For after the centuries all that lasts is the work of artists of one sort or another. The Acropolis, Homer, the Bible, the Sistine Madonna—artists and architects and writers."

"Well," the man reflected, "I won't subscribe to that wholesale without thinking it over. There's been a bit of good work done these five thousand years, and some of it was political, scientific, military, and otherwise. And the results have helped the race forward."

"Oh, maybe," she conceded. "But we have the wings. I'll grant a feather or so to inventors, yet mostly, typically, it's the artist folk who get the breath of the spirit, the thrilling beat of pinions coming from away off. The wings—and mine are broken!" The rapid, eager soft voice choked into something like a sob on the last words.

The man faced her, his back against a silver birch whose emerald leaves, spotted already with clear gold, played in shifting, soundless light and shadow about them. The long lines of his figure were as serene as the lines of his worn face. He had said that there was little peace in the world, but he carried with him the peace of a mind at leisure from itself. He looked, she thought, gazing at him, as if he sat armored in happy thoughts, where mortal hurt could not touch him. A pang of envy caught her. And with that he spoke.

"My wings are broken, too."

She stared. "You!"

He went on quietly. "I can still write. I do. But—since—the words don't crowd into my pencil and push to get out. And there's no authority in sentences one builds; one can't trust to them; they're brick and mortar, not visions made speech. As you say, the wings are gone."

Slowly she spoke. "The whole world's old and sad."

And the man laughed out. "Not in the least." He asserted it with quick energy. "We're not the whole world. And no more are we old and sad; we won't be."

"But I'm getting *old*," the woman urged, and laughed, and pushed back again the troublesome thick lock which fell across her cheek, adding quaintly to the boyish look of her. The man laughed too.

His eyes rested a second on the animated face, the athletic, slim figure. "Not many girls of twenty could have come through the bush as you did. And you're as fresh as paint from it."

"I haven't begun to totter much yet," she agreed. "In fact, I'm huskier than ten years back. But you know," and her voice was aroused yet earnest, "I really *must* begin to get old soon. Youth! With its sobbing and singing and despair and dancing! Lost youth! I hate to be old—I *hate* it!"

"You said you hated youth."

"That's when somebody else has it. Those arrogant, self-satisfied——"

The man held up a finger. "No," he commanded. "It's envy and malice and all unrighteousness you're playing with. You'll get nowhere, and it will tear you to pieces. Moreover, don't grudge the moths their minute." He went on. "It will be over, theirs too, in a flash, and they'll wake in astonishment to find another generation is young and they're not. Ungrateful and cold-blooded—but weren't we?"

She reflected. "Why, yes. I think I was. I accepted things as my due. Yet the pendulum really has swung into a queer zone with this batch," she insisted. "They're heartless, even when they're philanthropic; there's no gentleness; their eyes are cold; their vision is narrow; they see nothing beyond their own reach. They have no—" she laughed. "I'm back to it again—no wings."

The deep glowing eyes considered her. She went on. "I'm bitter—bitter," she spoke slowly. "It's dust and ashes, because of one thing. I don't trust people—since. Especially this hard, clever, cynical, fast, worthy young lot. I've lost my faith. And age is within hailing distance

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and I don't like the ways of age. They're not fitting for me. I'm suddenly afraid of life. All at once it's a chilly, dusty, crowded street, full of unfriendly faces."

She was shaken with the intensity of her speaking, and the man leaned across and placed quiet, long fingers over her trembling ones. "It's the hatred that's poisoning your life. You can't do it. It will kill you—or worse. What's more, you're not playing the game. You're whining."

She tossed up her head and stared at him. The deep voice with a curious, untranslatable, individual note, as of a personal affection, almost as of a caress, went on.

"It's fact. The ball has hit you and bruised you, and instead of playing up, smiling, you've stepped aside to grouch and pity yourself. Do you think you're the only one with broken wings? Dear woman, the world's full of them. Plenty carrying on without a whimper. I know a boy of twenty-one blinded at Vimy. He's already picked up the threads and got a career. I know a *grande dame* of eighty-five who lost her splendid old husband months back. She carries herself like a general at the head of his army; as full of gay courage and daily interest, yes and of ginger and keenness, as any girl. Till two years ago she was light-footed as well as light-hearted; then the eighty-year-old muscles went wrong; she's lame. To see her limp into a room with the crown of her widow's cap on her white hair, with her head high and her smile gentle and proud—it's a benediction. He had been the light of her eyes for sixty-five years. But she's mended the wings—at eighty-five. She's going on in a steady flight till she comes some day straight to heaven and him. That's playing the game. There are plenty more. Most of us, after forty or so, have crashed and smashed. There's nothing new in pain. The point is the reaction. One may turn pain into a gift and wear it so that lights gleam out of the knives that cut. Or one may be a coward and a slacker." Again she tossed up a hand as if to ward a physical blow, but his voice flowed on. "You have to choose. It's up to you. You may love life and see good days only if you cut out bitterness. Love's the necessary solvent—the antidote for poisons. Self-forgetfulness. The world is at the feet of the man who doesn't want it. Emerson says that. Love your enemies; ask nothing of life; have no personal axes to grind; there's great leisure then—peace."

The unhurried tones halted suddenly. "I'm preaching. I beg your pardon. You and I have gone through so much the same deep waters that I've a feeling I might help you. I've fought this battle of bitterness—out. My—my best beloved—is gone. From this little affair we call life. For a while I saw red and cursed heaven."

There was silence for a long minute under the trees by the edge of the marsh. They were hammering at the wing of the aeroplane busily, the boy pilot and his man, and the famous doctor and Abraham the barber with Maxime and Gros-Louis the carpenter and mechanic. One heard their voices as they talked cheerily, and once and again the deep-toned laughter of the young pilot. Into the fragrant afternoon forest quiet, into such every-day, pleasant human sounds, the man's calm words dropped with grotesque contrast. "I saw red and cursed heaven." An hour bird, the hidden hermit thrush, sang his sudden, leisurely, heavenly sweet four notes from a tree somewhere near. It was like the touch of a hand laid, impersonal, healing, on a sore heart.

"I whined," whispered the woman.

The man laughed out as light-heartedly as a child. "You're an honest person," he said. "You face things. You did whine. That's why I told about myself. I whined too, for a bit. And I've come through, and drowned out bitterness, and I'm fit for service. So may you be. It's the object and the measure of living, isn't it? Service? I got hold of that idea and it steadied me. You catch hold of it, too. Some go through life with a leg off, carrying a crutch; some are blind; some have to live tied to human devils; the real sports buck up and don't whine. You and I can do that same. We can even chain age, the enemy, to our chariot-wheels; we can decorate our lives with our handicaps; we can love, if people are worth loving or not. Just"—he laughed—"be like the three Japanese monkeys.

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You know them? See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil."

She nodded. "Yes. One with a hand over his eyes, one over his ears, one over his mouth."

"Isn't it tea-time?" the soldier demanded. "They're coming up this way."

The figure in gray stepped across to the tea-basket. She opened the lid and then turned to him eyes which glistened. "The good Lord drops his messenger out of the sky, and the messenger sits on a stump and saves a soul and then clamors for tea. And there's no time for the salvage to tell —how life is suddenly different, and courage is possible and how—she'll play the game. There's no time to try to thank the messenger. And no words."

"Real people do so well without words," the man said, and then: "There's really no time also, for here they are, streaming up the landscape, mad for food. Let's get things going."

Half an hour later, as the whole party filed back where the aeroplane, as good as new, waited for its crew, it happened that Brian was ahead with the soldier, and the woman and the laughing boy pilot closed the procession. All bubbling with gayety as he was, the lad's face sobered at a word.

"Wonderful? Gee!" He spoke in awed tones. "I should say he *was* a wonderful person! You know what he went through? Hideously wounded twice the very day Dick, his son, was shot down in his ship behind the Boche lines. And he heard about it. Dick was hurt and taken prisoner. They were less cruel to airmen, yet—well, he died of starvation and neglect. When the colonel heard, in the hospital, he tried to kill himself. Plumb crazy. He got better when he knew Dick was dead. But what he stood was fairly close to hell. Dick was an extraordinary chap—sort of mixed saint and daredevil; he and his father were thicker than brothers. The colonel still suffers with his wounds, but he has pulled together, and you couldn't believe the things that man does outside his own big job. This work for the government is his play; he likes flying because he sees things as Dick saw them. But every minute between he's helping some lame duck."

The woman nodded, smiling up at the tall lad, speechless. With that they were close to the machine, and the soldier stared at it and turned to the pilot.

"I hope you've got her so we won't spill again into this wilderness, Tommy," he said. "We're not guaranteed ministering angels all along the trip."

"Don't you worry, sir," laughed the boy. "Nothing flies as well as a broken wing, once it's honestly mended."

The look of the soldier shot to the woman. "You see?" he threw at her. "Tommy's said it in two words."

She whispered something not very articulate. But it answered. And in a few minutes more he had held her hand in his for a long second, radiating down friendliness. Then the worn, sad, brilliant face turned away, and the three were in the cockpit of the aeroplane, and the fantastic, lovely machine was gliding down the meadow, rising free of the ground, of the tree-tops, of the hills, soaring now, a great strange bird, across cotton-wool clouds of the pale, hot sky. Her hand on her husband's shoulder, she watched as the beat of the engine grew small and the "ship" came to be a dark speck on the sky.

"Jove!" spoke Brian suddenly, "I never thought to ask the names of those fellows. Do you know?"

She shook her head. "Let's go home. It doesn't matter. There was healing in their wings. Glad tidings. Blessed upon the mountains are their feet. All that sort of thing. I can't explain now, dear, but they came straight from heaven in more senses than one. And I'm happy and I can lift the world. Let's go home, Brian."

A week later guides brought to the camp mail from the distant, forgotten world. The woman cried out a sudden exclamation as she turned the pages of a newspaper days old. "Brian!" she cried out. "Listen to this." And she read a paragraph from a great New York daily.

"'A curious incident happened in the Canadian forest north of Quebec on the 19th of this month. There are a number of sporting clubs along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, and those parts are now patrolled by aeroplane to discover and report forest-fires. The engine of a plane developed trouble on the date mentioned and came down, fortunately avoiding a lake and dense woods, on a large beaver meadow, injur-

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ing one wing against a tree in landing. The pilot, Captain Thomas Fortescue, had little hope of repairing the damage before next day, with only one man and a passenger to help, but a party of six campers suddenly appeared, including a mechanic and a carpenter, and the machine was in order inside two hours. The party had seen the aeroplane pass and fall, and, being good woodsmen, had rushed to the rescue with all necessities, including afternoon tea! The passenger in the aeroplane was——'"

The woman looked up with awed eyes as she read, and halted a moment before she pronounced a name which is known wherever English literature is read. "Brian! No wonder he made things over for me. How could we have missed knowing who he was, Brian?"

"Oh, come, you ask too much—we couldn't have guessed that," Brian responded, masculine and matter-of-fact. "Great Scott! We're no professional magicians, Letty."

But the woman, with a hand on the infinitely dear thick head, was staring beyond him, through the low camp door, down the ruffled silver of the lake to the *coulée* which ran past Mount Storm. She saw, not Brian or the lake, she saw burning eyes of pain and courage smiling into hers. She heard a voice which had spoken salvation.

"Brian, darling," she said, "there's nobody so stupendously stupid as you—nobody. But this you must try to understand: Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, Brian—'for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'"

THE MIRACLE OF ST. NICHOLAS

By Meriel Buchanan

Author of "The City of Trouble" (Petrograd)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILSON C. DEXTER

THE trees on the opposite shore made a soft line of shadow against the sky of palest, palest gold. Not a ripple stirred the still surface of the river, not a breath of wind rustled in the grass along the banks. Drifting in a pearly, soft haze a little boat moved like a silent spirit across the water. From the village, hidden amidst the trees, came a distant murmur of voices, now and then a snatch of song that broke off as if the singer had suddenly been reminded that his time for singing would perhaps be short.

But the boy and the girl who sat alone by the river were silent, the girl's head lying on the boy's shoulder, his cheek resting on her soft, dark hair. Barely a week ago they had been married in the old wooden church whose star-painted dome showed above the ghostly trees, they had looked forward to years of peace and happiness—and now to-morrow the boy, with the rest of the men of the village, was leaving to fight the Germans.

So they sat by the river and looked across into the sunset and found no words to say to each other, their hearts too full of troubled fears and pain that could find no expression in speech. There was nothing to do, the decree had gone forth, and dumbly they submitted to it. Kolia must go and be a soldier, and Praskovia, the child-wife, must wait till he came back, and pray for him every day, and once a week burn a candle for him before the icon of St. Nicholas, his patron saint. That was all there was to tell, so what was the use of talking as they sat by the river clinging to each other as if somehow they thought that by sitting very close they could fill the loneliness that would be theirs to-morrow with the dear memory of the touch of hands and lips? And Time, relentless and inexorable, counted the minutes one by one, and drew the soft

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gray veil of the summer night over the world's poor tortured face.

Summer passed and the trees along the banks of the river turned to flaming gold and crimson till the water seemed on fire with their reflected glory under the soft blue haze of the autumn sky. And presently the leaves began to fall and the bare branches whispered and rustled as if spirits moved among them and shook them to sudden sighs and laughter. And gray under the grayness of the sky the broad river lay sullen and dark, while little black tugs churned up and down dragging heavy barges laden with wood and grain and corn. And at first there were many letters from Kolia at the front, letters written in pencil on dirty scraps of papers, letters full of hope and enthusiasm. The armies were advancing into East Prussia, the Germans were flying before them; certainly the war would soon be over and he would return to Praskovia and never leave her again. Then the letters ceased and for a long, long time there was silence, while Praskovia's eyes grew big and hollow in her small white face, and every day a candle of yellow wax burned and flickered before the gaudily painted icon of St. Nicholas. Then suddenly one day there came a letter again, several letters, and Praskovia knelt and cried for happiness in the shadowed, dingy church with its smell of incense and wax and humanity and dampness. Some of the hopeful buoyancy had gone from Kolia's letters now, he no longer spoke of the war being over, but Praskovia, her heart too full of the miracle that was coming to her, did not see or understand. The gray, grim winter passed; between rifts of clouds blue glimpses of sky shone out and turned the murky water to the magic colors of aquamarine and turquoise. A soft, wild wind stirred the skeleton branches of the trees, warm rain and pale sunshine flushed them to the dim rose color of bursting buds, patches of snow still lingered in the shadows, the village roads were ankle-deep in mud. And then, when the first pale green lay like the touch of magic fingers over the woods, the miracle happened and Praskovia's son was born. The bells of the little wooden church seemed to her as if they would burst their hearts with joy the day he was christened, the day when for the first time the sun really shone and the broad river and all the little puddles reflected the deep, deep blue of the sky, and the apple-blossom in the doctor's garden came out with a sudden rush.

Proud, happy letters came from Kolia at the front, letters in which he spoke only of his own joy and made no mention of the war. And then suddenly, once more there was silence, and just at first Praskovia, watching that most wonderful thing in the world, her son, did not worry. Something had happened to delay the letters, the regiment had perhaps been transferred to some more distant point in that huge line of front. It would be like the last time, and one day a letter would come again. But the days passed and lengthened and grew short and no letter came. And Praskovia held little Kolia very tightly in her arms as she gazed across the river, and kneeling before the icon of St. Nicholas the candles danced and glimmered like little golden points of fire before her tear-wet eyes. And still there was no letter, and the young green leaves withered and turned to gold, and the blue dusk slowly gathered up the hours of the ever-shortening days.

Then a little growing thrill of fear ran through the village. Terror, paralyzing and overwhelming, knocked at the low wooden doors. Women looked at each other with blanched faces. Old men muttered and shook their heads, and young boys spoke in loud, overconfident voices. For the unbelievable was happening—the Russian army was being driven back, the Germans were advancing. The news came at first as a whisper that nobody gave credence to till the first straggling groups of refugees from the villages farther south tottered along the road, with tales of fire and blood and devastation. Step by step, fighting stubbornly, magnificently, short of supplies, short of ammunition, the armies of the Little Father were retreating and the gray German hordes crept forward driving the terrified people before them.

Her eyes wide and terrified, Praskovia listened. Surely such things were not possible. The Germans had come to other villages perhaps, but they would not

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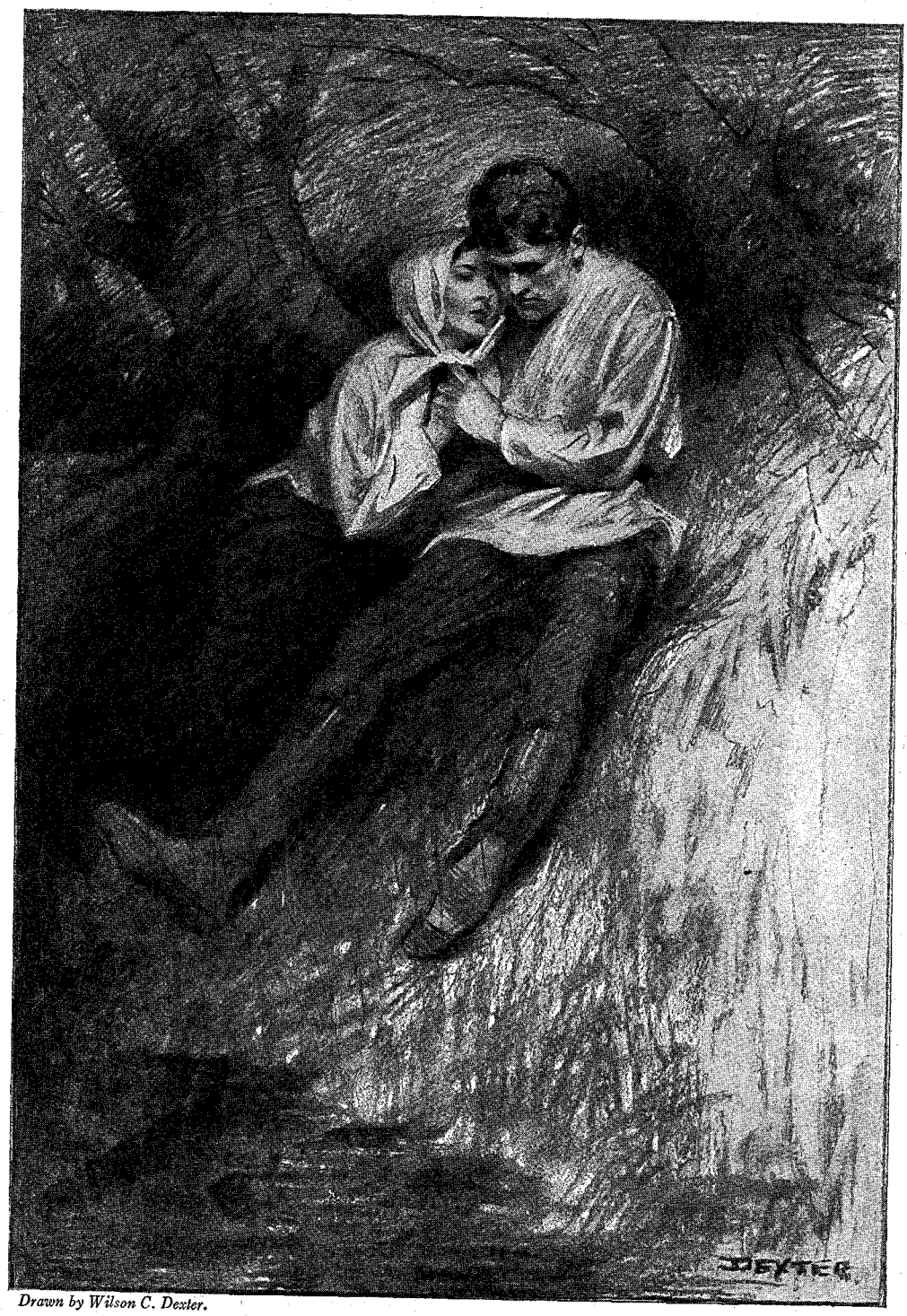

Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter.

As if somehow. . . . they could fill the loneliness that would be theirs to-morrow.—Page 137.

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come here—no, quite surely, St. Nicholas would protect them.

Then one day the women working in the fields heard far away on the gray horizon the thunder of the guns. The whole village came out, standing gazing across the flat green plain, listening to the sound that seemed to shake the earth they stood on. All night long it continued, and in the morning they gathered together once more, listening, watching with strained faces and sleepless eyes. Was it coming nearer? Two or three voices said it was and were contradicted by others who accused them of panic.

Then a woman, pointing down the long gray road, screamed hysterically, "What is that?" and the little crowd felt a cold air chill their spines as they saw the dark figures of horsemen and the pointing pennons of lances against the sky. "The Germans!" The words flew from mouth to mouth, seeming to paralyze action and thought. Could it be the Germans? A boy who had gone a little farther ahead and stood hand shading his eyes gave a laugh that was not quite natural. "No, not the Germans, some of our own men." His face a little pale above his faded green shirt, he strutted with an air of confident assurance before a group of frightened girls who clung silently together.

Rapidly the horsemen drew nearer, and the bleak wind that came with them whistled along the road and set the long grasses shivering as at the approach of something sinister and terrible. Roughly they drove their tired, shaggy horses into the group of brightly clad women. "The Germans are coming," they cried. "Our army is in full retreat. You must leave this village at once. We are burning everything as we go, so that the swine shall find nothing but ruins when they come."

The words with all their portent of ruin and disaster were received in stricken silence, then somewhere a woman began to cry silently, apathetically, resignedly, and an old man railed at Fate in a thin, high-pitched, shaking voice.

And thereafter a hurried, panic-stricken gathering together of household goods, horses or cows harnessed to the low wooden carts, children clasping cats or chickens in their arms bundled in, useless things that could not possibly be wanted loaded up with care while the very necessaries of life were left behind. Babies crying, women scolding, old men hobbling wistfully about and getting in everybody's way, and always on the gray horizon the thunder of guns and the shrieking wind that seemed to bring with it all kinds of nightmare terrors.

The short gray autumn day sank into darkness; before them there was only the uneven, stony road, behind them a red glare in the sky at which they dared not look! And day by day along that road of terror and despair the crowd grew denser; plodding along with no hope in the future, suffering, enduring, dying. Deserted, overturned carts, scattered household property, dead or dying horses, a lost dog or cat with barely enough strength to crawl, an old woman sitting by the roadside mumbling inarticulate words, a hurriedly made grave, or perhaps no grave at all but just a dead body lying with sightless eyes turned up to the gray monotony of sky. These things increased also as day by day hunger and exhaustion and disease stalked among that pitiful throng. Was it real or only a dream, so hideous as to seem impossible? With shoes long since worn through to shreds Praskovia limped along, her numbed arms carrying little Kolia—a burden that grew every day a little lighter. Big Kolia's mother had died of fever and exhaustion very soon, and at last they told Praskovia that little Kolia was dead too, that she need not carry him any farther. But she could not believe them. "He is only asleep," she whispered in her hoarse, strained voice and held him closer to her breast. "Do not wake him."

They managed finally to get the poor little body away from her, and somebody got her a place in one of the carts, where she lay babbling in fevered delirium till they reached the railway and were all packed into dark, evil-smelling cattle-trucks. But she, whose prayer was that she should die, retained against her will her hold on life, came back from her fevered unconsciousness to the knowledge of a bare, bleak shed filled with that ever-present crowd of men, women, and chil-

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dren. The end of the journey was reached and Praskovia's eyes brightened when they told her that they were in Petrograd, for dimly she held to a far-off hope that here in the capital she would perhaps get news of big Kolia, or if not any definite news, at least some breath or glimmer that would tell her what his fate had been.

Very vague, very dim, very unreal were those hopes, built more on fairy-tales than on actual possibilities, visions of an All-seeing Little Father who would send her word where Kolia was. Dreams of some big gray-haired general who would despatch a mounted rider to bring him back from that terrible, far-distant line of battle. Dreams and visions all broken into rainbow fragments against the inflexible wall of facts, the callous iron circle of official listlessness and negligence. And yet Praskovia's childlike faith in humankind was not to be quite utterly shattered. One of the many officials she went to see happened to be a colonel of infantry gifted with imagination. True, he could give her no answer to her so oft-repeated question! Her husband had been with the army in Galicia? She had not heard from him for seven months! The colonel shook his head. He would make what inquiries he could, but he knew that the general of that division had been killed in the retreat, and among so many million men . . . He raised his shoulders, and then, glancing at the white face and haunted eyes, he asked one or two questions, gathered the whole pitiful story and remained silent a moment, frowning at the pile of papers on his desk. At last, after what seemed to Praskovia an endless pause, he scribbled a few words on a card and handed it to her. "That is where I live," he told her. "I have heard my wife say she was in need of a girl to help in the house. Come there to-morrow morning."

So Praskovia found shelter and a home. Placid, gentle-faced Madame Ivanoff took her to her motherly heart, the work was light, and the hollows of Praskovia's cheeks filled out, and her step lost its dragging listlessness. But nothing would ease the ache of loneliness in her heart, nothing could replace the tiny clutching fingers at her breast, or the love she had read in big Kolia's eyes—Kolia who perhaps lay out yonder on that unknown line of battle, done to death by a German shell.

But Kolia was not dead! Fighting grimly, hopelessly, without arms or ammunition, he had been wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans. For an endless time he had lain between life and death in a filthy prison-camp, alternately raving in delirium or apathetic in a state of coma, till at last he won through and emerged a ghost with yellow, wasted cheeks and hollow eyes.

Days, weeks, and months dragged themselves away in an unending sameness, during which he lost hope and courage and the count of time. There were French and British in the same camp who got letters and parcels to lighten the deadly monotony. But for Kolia nothing came, and the world outside the barbed wire seemed utterly empty, while the world inside was just an endless passing of weary, hopeless hours. He wrote many letters and was told that perhaps they would be sent, but whether they were or whether they ever reached their destination he did not know, and certainly no answer ever came.

How long he was in that prison-camp Kolia never quite knew, but after a little more than a year his chance came and, spurred by a sudden desperation, he took it, and he and a big red-bearded Cossack got away. For two days and a half they lay hidden in a hole in the ground, listening with pounding hearts to the search that swept to and fro above them, with only one dry biscuit between them. Then at last, with parched tongues and cracked lips, they crept out at night and started on their tramp toward the vague direction of the French lines. That first drink at a little muddy pool, would Kolia ever forget it? That first dawn in the forest with the sleepy twitter of waking birds calling to each other from tree to tree, who could explain the rapture of it?

Living like hunted animals, eating grass and roots, they plodded on, escaping by purest chance the troops of soldiers who pervaded everything. And then, when that longed-for frontier line lay only ten miles away, the Cossack's strength gave out. For days he had stumbled on,

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racked by a burning fever to which he had refused to give in. Only to reach the frontier! he whispered hoarsely. Then they would send him back to Russia quickly—oh, yes, very quickly—and once there he could die in peace. But he must get back to Russia—he must not die in the enemy's land. For the last day Kolia almost carried him, listening always to those broken, mumbling words, with a heart too full of dull, apathetic pain to find any answer or comfort. And then quite suddenly and quietly the hoarse voice broke off into silence, the tall figure worn to a pitiful ghost of rag and bone crumpled up, and Kolia, looking down into the white face that was so suddenly at peace, knelt beside him to whisper a broken, disjointed prayer, and then, with shaking, trembling limbs, crept on.

And Kolia got through—by what miracle of luck it is hard to say—walking straight with blind, unseeing eyes into a patrol of French soldiers, who took him at first for a wandering ghost. And finally, after much delay, he was shipped to England among some other poor scarecrows like himself, and there they were fed and clothed and cared for and at last sent off on their homeward journey across Sweden and Norway, strange, unknown countries they had never heard of. A long, weary, endless journey, till at last on a bleak November day they crossed the frontier up at that desolate northern point of Finland with its huge snow-covered plains and its broad, frozen river with the straggling wooden villages on either side.

Russia—his own mother country—Praskovia and the son he had never seen! Kolia drew a big, deep breath, the blue eyes that had gone so far back into his head alight with an incredulous happiness. Surely they would allow him to go back to his village just for a very little while. And then he would fight once more for the Little Father. He would be glad to fight again, his hatred of the Germans increased tenfold since the long torture of the prison-camp.

But when he came to Petrograd with its golden domes and spires and red and yellow palaces, he was told that his village had been for over a year in German hands, and nobody could tell him any news of his wife and child. Most likely they had escaped, but where they were who could tell? There had been so many refugees and Russia was so big.

The light went out of Kolia's sky, utter hopelessness descended on his spirit, and with it a dull, sullen anger, a smouldering resentment that slowly grew and grew.

For weeks they kept him waiting with hundreds of his other comrades, till somebody had time to think which front they should be sent to. Several times Kolia went to the wooden barracks near the Warsaw station where many of the refugees still lived, but nobody could tell him anything of Praskovia. There had been so many hundred refugees and so many had died on the way, and many had gone to other towns and many had been here and left. Praskovia Ivanoff and a baby—God help us, but how was one to remember a name? From the village of Krassnitz? There were no other refugees from that village here. There had been some but they had gone. Where to? God knows! They had found other work perhaps or they had died. Praskovia Ivanoff—somebody dimly remembered the name, but she had had no child with her, that was certain, and she had gone away long ago.

At last, when the drifting ice on the river had frozen into a solid mass, Kolia was sent to the front, and, that smouldering resentment still hot within him, he went, dull, apathetic, utterly indifferent.

The winter dragged itself away till the revolution swept everything before it. But even that could not stir Kolia from his listlessness. What was the good of liberty to him now? They told him that the Emperor had abdicated, and he frowned in perplexed wonder. Why, that would mean there would be no Little Father—and what was the meaning of the word republic?

And then a dirty-looking man with greasy black hair and narrow, shifting eyes came and spoke to the regiment, standing on a wooden bench and pouring forth a torrent of suave speech. And at first Kolia did not understand or even listen very much, but little by little the smooth words began to sink in and woke that dull, sullen anger of his to life. Why should they go on fighting now? The Germans were ready and willing to make

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Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter.

It would be like the last time, and one day a letter would come again.—Page 138.

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peace. It was only England and France who for their own vainglorious ends wished to prolong the horror of the war. Russia was no longer bound to them. It was the Emperor's government who had made the Alliance, and the Emperor's government did not exist. Russia was free now, and to every one of her citizens would be given bread in plenty and land and peace. Germany would withdraw her armies and give back the conquered territory—give back the conquered territory! That sentence broke through the fog in Kolia's brain. That meant his village also—the woods and the green fields and the river—and perhaps—perhaps, after all, Praskovia was still there—and his old mother.

The man with the oily black hair and the narrow eyes left them; but another one came, apparently from nowhere, a huge, burly-looking fellow this, with a bristling black beard and fierce, bloodshot eyes. In a hoarse, raucous voice he spoke to the soldiers, and his words were all fire and sedition. They had been tortured and downtrodden long enough, but the day of liberation was at hand, the day when the aggressors would pay in blood, and again more blood. The war had been waged by the capitalists for their own ends. The soldiers who had fought and suffered were to get nothing from it; let the soldiers, therefore, end it and take for themselves their reward. A day of glory was to dawn for Russia; first among all the nations, she would teach the world the meaning of democracy.

This man in time also left them, but others took his place, and always there were the same glowing promises, the same picture of peace and plenty painted on a screen of fire. And the soldiers listened and believed and followed the gleaming will-o'-the-wisp that was to lead them into the swamp of anarchy and destruction—and Kolia, sullen, embittered, indifferent, followed after them.

The blue river hurried on swiftly, silently, to the sea; above the Winter Palace a torn rag of crimson fluttered against the pale, pure sky. Now and then a hot, dry wind blew a cloud of evil-smelling dust along the deserted quays. Hardly a sound broke the utter silence. There were no boats on the river, there were no carriages in the streets, the windows of the palace stared out with blind eyes upon a world of desolation, here and there a torn blind flapped forlornly, a broken pane of glass showed a chasm of darkness.

Slowly Kolia walked down the quay, his shoulders bent, his feet dragging wearily in their torn boots on the hot, dirty pavement. At rare intervals people passed him, men or women who looked at him furtively, anxiously, and went on their way, haunted eyes always watching the shadows of the great doorways. At one corner the dead body of a horse lay on the pavement, and Kolia turned away because he could not bear to see the human scavengers who surrounded it.

Where was he going? He did not know or care, his brain was just a confused, chaotic emptiness in which only one thought burned like a flame of red-hot pain. They had killed the Emperor, they had murdered him cruelly with his wife and children. Kolia had deadened pity and compassion long ago; drunk with wine and the bitterness of his own wrongs, he had killed and seen kill, and only hardened himself to a fiercer anger. But now suddenly his eyes were opened, and the light that faced them was a glare of intolerable anguish that blinded him with vain regret and shame.

On he stumbled, past the red, battered Winter Palace, past the great, silent building of the Admiralty, past the statue of Peter the Great, till suddenly his steps were brought up short at the end of the quay, and there was only before him a little white church standing amongst green trees; and Kolia, obeying some dumb instinct that craved for shelter and relief from the hot glare of the desolate, dirty streets, went in.

The door yielded to his touch, silence and darkness met him, the golden-painted icons gleamed dimly out of the shadows, on the walls the engraved names of the sailors who had died during the Japanese War were hidden under a coating of dust; no glimmer of light burned anywhere in the deserted emptiness of this church built to the memory of men who had given their lives for the empire that had crumbled away.

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Before the golden icon of St. Nicholas Kolia paused and silently knelt down. Was not St. Nicholas his patron saint, even as he was the patron saint of the murdered Emperor? In the gilt stand in front of the silent image there were the burned-out rests of one or two candles, and vaguely Kolia wondered who had put them there and wished he had a candle, too. For a long time he knelt there and could find no prayer in the aching void of his mind. What was there he could pray for in a world that was so dark and tortured? And then unconsciously almost he began to pray for the impossible to happen, and, knowing well that it was impossible, found yet a certain comfort in it. "Holy St. Nicholas," he whispered, "have mercy on me—forgive me—have mercy upon me and bring Praskovia back to me—" And so over and over again till the mere fact that he was praying began to ease his tortured mind.

The door of the church had opened very softly, somebody came in and crept forward, but Kolia did not move; only, listening to the faint sounds, he thought that whoever it was must be very tired, for they moved so slowly. Somebody paused behind him, there was a little fumbling, rustling sound, then a match scraped, a faint light wavered like a golden shadow in the grayness, a trembling hand placed a little yellow candle before the image of St. Nicholas.

Kolia watched it and wondered. He had thought that in this dead city of despair nobody prayed any more. Who was it who had still enough courage and hope left? But the woman who knelt beside him in the shadows had a heavy gray shawl covering her bent head, and the thick folds hid her face from his tired, curious eyes.

So for a few silent minutes the man and the woman knelt beside each other in the deserted church, while the solitary candle wavered and flickered this way and that, a poor, lonely little prayer in the emptiness of eternity.

Down and down it burned, the cheap inferior wax dripping on the floor, and at last with a feeble splutter and hiss went out, leaving behind it a wreath of blue, acrid-smelling smoke.

With a sigh that was utterly weary the woman rose and, without knowing why he did it, Kolia rose, too, and followed her. Her hand on the heavy door, she felt him close behind her and turned, fear lending her a desperate courage. "What is it you want?" she whispered, and remained suddenly silent, staring up at him with wide, dark eyes. "It—" she began, and then her voice broke. "Kolia—it can't be you—is it you?"

He was on his knees before her now, his trembling arms flung round her, his tear-wet, ravaged face pressed into the folds of her skirt, and, incapable of speech, she laid her hands on his rough, tumbled hair.

Words, explanations, questions, answers—all these were to come later: the story of his imprisonment and escape, of her having to leave the village, of the refuge she had found, her life with her employers on their estate, the murder of the kind old colonel by pillaging soldiers, her flight with his widow to humble lodgings in the city.

For all these there would be time later. For the present they only knew that they had found each other, that the miracle they had prayed for had come to pass. And perhaps in the shadow St. Nicholas smiled with an infinity of compassion and understanding.

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THE GANG IN EMBRYO

By Franklin Chase Hoyt

Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of the City of New York; Author of "Citizens in the Making"

THE "Honest Club" was Twinsie's own original idea. The credit for its organization, as well as the responsibility for its rather shocking subsequent development, I regret to add, belonged exclusively to him, for the other members of his gang always followed like sheep when Twinsie led the way.

As a matter of fact, I believe that his Christian name was James or John, or something equally respectable, but he himself had discarded it at an early age. Having been favored by fate with a twin brother, he firmly decided as soon as he was able to articulate, that he himself should be known in the future as "Twinsie," and that his brother, who lacked his aggressive personality, should respond to the less intimate but possibly the more staid and dignified appellation of "Twin." Twinsie was a born leader of men—or, considering his age, which was twelve, perhaps I should say, of boys. Very likely the fact that he had a twin brother, like a familiar spirit to echo his orders and to follow him in all of his projects and adventures with blind devotion, gave him a position and prestige among his friends which was rather out of the ordinary.

Twinsie must have been in a particularly beatific frame of mind when he resolved to organize the "Honest Club." Possibly some good angel had been whispering in his ear, or perhaps his teacher had inspired him to the doing of noble deeds. Another inference (though I hate to suggest it) was that he was feeling the reaction resulting from the administration of some punishment for past misdeeds. But, whatever the reason, he unquestionably was fired on this momentous occasion with the desire to stamp out delinquency in general, and to employ his forces in the cause of righteousness. So he called his followers around him and unfolded his plan for the formation of what he was pleased to call the "Honest Club."

Taking the chair, as it were, he outlined the high purposes of this fellowship, and briefly sketched an attractive programme for the activities of its members. They were to avoid temptations of the baser sort, and eschew all evil, especially the sin of dishonesty. They were to be obedient to their parents, sympathetic with their teachers, and helpful in assisting and running errands for their neighbors. By closely following this high-minded policy Twinsie asserted that they would reap substantial rewards. Not only would they gain that satisfaction which always flows from the consciousness of virtuous living, but it was to be hoped that their parents, their teachers, and their neighbors might feel impelled to bestow some small remuneration, preferably in the form of cash, in return for their good deeds and acts of devotion. These proceeds, Twinsie explained, should be turned into the club treasury impartially by all concerned, and pooled into one fund for their common benefit. Then, when the receipts had grown to respectable proportions, the club could provide an outing, a feast, or some other form of entertainment acceptable to its members, under the direction of some competent adviser, preferably their teacher. The unregenerate among their small friends, unbidden to this spread, would be consumed with envy and jealousy, and would soon be clamoring for admission to the "Honest Club." In fact, its potentiality for good would be unlimited, and life would be very pleasant indeed for all within the charmed circles. No more punishments, no more scoldings, no more bad marks! Instead, their parents, teachers, and neighbors would point them out with pride, and hold them up as examples to the youth of the community. "See those boys?" they would say, "they are fine fellows. That's because they're members of the 'Honest Club.'"

Twinsie's suggestion met with enthu-

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siastic response. His convincing statements and assurances stifled any possible opposition, and the club sprang into existence then and there. His cronies pronounced the idea a grand one, for how could it possibly be anything else, since Twinsie himself had proposed it?

For a while all went well. The school and the neighborhood were a little startled by the sudden transformation in the habits of Twinsie and his friends, but they were none the less pleased. Much of Twinsie's predictions proved true. There were no more punishments, no more scoldings, no more bad marks. Life for its members was at least more calm and conventional if less exciting.

But as the weeks passed by a situation began to develop which threatened disaster to the whole project. While every one appreciated the efforts of the members of the "Honest Club" to walk in the straight and narrow path, this recognition of their virtues failed to produce the expected cash. No matter how helpful they proved themselves to be at home, no matter how diligently they worked at school, and no matter how many errands they ran, or chores they performed for others, the longed-for pennies and nickels failed to materialize. No funds poured into the club treasury, and consequently there was no prospect at all for the feast or excursion so graphically pictured by Twinsie, and which was to have made all non-members of the club gnash their teeth in envy. Alas! the material rewards of virtue sometimes are slow—so very slow in coming!

Twinsie sensed this situation before any actual revolt occurred among his followers. But there were warnings a-plenty and murmurings enough among his friends to show the need of immediate action. Now there is one thing which leaders like Twinsie cannot submit to, and that is loss of authority. They may fight a losing battle, they may lead their henchmen into danger and possible defeat, but they can never survive desertion.

Accordingly, he resolved to meet the situation at once and to destroy the seeds of revolt before his leadership could be threatened. Calling his little gang around him, he explained that while the experience of the "Honest Club" had not fulfilled all of his expectations, the fault lay not with the original idea itself, which was an excellent one, but with those whom they had hoped to please. They, the members, had done their part, but their parents, teachers, and neighbors had wofully fallen down in showing the proper and expected appreciation for their virtues. Now he had a new plan to propose. If no one cared for an honest club, why continue it? There were plenty of other ways to enrich the club treasury, and more exciting ones at that. Virtue was all very well, in its way, but vice had its alluring side as well. In short, he for one was tired of the "Honest Club" and all that it implied. He suggested, therefore, that its name be changed into the "Crooking Club," and that its members as a body should plunge boldly into a life of infamy and crime.

Twinsie had unwittingly pulled off a very successful *coup d'état*, and it won because of its audacity. Up to that time none of his friends had been "crooks," even if they had been a little mischievous and unruly. To become a band of marauders and criminals was more than they had expected or bargained for, but none raised his voice in opposition. They all, I am sure, must have experienced some queer sinking feelings in their little insides as they listened to Twinsie's programme for their future activities, but, to a boy, they pledged their allegiance to the new and evil cause. So it was that the "Honest Club" ceased to exist and the "Crooking Club" came into being.

I wish I could tell you that the new organization failed to accomplish any of its reprehensible objects, and that it died out as quickly as its more worthy predecessor, but unfortunately that would not be the truth. Besides, how should I have known of these things, or how should I have made the acquaintance of these boys unless they had come into conflict with the law?

As a matter of fact, under Twinsie's leadership the "Crooking Club" had a wild, tempestuous, and evil career. Each and every one of its members sought to live up to its name, and they spared neither themselves nor others in the effort. They played truants from school, and they stayed away from home. They pil-

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fered from stands, and they held up and robbed other small children on the streets. Burglary became an ordinary occupation for them, and the stores and shops which they looted were too many to count. They established innumerable bunks,* made use of fences,† and pal'd up with older criminals. In a short time they made their gang notorious and its very name a terror in the neighborhood.

The inevitable reckoning was not long in coming. One night the whole lot attempted a daring raid on a poultry market, and effected an entrance through a skylight on the roof. To reach the floor, a drop of about twenty feet, they slid down a rope which they had brought with them for this purpose, and which they had fastened around the chimney. As the last one let himself down he crashed through some of the glass, making a racket which brought the police, and Twinsie and his friends were caught, one and all, like rats in a trap.

The members of the "Crooking Club" presented a sorry appearance when they were arraigned before me the next morning in the Children's Court. Twinsie did most of the talking for them, but even he lacked his usual self-assurance. I imagine all of them would have given anything in the world to have become members of the "Honest Club" once more, and to have had the memory of their subsequent depravities blotted out, as one might dispel the recollection of an abominable nightmare.

A favorable thing which I noticed at once about the boys was their disposition to be absolutely frank and truthful about themselves and their actions. After a brief talk about the facts of the offense, and following my usual custom, I put the case over for a week to permit a full investigation to be made of the affair and the boys' characters and environment.

This investigation when completed presented food for serious thought. Through it we learnt of the establishment of the "Honest Club" and the evolution of the "Crooking Club." We found also that the reputation of all of the boys, up to a short time before, had been fairly good.

As a whole the incident simply proved the tragedy of misdirected effort. Had these boys, when they first got together, been guided with intelligence and common sense, they probably would have stuck to a normal, clean, healthy line of conduct. Their natural instinct in the beginning urged them toward good behavior and right living. It was only when virtue became flat and insipid through lack of excitement, interest, and appreciation by those to whom they naturally looked for guidance, that they decided to abandon it and to play a dangerous game. So does a gang often begin. At first the members band themselves together for pleasure and adventure, and it is only when normal interests fail to attract, or to fulfil their needs, that lawlessness enters in and leads them far afield.

In the case of these particular boys I am glad to say that I felt justified, after a thorough review of all the circumstances, in giving them a chance on probation. Most of them have responded very satisfactorily to this form of treatment, although one or two have since fallen from grace. The majority, however, have had their fill of criminality, and I do not expect any of them to feel again any attraction toward a gang.

What is going to become of Twinsie I do not know. He is a character now, and will be one in the future. I sincerely hope that his qualities of leadership will be turned in the right direction, and that later on he will qualify himself as a good citizen. He has an active little brain, and it is teeming over with all kinds of plans and projects. A short time ago he and Twin reported to me on probation, and I had the pleasure of an extended talk with them on that occasion.

"What do you want to do when you grow up?" I asked Twinsie.

"Go into the movies," he answered, without the slightest hesitation.

"What made you think of that?" I inquired.

"Why, it is a grand scheme, judge," he replied. "When you have a twin you can do all kinds of things. Just think, Twin could commit a murder and I would be accused, and then there would be all kinds of mix-ups. Me and Twin could do lots of things other people couldn't

* Secret hiding-places for stolen goods.
† Receivers and dealers in stolen goods.

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do!" The placid Twin nodded a silent assent. Anything which Twinsie proposed was all right as far as he was concerned.

"Now I come to think of it," I remarked, "I don't think that you and your brother really do look very much alike after all."

"Oh, that's just because of the way he has his locks clipped," Twinsie asserted with a rather contemptuous gesture toward his brother's closely shaved head. "Wait till his hair grows out again like mine, and there ain't a soul who could tell us apart."

I have been trying to turn Twinsie's thoughts into other channels, but no one can tell what he is going to become, or what part he is really going to play in the years which lie before him.

Somewhat similar in many respects to the episode of the "Honest Club" was another case which recently came to my notice, and which I have recorded in my files under the title: "The Robbery of Ikey C." Indeed the original motives and causations were very much alike in both incidents, but I am glad to say that in this latter case the final result was infinitely less painful and serious.

Three young boys were brought before me charged with an act of juvenile delinquency, having been arrested for holding up Ikey in the street and robbing him of twenty-five cents. When I glanced first at the three youthful defendants and then at the complainant, I received something of a shock. It seemed as if there must have been some mistake, and as if their positions should have been reversed, for the three juvenile robbers were the cleanest, brightest, and nicest-looking boys one could possibly imagine, while Ikey's appearance and general attitude were enough to awaken suspicion at first glance. However, suppressing my misgivings for the moment, I proceeded with the case, and turning to the boys asked whether the charge was true.

"Sure," they all answered in chorus. "We took the quarter from him."

"Well, I never would have thought it," I murmured to myself, and then I inquired of the boys how it all happened.

"Well, you see it was this way, judge," replied one of the number, who acted as spokesman. "We belong to a club in our church, and some of the things we have promised to keep away from are playing craps and swearing. We promised to try to make our friends good, too, and to stop all gambling around the block. Most of the boys have given it up, but Ikey's the worst of the lot, and he's shooting crap all the time. Yesterday we seen his mother hand him a quarter and tell him to go and get some milk for the baby, but Ikey just sneaked around the corner and started up a crap game. So we all got together and jumped on him. We got back the quarter all right, we did!"

The other two boys nodded assent, and the faces of all three glowed with righteous enthusiasm, as if in the consciousness of a duty well performed. They looked up at me with angelic expressions in the certain expectancy that I could do nothing less than give my approval to all that they had done. Before commenting on their actions, however, I thought it best to hear what Ikey had to say, so turning to him I asked whether this particular quarter did not belong to his mother. Ikey of the guilty conscience squirmed around in the witness-chair in which he was sitting, and looked thoroughly miserable.

"Yeh," he admitted reluctantly. "She gived it to me. But, judge, don't yer believe that story they're tryin' to hand yer. They wasunt going to give it back to mommer. Oh! no! They stole it from me cause they wanted to go to the movies with it," and Ikey grinned slyly, happy in the momentary belief that he had turned the tables on his traducers. Vigorous denials to this accusation, however, were entered by the three defendants, and they all asked me to look into the case to see if their story was not true in every particular.

This I did, and the subsequent investigation proved the accuracy of all of their assertions. Their characters were found to be of the best, while Ikey's reputation was discovered to be very shady indeed.

It took me some time, however, to convince my three young friends that their action in jumping on the wretched Ikey was scarcely within the law. I told them of the Vigilantes of the early Californian

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days, but pointed out that their operations could hardly be tolerated to-day in a city like New York. (Of course I did not add that sometimes one couldn't help having a sneaking sympathy for vigilantes in general!) It was not difficult, however, to suggest other and better methods of reaching the same end, and we discussed the various ways in which they could make themselves and their club a real power for good in the community.

As a matter of fact, their arrest, which was really accidental, and simply due to the commotion which they were making in the street, turned out to be rather timely and fortunate in the end. For these boys, like the members of the "Honest Club," originally banded together for really decent purposes, might have turned their energies through misdirection and lack of realization into more dangerous channels, and having discovered force as an easy weapon by which to work their will, might have been induced to use it later on for more sinister purposes.

Of all the incipient young gangsters who ever came before me, the case of David B. was one of the most extraordinary.

David, who was fifteen years of age at the time of his arrest, was caught red-handed in the act of forcing an entrance from a fire-escape into a third-story apartment. As he was cornered by the janitor and one or two others he dropped a revolver into the area, which when examined was found to be fully loaded. Another boy or man had been seen in his company when he first had been observed, but this individual had succeeded in getting away by climbing up the fire-escape and disappearing over the roof before David was caught.

These were the only facts known to the police when David was first brought into court, and I could get nothing more out of him at my initial hearing, save an admission that he was indeed trying to break into the apartment for the purpose of burglary. To my inquiry as to the identity of the individual seen in his company, he replied that he was a young fellow known as Tony the Wop, whom he had met only an hour before, and who had suggested to him the commission of this particular offense, at the same time handing him the loaded revolver. I remarked that the name Tony the Wop sounded suspiciously generic, but David emphatically denied any further knowledge of the fellow.

As we proceeded with our investigation of the case, however, we found out many things of David and his associates, which he had omitted to tell us. So much, in fact, that finally David recognized the futility of lying any further about his actions, and offered to tell us everything concerning himself and his companions. The boy, I had every reason to believe, had been anxious all along to tell the truth, yet had been restrained, partly by an innate feeling of loyalty toward those with whom he had been acting, but principally by sheer terror at the thought of their possible revenge.

David, it appeared, lived alone with his widowed mother, and had passed through several terms in high school, but during the past year he had become restless and discontented, and had drifted away from his former associations. A few months before his arrest he had fallen in with a particularly vicious gang of criminals, who had craftily led him on from one small offense to another, until having obtained complete domination over him they had used him for crimes of the most daring and nefarious description.

As David gave us the names of his companions we discovered them all to be well-known characters in the underworld, and possessors of criminal records. One at that very time was being earnestly sought by the authorities in a murder case. A general round-up by the police resulted in the arrest of seven of these individuals, and a search in their respective rooms led to the discovery of a large number of revolvers, blackjacks, masks, jimmies, and burglars' tools which alone were enough to obtain convictions against them all. The alleged Tony the Wop, whose name, of course, was not Tony at all, turned out to be a notorious character who had indeed planned the burglary which led to David's arrest. Incidentally two receivers of stolen goods were located and an investigation of their premises disclosed a vast amount of stolen property,

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and solved the mystery of a number of crimes hitherto unexplained.

Then David told us other facts which led to more discoveries. One of the members of the gang had obtained employment in a well-known building in the city as a night-watchman. In the basement he had rigged up a gallery for pistol practice, which was freely made use of by all of his friends, and where, as David informed us, the young apprentice was taught how to shoot to kill. He also said that a plot had been hatched there to blow up the safe in the office of the building, and that the explosives for this purpose would be found hidden in a certain spot in the basement. Both the pistol-gallery and the explosives were found precisely as described by David.

Taking it all in all, the arrest of this boy led to the punishment, and we hope the destruction, of one of the vilest bands of which one could conceive. As to David himself, he has remained under our supervision for considerable time, and has formed new associations of a far different character than those which defiled his life awhile ago. He is learning an excellent trade, and there is every prospect that in the future he will acquit himself with success and honor.

The gang instinct is not an easy thing to overcome. Once it gets into the blood it often reasserts itself after the lapse of time and long periods of apparent inaction. Its call, like the passion for strong drink, draws men back again to the habits of the past, and its bonds are hard to break.

The case of Robert Shore was a striking instance in point. (Here I use his true name, for his record has already received wide publicity.) The tragedy of his latter life, it is needless to say, came as a distinct shock and disappointment to us all, but the fact that in this case our efforts proved unavailing is no reason for avoiding reference to his brief but eventful career.

Shore was but a boy of fourteen when he was picked up by the police for having a pistol in his possession. There was nothing of peculiar interest in the incident of his arrest, as the boy claimed that he found the weapon, and the officer could offer no proof to the contrary. The circumstances were such, however, that an investigation seemed desirable, and through it we discovered that Shore had been keeping questionable company. He apparently had an irresistible craving for gangs and gangsters, and although he was too young to qualify as a full-fledged member of their circles, his one idea appeared to be to fit himself for such associations later on. While he was detained pending our investigation, a letter was found in his possession addressed to one Thomas Francis Smith, at Sing Sing prison. Smith, generally known as "Tanner" Smith, was a well-known gangster, the possessor of a criminal record, and an operator in those districts which produced the "Terrible Nine," the "Hudson Dusters," the "Gophers," and the "Guerillas." The meeting-places of some of these bands were euphoniously known as "Tubs of Blood." Shore's letter was a human document of considerable interest, and its phrases were redolent with the argot of the gang. In part it read as follows:

"Dear Thomas:

"I am taking great pleasure in writing you these few lines to let you know how every little thing is. The other Saturday Sullivan from 27th did a little carving on Hawkie. Sullivan was with your friend Rogers and a dummy* past. On the dummy was Hawkie. Sullivan got on the opposite side in the engine so Rogers seen Hawkie making his way and pumped five at Hawkie, but got a surprise when Hawk ran over to him and shoved him through a hall in Tenth. Now Rogers is trying to have it over and get out of it but there is no fear. He'll get all that is coming. Our friend Mack grabbed Larkin Sunday night and put it to him. Lark pigged like a baby and said he had nothing to do with it, so they took that stuff and let him go without giving him his.

"Tom has been with Jackie McG in 16th Street all the time since you been away and also with Richmond and Cassidy Pete. How are they with you, aces? If so let me know cause I won't have

* A dummy engine on the Eleventh Avenue tracks of the New York Central Railroad Company.

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anything to do with any one you have no use for. Owney Madden* is getting quite familiar with this neighborhood. He passes here often but it won't last when they hear you're here. They'll get pinched to be in safe keeps for life. . . .

"I went back to work Monday last November 9th, and I feel fine. My muscles were stiff from being home a month, so next time I fall the doctor told me to fall on my back and not on my face, as it is bad for the eyes and chin and wrists.

Your friend,
ROBERT SHORE."

I was quite willing to give Shore a chance on probation provided that he would break completely away from the company which he had begun to cultivate so assiduously. This the boy agreed to do, and I believe that, at the time, he was sincere in his promise. He seemed anxious to turn over a new leaf and to interest himself in other directions. While he remained under our supervision he acquitted himself creditably in all respects, and at the time of his final discharge from the Children's Court, we had every reason to believe that he would prove himself to be a useful member of society.

That was more than six years ago. How long he continued to resist the influences of his former associates I cannot say. Perhaps he went back to them just as soon as our legal jurisdiction over him came to an end. Possibly he continued to struggle for a short time after that, until the call became too strong for him to resist, and the old lure dragged him back in spite of all his better resolutions.

That he did go back, however, there unfortunately can be no question. He was arrested several times later on and served a term in the penitentiary for a similar offense to that which led to his initial appearance in the Children's Court —the carrying of a revolver. Finally, one day in the summer of 1919, his old friend "Tanner" Smith was killed in a fight, and the press mentioned very prominently the name of Robert Shore (now known as "Rubber" Shore) in connection with the affair. Before Shore could be taken into custody, however, a second tragedy took place, and Shore himself was killed by a friend of Smith, it was thought, in revenge for the death of his chieftain. What led to the falling out between Shore and Smith has never been fully explained, and even at the present writing a judicial inquiry is pending as to the complicity of others in the affray. Thus ended a young life which seemed to promise better things only six years before.

* A notorious gang leader, afterward sentenced to State's prison for manslaughter.

Of course there are gangs and gangs. Some are made up merely of boisterous youths who band themselves together for the purpose of mutual protection, and whose acts of lawlessness are mostly confined to street fights with their rivals and enemies. In a sense the purpose of such organizations is defensive, and the offenses which they commit are generally incidental to their combats or their quest for adventure. But later on such associations are apt to undergo a dangerous and ominous development, and we often find that the more hardened of their members throw aside all restrictions of law and order and organize themselves into groups to prey upon society. In their ranks can be found the typical gangsters, the gunmen and the criminals of whom we hear so much, and who hesitate at nothing, not even at murder itself, in the carrying out of their objects.

The finished gang is the product of evolution. Its embryonic germ is innocent enough in itself, and in many cases its origin can be traced to the natural desire of boys to associate together for pleasure and adventure. These associations, if properly directed and guided, will never lead to any harm, and are often productive of good results in teaching boys manliness, self-reliance, and loyalty to others. The poison only sets in when, through thoughtlessness or misdirection of their activities, they are led into folly and mischief. Then again, groups of this kind in the same neighborhood are frequently known to clash. At first their rivalries may be more or less friendly, but the temptation to overstep the mark is ever present, and when one side indulges in disorderly acts, the others are forced to do the same thing in retaliation. "The descent to Avernus is easy," and once

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boys lose their respect for law and order, other transgressions and delinquencies will follow in logical succession.

We constantly encounter the embryo gang in those street fights which bring so many boys into the Children's Court. In nine cases out of ten when boys are picked up for throwing stones or indulging in other forms of combat in public places, it is safe to assume that it is the result of warfare between the denizens of two streets or avenues. Indeed, one of my first questions in such a case is to ask a boy to which street he belongs.

A short time ago we received so many complaints of fighting in a certain section of the city that a probation officer was assigned to the special task of trying to restore order. A large number of boys had been arrested in the neighborhood, and all of them had pleaded guilty to taking part in these outbreaks, but still the warfare went on. The police seemed powerless to stop it, and mere punishments appeared to have no effect whatever. From our investigations we found that the boys living on Ninth Avenue and those on Tenth, within a given area, had organized themselves into two rival bands and that the young inhabitants of the side streets included within this zone had affiliated themselves with one or the other of these main bodies. They fought incessantly, and whenever they had an occasion to meet they indulged in their feud to the danger of all passers-by and to the injury of many windows in the vicinity.

Our probation officer, starting with those lads who had been arrested and placed on probation by the court, gained the interest and friendship of many others in the two groups, and in a short time learnt much of the doings of all of the boys involved as well as of the activities and identities of their leaders. He also aroused the interest of the local churches, schools, and settlements in the situation. Finally, when he thought the time ripe, he called a conference of both sides for the purpose of adopting an appropriate treaty of peace. At the hour set, a number of boys gathered at the appointed rendezvous, and our officer started to address them. But as he proceeded to describe his proposition the crowd continued to increase so rapidly that an adjournment had to be taken, and the meeting postponed until a larger place could be found to accommodate his eager listeners. A little while later he obtained permission to use a school auditorium, to which the crowd moved in a body, and where he was able to continue his talk. When he finished, his suggestions were received with uproarious applause, and every resolution which he proposed was carried with a storm of enthusiasm. It was then that he began to feel that something was wrong, for he knew that the two gangs would never assemble together so amicably or agree so quickly.

"How many of you here belong to Ninth Avenue?" he asked. The whole conference arose *en masse*, and in a wild uproar affirmed their loyalty to their native thoroughfare.

"And how many are there from Tenth Avenue?" he queried anxiously, with a premonition of failure. Not a hand was raised or a voice heard in answer.

Then the whole crowd broke out into a bedlam of hisses, groans, and catcalls, which told the probation officer plainly what had happened. Tenth Avenue had deserted him, and he had wasted all his persuasive eloquence on Ninth alone.

Undismayed, however, at his first setback, he immediately started to find out why the Tenth Avenue crowd had proved recalcitrant, and in a short time he discovered the reason. They had been led to believe by some false report that the meeting was a fake one, and that it was a trap set by the Ninth Avenuers for their undoing. Fearing an ambush, they had resolved to stay away, but in so doing had intended no disrespect to our peacemaker. A little later on, after the situation was better understood, he succeeded in bringing the leaders of both sides together, and a peace treaty was actually signed, which was honored and observed by all concerned. The warfare came to an end, and the two groups gradually mingled and fraternized in a spirit of friendship. It was really a fine piece of work on the part of our probation officer, and he succeeded in permanently eliminating a disorder which the police by strong-arm methods had failed to suppress.

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It is often curious and gratifying to find how ready and willing boys are to help in improving conditions if they can be made to understand just why and how their assistance might be of value. But the appeal must be made to them in full sincerity, as man to man, for a maudlin plea or a harsh command would be equally ineffectual in arousing their interest or enlisting their sympathy. I have found in certain cases no more effective agents for the maintenance of law and order than boys themselves, if they are properly handled and guided.

Recently a group came before me charged with stone-throwing. As usual, I found that it was a fight between two street gangs. I talked over the matter with the boys in detail, and as they were an intelligent lot it was not difficult to make them understand the error of their ways. Finally I asked them all to assist our probation officers in putting an end to the nuisance. I explained that each boy was usually able to influence a friend or two, and that although I did not want any of them to undertake more than he was able, I felt that great good would result if each one did his best.

"How many other boys can you get to stop this fighting?" I asked one of the largest of the group.

"Two or three," he responded.

"How many could you?" I inquired of another.

"I don't quite know," he answered with some hesitation. "I think I could get hold of one."

"That's fine," I replied. "I only want you to do what you can. Don't make any promise which you cannot keep."

"And what can you do, Jimmie?" I said, turning to one of the smallest of the lot.

"Oh! I'll get thirty or forty," he asserted with an air of confidence.

"Isn't that a great many for you to control?" I exclaimed in wonder.

"Oh! no," answered Jimmie. "I guess I can get the other kids to stop, all right. There won't be no more battles, judge."

To my amazement Jimmie's word was as good as his bond, for he turned out to be the leader of all the small boys in his block, and he loyally kept the pledge which he gave me. On his return to his neighborhood after his appearance in court he gave the command for the cessation of warfare, and the locality in consequence enjoyed a spell of peace and quiet for many months while Jimmie ruled the roost.

After all is said and done, the gang instinct is a quality which cannot be ignored or overlooked. Its existence is a natural characteristic of our social order, and it would be impossible to uproot or destroy it, even if it were desirable to do so. In its origin it is but a form of comradeship and social activity which binds youth together in a communion of brotherhood, and as I have pointed out before, it is only in its later development, due to modern conditions and environment, that the gang becomes a menace and a thing of evil.

The task before us is to guide this tendency and instinct in the right direction before it is too late. Constancy and loyalty are virtues to be fostered, and a boy who can lead a crowd, or who will stick to his friends through thick and thin, is too valuable a potentiality to be neglected. Already many organizations have recognized the wisdom of enlisting and putting into play these very qualities in the training of youth. The achievements and ideals of the Boy Scouts show, for example, what can be accomplished in this connection by proper direction and intelligent leadership.

For the hardened gangster no one can have the slightest sympathy or respect. But just because a number of boys choose to band themselves together into what they are pleased to call a gang, don't lose hope for them, or believe that they are necessarily on the path to perdition.

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The rabbits, borrowing some little Hawaiian ukeleles . . . entertained the neighborhood.—Page 160.

HOW I SPENT MY VACATION

By F. S. Church

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

I WAS a sick man. The doctor said I must have a rest, but I kept struggling on, hoping for a change for the better.

The wife of an old friend called in to see me. "Jim," she remarked, "you're dead, but you don't know it. You have got to get out of this and be resuscitated; my husband wants you to come up and make us a visit. I know how you hate that word visit, but we will put you up at our hotel, where you will be under no restraint and you'll stay till you get well. I am in the city till to-morrow at five; pack your trunk and be ready at that time, and don't fail, for if you do, I will send down some of my men who will drag you to the depot."

I had visited them once or twice before, but some years had passed and I had heard more or less about what they were doing for the preservation of the wild life in their neighborhood.

I noticed . . . a good-sized black bear carrying . . . two dishes of berries.—Page 158.

They were living, at the time of my first visit, at his hunting-lodge on a mountainside, in the wildest part of the State, abounding in game of all sorts indigenous to the locality.

He had purchased some ten thousand acres. It was a forest primeval, you could almost say, having been practically untouched by the axe-man, abounding in grand old trees, and occasionally one might see a black bear or a timber-wolf skulking along the banks of the river; blue and white herons, cranes, and eagles were common sights.

He had wired off five thousand acres and stocked it with deer, and there was a lovely lake on the mountain-top which, with the river that flowed along his land, made it an ideal place for fishing.

It had been his custom to entertain his friends during

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the season with hunting and fishing parties, for he was a true sportsman and law-abiding with regard to the few game laws in force at that time; but he lived in the cruel days when every man and boy throughout the country shot every wild thing that was unfortunate enough to come within range, not realizing the pitiful results that were leading to the extermination of so many of our interesting animals and beautiful birds.

His point of view suddenly changed; why I do not know, but I have thought it perhaps due to his lovely, kind-hearted wife, who was the daughter of a celebrated naturalist, to whom much credit has been given for some of our first game laws. She had inherited from her father the love of nature and wild things which is such a prominent trait in her character.

Watching me intensely . . . as I looked over the menu.—Page 158.

He soon bought ten thousand more acres, and he and his wife moved across the river, where they settled and became members of a little hamlet consisting of a few homes, the country church, grocery-store; all surrounded by lovely woodlands and thriving farms.

He took a genuine interest in all that concerned the people, introducing modern farm implements at his own expense, building a flour and saw mill and a little town hall with a library, and a large room for lectures and the showing of lantern-slides and movies.

He built a large aviary and put one of the best-known bird men in charge. He stocked it with all sorts of birds, both foreign and native. The cages were large enough to plant small trees in, and there were adjoining winter quarters, where the birds mated, built their nests, raised their young. They were allowed to fly out through an opening made for that purpose, procuring such food for their young as they needed. He induced them by great consideration in every way to make the locality their home, both in summer and winter, food being provided for them and made always accessible.

All cats were "tabooed"; not one could be found on his twenty thousand acres, and the residents were taught that these creatures were not only destructive to bird life, whose loss was often the cause of decreased crops from their planting, but that they carried germs which resulted disastrously to their children.

All this time my friend was using his wealth, influence, and intelligence for his particular cause; local laws were passed, and the country posted warning trespassers, and finally the State backed him up in his efforts, and his place of twenty thousand acres became a government preserve.

Some years had passed since my last visit, and the place had become famous. He had put up a fine hotel, laid out a magnificent golf course, and it had become a most delightful resort for visitors interested in wild life. One could watch the deer splashing in the river near the

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hotel, see them at times on the golf course, see herons stalking up and down the banks of the river and wild birds nesting on pots of small trees placed here and there on the veranda of the hotel. Everybody in the village and vicinity had bird-houses and bird drinking-places.

One girl was putting some apples on a dish full of water.—Page 158.

I went to the train at the time stated, and a two-hour ride landed us at his place. I was somewhat used up on my arrival, and had to be helped into the auto by my hostess and her chauffeur when we started for the hotel, a three-mile ride, where I was to stop. The glowing account of what they had accomplished since my last visit, by the hostess, knowing my interest in wild life, excited me a little and made me anxious to quickly arrive at our journey's end.

As we stopped in front of the hotel, I was somewhat surprised to see a couple of young bears come down the steps and take my trunk, hand-bag, canes, and umbrella up to the main office. Many guests were walking about, men, women, and children, but no one seemed surprised or paid any particular attention to the bears. My host gave me a hearty welcome, and as I registered the clerk was kept busy "shoving" off, in a good-natured way, a flock of bluebirds that seemed much interested in my arrival. My friend escorted me to my room, accompanied by the hotel doctor, and they concluded it would be well for me to go right to bed and have a good sleep; which I immediately proceeded to do.

As I put out the electric light and was about to pull down the shades, a rather unusual thing occurred. At least six or seven little screech-owls, on a branch of a tree very near my window, called me by name a number of times, greeting me with welcoming words and then flew away. I made up my mind that my imagination had got the start of me and turned into bed.

All criticised my "waddle" in what seemed a very severe manner.—Page 159.

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When I woke up the next morning, pulled up the blinds and looked at my watch, I saw it was about 1 P. M., the dinner hour. A good long sleep, I said. Felt much refreshed and very hungry as I made my way into the dining-room. It was large, well lighted, and attractive. I was not so very much surprised as I sat down to the table allotted me, having heard so much about the encouragement and care of the wild life here, to see by the side of the pretty waitress who was to take my order a couple of beautiful young deer watching me intensely with their lovely soft eyes as I looked over the menu.

I started with soup, a plate of fish, and a baked potato, then had a dish of ice-cream. The moment this was placed before me, the deer with a rush began lapping it up and vanished before I could remonstrate, even if I had wanted to. The waitress remarked, "You can order as many portions as you like, Mr. Jones, I don't think the deer will care for more than two dishes this time"; which I did, and they seemed satisfied and scampered out of the room, leaving me to eat mine in peace. I noticed, as I sipped my demitasse, a good-sized black bear carrying away from a neighboring table two dishes of berries, the gentleman and lady occupants seeming to enjoy the proceedings.

Birds were flying all around the room, picking up tidbits as they liked, and a couple of squirrels were eating nuts at a near-by table. A waitress placed a dish of lettuce and mayonnaise dressing on the floor for a couple of rabbits, remarking to me that they were crazy over mayonnaise, and one girl was putting some apples on a dish full of water for some 'coons, who always wash their food before eating.

None of the numerous guests on the veranda, as I walked out of the dining-room, paid any attention to what to me was a remarkable sight. A number of bears were playing golf right in front of the hotel, with a lot of rabbits for caddies. Such sights could be seen day by day, and no one seemed surprised or even especially interested.

A number of bears were playing golf.

I often visited the poultry farm some little distance from the hotel. The superintendent, they said, was a crank on the subject of the care and kindness he showed these creatures, adding much to their comfort and increasing their productive powers. His methods were insisted upon and carried out faithfully by his employees.

Electric lights were burning in their houses dark days, phonographs were constantly playing—ragtime as a rule—accompanied more or less by the melodious

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cackling, quacking, gobbling, and cooing of the chickens, ducks, turkeys, guinea-hens, and doves. The superintendent claimed these things kept them from getting nervous and they unquestionably enjoyed it, for they doubled the number of eggs laid previous to the innovation.

He had twice a week, during the season, what he called "Children's Day." (There were no incubators allowed on the place.) In a large orchard adjoining the farm mother hens, ducks and geese, turkeys and guinea-hens were to be seen with their little broods around them. Quaint little houses for shelter, small ponds, bird-houses hung on every tree, and the superintendent claimed it was a great education for children. It taught them consideration for these creatures, that do so much to make life pleasant for us, and did away with the brutality and lack of feeling so often shown by those who raise and sell them. I myself was in great sympathy with his ideas, and I always felt like taking off my hat to any hen I happened to meet for the daily egg I eat at breakfast.

During all this time my health was improving in the most wonderful manner. I was gaining tremendously in flesh and I fancied I looked like Barnum's fat man. The only unpleasant incident in my vacation occurred one day when I was walking around the poultry farm and met a flock of ducks. They were stopped by the leader and all criticised my "waddle" in what seemed a very severe manner. I felt hurt by this, as I have always shown great consideration for all of our feathered tribe.

It was customary for the guests of the hotel to bathe in the pure waters of the river in front of the hotel, a little sand beach having formed there, bath-houses and boats making it very attractive.

I am a good swimmer and started out one day to take a little exercise in this sport, as I felt it necessary to reduce my weight and bulk. I found to my surprise I had grown so fat that it was impossible for me to sink. Often afterward I would procure a paddle from the boat-house keeper and float around exploring the little nooks and crooks of the river. Mud-turtles sunning themselves on the logs interested me as they, too, were evidently fond of all aquatic sports. I would often take down the daily papers and read to them the latest swimming news. The herons and cranes would stalk around beside me when I was near the river-bank, "passing the time of day," and I would often congratulate my host and hostess on the success of their enterprise.

I would often . . . read to them the latest swimming news.

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If Mr. Æsop had lived there he could have found many new ideas for his fables, for I was told many odd little incidents in the lives of my friend's wards. The rabbits, borrowing some little Hawaiian ukeleles left in the store-room of the hotel during the winter season, entertained the neighborhood with their concerts, particularly during the month of March, their "Crazy Time," performing with all the unction of a jazz band, except that they insisted on perfect melody in the music they played. One rabbit, who considered himself a first-class cook, made a specialty of warming up and preparing suitable hot dishes for his neighbors, both birds and animals, during the winter months.

My vacation was delightful; it was an entirely new experience and opened a new world to me, and I could see in the future great happiness for us all in familiarizing ourselves with our wild friends and being on such splendid terms with them.

One morning I woke up suddenly and was surprised to see the doctor and a nurse by my bedside. I felt awfully weak and could see by my hands and wrists that I had lost flesh. I said to the doctor, noticing my voice was almost in a whisper: "What is the matter? What has happened?" He said: "Mr. Jones, the evening you arrived here you were suffering from an attack of brain-fever; you collapsed as you reached the hotel and you have been in bed unconscious and delirious for some time; but don't worry, everything indicates you are going to regain your health rapidly and in a short time you will be better in every way."

In a few days I was convalescing on the veranda. I could see a mother doe and her fawns drinking in the river, a blue heron was standing on one leg on the bank, a little girl on the lawn called out to me to come down and see her—she was feeding a group of those pretty French ring-doves, who were cooing in their delightful way as she fed them. Birds were flying around near their nests on the veranda, and everything was, as my host had planned, delightful and normal.

My delirious dream, perhaps too much to be fully realized, still lingers faintly in my mind as a delightful experience.

I am under great obligation to my splendid nurse, not only for her faithful attendance but for the notes she took of my delirious talk, which she said she hoped I would put in writing in the interest of my wild friends.

One rabbit . . . made a specialty of . . . preparing suitable hot dishes.

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PSYCHOLOGY AND THE WAR

By W. H. R. Rivers, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.
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WHILE we were still in the midst of the great struggle which has recently convulsed the world we had no time to realize how it was affecting, and what permanent influence it was likely to have upon, the various branches of learning. Certain broad results were fairly obvious, and even while the war was in progress I ventured to put forward a brief résumé of its influence upon psychology, which was published in *Science*. Much of the world is still in a state of distress, involving the primary needs of life, which makes it difficult to attend to abstract problems. America and Great Britain are more fortunate. Their people are already living under conditions which make it possible to consider with some degree of dispassionateness the effect of the war upon many branches of scientific activity. I propose here to consider some aspects of its influence upon psychology.

As an introduction it will be useful to survey briefly the recent history of the science. Fifty years ago psychological teaching and research were entirely in the hands of men whose interests lay in the direction of philosophy. Psychology was regarded as a branch of philosophy and was treated by methods differing little if at all from those which were utilized in the study of logic, ethics, and metaphysics. To men whose lives were devoted to such pursuits, intellect and reason were the salt of knowledge and their interest was turned predominantly, often exclusively, to the intellectual aspect of the mind. Even much later the text-books and manuals of psychology which formed the basis of academical instruction were almost exclusively concerned with purely intellectual processes. Feeling, emotion, and desire took a secondary place, while instinct was often omitted altogether.

When I first became concerned with psychological teaching, about twenty-five years ago, two important movements were taking place which, while giving psychology a different orientation, failed to turn it from its predominantly intellectual direction. These movements were the introduction of the experimental method and the application of psychology to education, and for reasons which I need not consider here they only tended to strengthen the intellectual bias which had already been given to psychology by its philosophical parentage and relationships. It was left for influences lying outside academical lines to bring into their proper place those aspects of mental life which were ignored or neglected by academical psychology. One of these influences came from the study of social phenomena, the other from the study of disease.

When students of psychology turned their attention to the mental processes which underlie social activity they found that they were little helped by the intellectual constructions of the academical psychologist. They were led to see that reason and the intellect take but a secondary place in determining the behavior of Man in his social relations. They found that collective conduct is determined by a mass of preferences and prejudices which can only be explained in reference to instincts, desires, and conative trends connected therewith, aspects of mind more or less remote from the chief interests of the academical psychologist.

Still more important and far-reaching than the lessons taught by the study of social reactions are those which come from the study of Man's behavior when afflicted by disease. Morbid psychology affords the most important means by which we may hope to advance our knowledge of mind. Through it alone are given those variations of condition and those dissociations of function which in other biological sciences we are able to produce by experiment. Even already, when we are barely on the threshold of this study, morbid psychology has done more than

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any other line of work to advance our knowledge.

Work on abnormal states of the nervous system during the last fifty years, and especially that of Hughlings Jackson, had led neurologists to recognize that one of the chief effects of disease is to annul the action of many of the higher controlling mechanisms of the nervous system and thus allow activities to reassert themselves which have been long in abeyance. We are now coming to see that, as we might expect, a similar process holds good of disorders of the mind. Mental disorders of the most diverse kind, which make up what we call the psychoneuroses, can be brought into an orderly and intelligible system if we regard them as the result of a twofold process. They are seen to be due partly to the loss or weakening of certain mental functions and partly to the reawakening of other functions which are normally held in abeyance as the result of suppression and control. The functions which are thus brought into activity receive their natural explanation as activities proper to early phases of the development of mind which have been partly or wholly suppressed on account of their incompatibility with later products of development.

The activities which find their expression in the psychoneuroses are also liable to intrude into consciousness, and still more to influence behavior unconsciously, under many conditions of normal life. They are especially influential in producing the characters of the dream in which the suppressed activities are allowed to find expression owing to the abrogation in sleep of the control exerted during the waking life. Moreover, the special kind of study of mental function which is known as psychoanalysis is pointing more and more surely to the origin of special features of character, especially of the preferences and prejudices which bulk so largely in it, as being due to the activity of incompletely suppressed tendencies and of bodies of experience associated therewith. The study of mental pathology has led the physician to a point of view in close agreement with that reached independently by the students of social psychology that human behavior is determined much less by reason and much more by deeply seated systems of preferences and prejudices, for the explanation of which we have to go far back in the history of the mind. Both lines of study lead the student back to those inherited modes of behavior which make up the instincts, and to the emotional states which are so intimately connected with the instincts.

Five years ago psychology had reached a phase in which it was becoming obvious to many that the intellectual factors which so greatly interested the academical psychologist were wholly inadequate to explain the behavior of mankind, and that some fundamental reconstruction of the science of psychology and of the mode of teaching it had become imperative.

The experience of the last five years has only brought this need for reconstruction into greater prominence. The war has been a vast crucible in which all our preconceived views concerning human nature have been tested. Out of the complex mass of experience which has emerged and is capable of study and analysis nothing is more certain than the general confirmation of the conclusions to which students were already being led. The war has shown that human behavior in the mass is determined by sentiments resting upon instinctive trends and traditions founded on such trends. We have learned that reason plays a very insignificant part in determining behavior when mankind is brought into contact with circumstances which awaken the instinct of self-preservation. It is a commonplace of worldly wisdom when anything inexplicable occurs in human conduct that we should "chercher la femme." The truth which underlies this adage is that when we find anything in human conduct which cannot be explained by reason, it is probably due to circumstances arising out of the instinct of sex, the instinct which in our normal peaceful life is the most frequent source of conflicts with reason. Similarly, it was becoming widely, if not universally, recognized that in those greater failures of adaptation of conduct to the circumstances it has to meet which we call disease, it is the sexual instinct which in times of peace provides the most potent agent in the mental conflicts upon

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which disorders of the mind depend. Many of the lessons of the war in relation to psychology depend on the fact that it brought into action with tremendous force an instinct still more powerful and even more fundamental than the sexual instinct, the instinct of self-preservation, or rather that group of the instincts of self-preservation which is called into action by the presence of danger which may be called the danger-instincts. These instincts are often active in childhood, but in the ordinary course of our modern civilization they are allowed to slumber and show themselves so little that those who desire the pleasure which goes with the direct satisfaction of instinct have to seek for it in excessive speed, risky sports, big-game hunting, or other means by which men gain the pleasurable excitement which comes with personal danger.

The dormant instincts which the accidents of war have thus brought into renewed activity are of relatively great simplicity, certainly more simple than the sexual instinct which forms its chief rival in the production of mental disorder. This simplicity has made it easy to discern the essential nature of the psychoneuroses, to detect the mechanisms and agencies by means of which the special features of mental failure and disorder are produced. It has become evident that the psychoneuroses are essentially attempts to solve in various ways the conflict between instinctive tendencies and controlling forces, the special form of the psychoneurosis depending on the nature of the solution attempted, on the relative strength of the warring forces, on the nature of the instinctive tendencies involved, and on the outcome of a struggle between different forms of activity by which the cruder instinctive tendencies are controlled. In some cases the whole mechanism breaks down entirely, producing an acute insanity; in others, a faulty process of rationalization leads to a more chronic form of insanity in which early suspicions and forebodings are dispelled by dreams which, passing over into definite delusions, make up the picture of a dementia præcox or a paranoia. In other cases the conflict is resolved by the occurrence of a paralysis or some other form of disability which incapacitates for further participation in the struggle, this form of solution being known as hysteria or conversion-neurosis, since it is supposed that the energy of the patient has suffered conversion into the special form of energy in which the disability manifests itself. Other forms of solution are by means of compulsive acts or thoughts which give an outlet for the energy engendered by the conflict, producing what is called a compulsion-neurosis; excessive interest in the morbid state produced by the conflict which is known as hypochondriasis; resort to alcohol or other drugs, which, while dulling the pain of the conflict, only serve to accentuate its strength.

More frequent than any of these attempted solutions is one which may be regarded as having a more normal character in which the sufferer attempts to still the conflict by means of voluntary and witting repression. He attempts to get rid of the conflict by thrusting out of sight the instinctive tendencies and all experience associated with them and does not attempt to face the situation which is presented by the reawakened tendencies and the conflict they have aroused. In consequence the conflict persists, but beneath the surface, and manifests itself, partly in impaired activity owing to much of the available energy being absorbed in the conflict, partly in various disorders of mental and nervous function, and especially disturbances of sleep which serve as manifestations or symbols of the subterranean conflict. These manifestations of repressed activity form prominent features in a disease forming one of the many morbid states included under the heading of neurasthenia, which may suitably be known, from the chief condition by which it is produced, as repression-neurosis.

In dealing with the influence of the war upon the position of psychology I have begun with its effect upon our views concerning the nature of those morbid states which provide such arresting examples of failure of adaptation of the human organism to its environment. In attempting to illustrate its influence in other ways I cannot do better than continue to deal with the influence of the reawakening of the instinct of self-preservation on the less obviously morbid aspects of individual

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and social life. If the instinct of self-preservation brought into activity by the dangers and privations of war has the vast part I suppose in producing the grosser disorders of the individual life which we call disease, we can be confident that it has also played a great part in determining those smaller currents of the individual life which probably hardly one of us fails to detect in himself, his friends, and acquaintances. For the last five years the civilized world has been living under the shadow of a great danger, not in the case of many of us a danger which immediately threatened existence as in the case of those young enough and strong enough to fight, though even among those who stayed at home in my own country, air-raids brought into activity the danger-instincts in their cruder form. With most of us it has rather been the danger-instincts as modified by gregarious influences which came into activity during the war. It was the danger of the destruction of the social framework in which each person had his appointed place which acted as the stimulus to reawaken tendencies connected with the instinct of self-preservation. Moreover, now that the danger from external enemies is over, there are large numbers of persons in whom the alteration in the internal social order which seems in all countries to be imminent is keeping their danger-instincts in a state of tension, while the fatigue and strain which few have escaped during the war is at the same time giving these aroused instinctive tendencies a wider scope than would otherwise be open to them.

Since this reawakening of the danger-instincts affects nearly every member of the more civilized populations of the world, it is producing a state which may be regarded as a universal psychoneurosis, which explains much that is now happening in human society. Owing to the different conditions under which the danger-instincts have been aroused in different nations, the social disorder is taking various forms in different countries. We can hardly expect that a disorder of the national life should follow exactly the lines taken by the psychoneurosis of the individual, but we should expect to find analogues of the chief forms of solution adopted by the individual organism. Even in the individual it is rare to find that some one form of solution is attempted to the exclusion of all others, so that most cases of psychoneurosis have a complex character. This complexity is still more to be expected in the disorders of society, having a complexity greater than that of the individual organism.

In those countries in which long ages of dominance of some foreign or autocratic power has crushed development or failed to educate the people to act as members of a body corporate, the war has produced a state of disorder which can only be likened to an acute psychosis in which instinctive tendencies have been given the widest scope, altogether uncontrolled by the organized hierarchy which gives system and order to the modern state. In other cases, it is hardly as yet possible to discern the special form which the national psychoneurosis is going to take. We may hope that America and Great Britain are suffering from nothing worse than the fatigue and exhaustion which are the necessary consequence of the prolonged period of stress and strain through which they have passed.

There are, however, some national symptoms, at any rate in Great Britain, which suggest the danger of a more definitely morbid state. It is generally acknowledged to be a characteristic of the British people that they are content to act without system, to take the path in national affairs which seems most obvious, and to trust to their endowment of native sense to lead them right. In other words, in political matters they prefer to act by methods comparable with those of instinct, and distrust all solutions dictated by intelligence, and especially by that organized intelligence we call science. To such a people the natural line of action in the presence of the painful is to put into practice the policy of repression which, as we have seen, is in the individual responsible for a definite form of psychoneurosis. The function of pain is to act as a stimulus to some kind of activity which will remove the animal or person experiencing the pain from the situation by which it is being produced. When escape from pain is impossible or no obvious line of activity

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is open, there is a tendency, which seems to be derived from an ancient instinctive form of reaction, to suppress the pain. The line so often taken, both by the individual and the society, of repressing the painful seems to be only the working of an instinctive tendency which on the general lines of its character we might have expected the British people to adopt.

There is much in the present state of British society which indicates a tendency to follow this line of least resistance in which its members are shutting their eyes to the painful elements in the national situation. We can see some signs of the disorganization and regression which are in the individual the signs of a repression-neurosis.

As I have pointed out in a lecture on "Mind and Medicine,"* the two great remedies for such a disorder are self-knowledge and self-reliance. Just as it is essential that the individual sufferer from a psychoneurosis dependent on repression shall face the facts, get to understand the situation, and do his best to meet it in his own strength without relying on artificial and adventitious aids, so are these measures necessary when the subject of the morbid state is not an individual but a people. Treatment to be successful must be on the lines of self-knowledge and self-reliance, and if these measures are speedily adopted the nation may yet be spared many of the severer troubles which arise out of a policy of repression.

As might have been expected from the special nature of the experience which the war has brought to myself, I have dealt in this article especially with its effects upon the psychology of the morbid. It is, moreover, upon this aspect of psychology that the effect of the war has been especially pronounced and in which its action has been most direct. In other branches of psychology the effect, though in many cases definite enough, has been more indirect. Thus, many of those who have been studying the morbid effects of war feel strongly that the lessons they have learned are of as great importance to education as to medicine. They have learned to how great an extent health and happiness depend upon the influences of childhood, and especially upon those of its earliest years. The life of a child is a long conflict between instinctive tendencies and forces brought to bear upon these tendencies by its elders, and many are coming to believe that character is largely determined by the strategy and tactics of this conflict.

Another branch of psychology upon which, at any rate in Great Britain, the influence of the war, though indirect, has been profound is that dealing with its application to the problems of industry. In America psychology had already before the war received extensive application to the scientific management of industry. In Great Britain it needed the urgency created by the needs of war, and the vast extensions which were necessary in many branches of industry, to force upon its leaders some, even if a wholly inadequate, realization of the services which the sciences of psychology and physiology can render to the more economical application of human activity. Many of the services thus rendered involve chiefly a knowledge of motor processes and other comparatively menial aspects of psychology, but many of the most interesting problems of industrial psychology, and especially those arising out of social and political obstacles to the application of more economical methods, involve mental activities of a kind very similar to those which take so prominent a place in the psychology of war.

It is necessary, in concluding, to point out a serious limitation to the usefulness of the science of psychology in its application to practical affairs. On the more material side of our civilization the experience of war has done much to teach the people at large, and possibly even their rulers, the value of science. The sciences which deal with matter are, however, so advanced that they are able to deal immediately and directly with the concrete problems presented by warfare, commerce, and other aspects of practical life. The science which deals with mind in its individual aspect, and still more that which attempts to deal with the collective aspect, is so much less advanced that it can hardly as yet claim to provide an answer to any of the more concrete

* Manchester University Press, 1919.

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questions which the sociologist or the statesman may wish to put to it. We cannot claim more than that psychology has reached certain general principles which will help the politician, the social reformer, or the teacher. Especially important in this respect are the principles which have been the result of experience in the medicine of the mind. A society is a collection of individuals, and though the measures adapted to meet the morbid states of society cannot be the same as those adapted to individual needs, we can be confident that the general principles which underlie the treatment of the mental disorders of the individual will also hold good in the treatment of the disorders of social and national life.

BLACK MAGIC

By Arthur Tuckerman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. R. WEED

HIGH above the shrill clatter of the cargo winches, the creak of straining hawsers, the sullen throb of escaping steam, rose Tawny King's roar of outraged dignity. Upon the flying bridge the weather-beaten Dundee skipper paused in his pacing to and fro to watch a steel cage being lowered at an absurd angle into the black depths of a gaping hatchway. Wrathfully he bellowed for his second officer.

"Mr. Pell! I'm wanting to know who in the devil's name is bringing a lion aboard my ship?"

Mr. Pell, twenty-three, pink-cheeked and very British, looked as if he bore the burden of Atlas upon his shoulders.

"It's consigned to Liverpool, sir. Belongs to Mr. Marvin, the passenger standing down there by the taffrail. He told me that he wired you from Nairobi to reserve cargo space."

Captain Jamieson glanced at his watch; he was due to clear Mombasa harbor in ten minutes. He plunged down the bridge ladder and strode across the deck to the pith-helmeted American idling at the taffrail.

"Mr. Marvin, sir. Ye wired me re-sairving space for 'live stock.' I'm thinking that's a preety eelastic tairm when it comes to include such beasts as lions!"

Marvin's attitude was conciliatory.

"I'll guarantee that Tawny King won't give you any trouble, captain."

Jamieson stroked his square red beard and gave the problem grave consideration.

"Ye'll understand," he said more amiably, "that I'm no wishing to make a caircus of the ship, Mr. Marvin. Still, if ye'll see that the brute behaves himself, we'll let it go at that." He nodded abruptly and went back to the bridge.

Some five minutes later the whistle on the *Transvaal's* yellow funnel, suddenly shrouded in white steam, emitted a hoarse blast and the ship began to throb slowly down the channel toward the Indian Ocean.

On the after-deck Marvin joined Santini, his motion-picture man, and watched their native porters sorting the heap of equipment that had been thrown post-haste aboard the ship at the hour of her sailing; had the Nairobi train reached Mombasa on time, their embarkation would not have been so hurried.

The Swahilis, with painstaking slowness, separated each article in neat piles. There were .303 sports rifles, 12-bore shotguns, .450 expresses, double-fly tents, jaeger blankets, rockets, cameras, filters —all the varied paraphernalia of an African hunting expedition.

Santini, gazing astern toward the rapidly fading panorama of Mombasa, wiped his moist forehead.

"Thank the Lord we're clear at last.

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Hardest three months I ever hope to spend."

Marvin, in the act of lighting his pipe, raised his eyebrows.

"Think so?" he puffed. "Maybe. But Tawny King was worth it."

He smiled reminiscently. This expedition to British East Africa and Uganda had been the goal of his ambitions. He was now homeward bound with more trophies than he knew what to do with, *and*—Tawny King—alive. He intended to present Tawny King to some famous zoological collection at home. In the heart of Uganda, some ten days trekking north of Fort Hall, they had found him, lurking in the dried elephant-grass; by his side lay what had been the corpse of a Swahili porter who had disappeared from the camp the night before. Tawny King had tasted blood; it must have been to his liking from the way he kept licking his paws with his huge red tongue.

He measured exactly one hundred and fifteen inches from the tip of his cold nose to the little tassel at the end of his tail. From the day of his capture, when they shut him up in a portable steel cage, he glowered and sulked, ramped and ranted, and perpetually demonstrated his disapproval of the whole human race by stiffening his tail like a steel bar the instant anything on two legs appeared near his cage. Had not Marvin tripled the pay of his Swahili porters they would have fled long before Tawny King was put safely aboard the white coast-bound train at Nairobi.

While the *Transvaal* ploughed her way steadily northward, skirting the torrid coast through two sweltering days, Marvin, Santini, and the three youngish Englishmen who formed the balance of their party, sat in shirt-sleeves beneath the scanty awning that had been rigged up on the poop-deck. At intervals they wetted their throats from tall narrow glasses which a Javanese boy produced with pleasing regularity from the smoking-room pantry.

On the second evening out from Mombasa, as the red disk of the sun was slipping down behind the rim of the sea, Marvin was wakened from a doze by a clamor of voices which came drifting lazily aft from the forward deck; a veritable babel of tongues arose in heated argument, guttural Dutch, crisp English commands, drowned now and then by the shrill dialect of the Swahili. Mr. Pell, the second officer, suddenly poked his head in sight above the poop-deck ladder.

Marvin hailed him with a wave of his pipe-stem toward the forward deck.

"What's all the row yonder, Mr. Pell?"

"I was just coming to speak to you about it. A few minutes ago one of our sailors found a stowaway in the hold, hiding behind some of the cargo—a little black fellow. When we got him on deck he began to jabber in some dialect none of us could understand—even the Swahilis didn't seem to know what he was talking about, except that he mentioned your name several times. He's determined to see you for some reason——"

"Did he tell you who he was?"

Pell smiled apologetically.

"I thought he said 'Jingu'—but that's an absurd sort of a name!"

Marvin rose from his chair chuckling.

"Jingu! I remember him well. He was one of our porters through Uganda. But I paid him off at Nairobi five days ago. Bring him up here, will you?"

When Pell had gone Marvin slapped Santini on the back delightedly. Any interlude to relieve the monotony of the sultry evening was welcome.

Three minutes later Pell reappeared. At his heels two perspiring sailors supported between them a diminutive black man. The whites of his eyes bulged alarmingly from his face; all motive power had apparently departed from his limbs, so that he had to be half carried, half dragged along the deck, his plump legs trailing as if paralyzed behind him.

He was deposited at Marvin's feet, an absurd little lump of humanity, naked but for the skirt of cloth wrapped about his fat stomach.

"Speak!" commanded Marvin in the Bantu dialect which he had picked up while trekking. "What dost thou want, little black devil?"

Jingu fawned and squirmed on the deck like a miserable pariah dog. He broke out in a shrill wail.

"Oh, my master! He will forgive. For many moons I was his devoted ser-

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vant. Together we hunted the wild beast; was I not ever a faithful——"

"Stop that whining," said Marvin, not without the trace of a smile on his lips, "and tell me why you followed me like a thief in the night."

Then did Jingu seem to realize the necessity of getting to the point, much as he abhorred it. From his far-off Arabic ancestors he had inherited a certain native love of circumlocution, but he knew that this was no time to indulge therein.

"Before my master came, I was a wanderer without a home; my only friends were the animals of the wilderness wherein I lived; my food was the flesh of birds and the meat of wild berries. Then he came and was good to me; I grew to love him. When he sailed in the great ship my face was wet with large tears.

"I said unto myself, I will follow my master to the white man's country—and behold, I will be his humble servant to the end of my life."

Marvin was annoyed, more particularly because Jingu had managed to touch some chord of sympathy deep within him.

"I don't know what to do with you, Jingu," he said abruptly. "I've got all the men I need. Karim the hunter is taking care of the lion. Now, if you only knew something about animals I might use you, perhaps——"

It was a fatal admission. A bright smile bared the whiteness of Jingu's teeth.

"Then let me help!" he burst forth. "I will assist Karim in the care of the lion. I have lived among them; I fear them not, nor do they fear me. It would be well."

Here Santini, who had hitherto been silent, interposed.

"Look here, Marvin. Don't let this infernal black rascal trade on your good nature. Chuck him in irons and have him put off at Aden."

"No," said Marvin, "I'll give him a chance—he was a good porter."

He turned to Pell.

"Take the fellow down to Karim, will you, Mr. Pell? And let him help take care of the lion; it's a mean job—probably he'll quit long before we reach Aden, and raise a wail for the Nyika."

Jingu seemed to understand that his sins were forgiven. He fell at Marvin's feet, rendering the evening shrill with extravagant blessings. The sailors led him off giggling with glee . . .

At five bells the oppressive heat of the night became abruptly intensified by a scorching wind that swept down from the Somali coast like the red breath of a furnace. Upon the flying bridge Captain Jamieson's eyebrows came together when he saw the tumbling barometer; he sent Mr. Pell racing to the fore-deck shouting orders to batten down the hatch coamings and fasten the deck-strewn tackle. The deck became alive with figures, both black and white, each going about his appointed task with frantic haste.

The storm, heralded only by a single ragged streak of mauve across the black sky, broke upon a stripped deck, bare of human souls, with tackle firmly lashed. The moan of the offshore wind rose quickly to a crescendo wail as it whipped the rigging taut; up forward a concave wall of combers was born like magic from a still sea and came reeling over the bows. For an instant the ship hesitated, all atremble, and then plunged ahead resolutely into the maelstrom.

In the saloon amidships Marvin, Santini, a B. E. A. railway man named Gaylord, and a Johannesburg merchant stacked their colored chips for an hour of poker. Time and again Marvin had to steady himself in his chair as the ship lurched drunkenly.

At a quarter past eleven Santini rose pallid from his seat, swept aside his chips, and staggered from the saloon. Marvin glanced up at him with a faint smile.

"Santy hasn't got his sea-legs yet."

The others chuckled and stretched forth their hands for a new deal.

The cards were dealt and Marvin started to arrange his hand. Outside, the roar of the wind was terrifying. Of a sudden there came a deafening crash of thunder, seeming to strike at the heart of the ship; the saloon lights turned red and went out. In the pitch darkness that ensued Marvin heard Gaylord muttering:

"No peace—damned place—glad when we get north of Suez."

Kooper, the Johannesburg merchant, spoke up with obviously forced cheerfulness.

"We can't quit at this stage. Evident-

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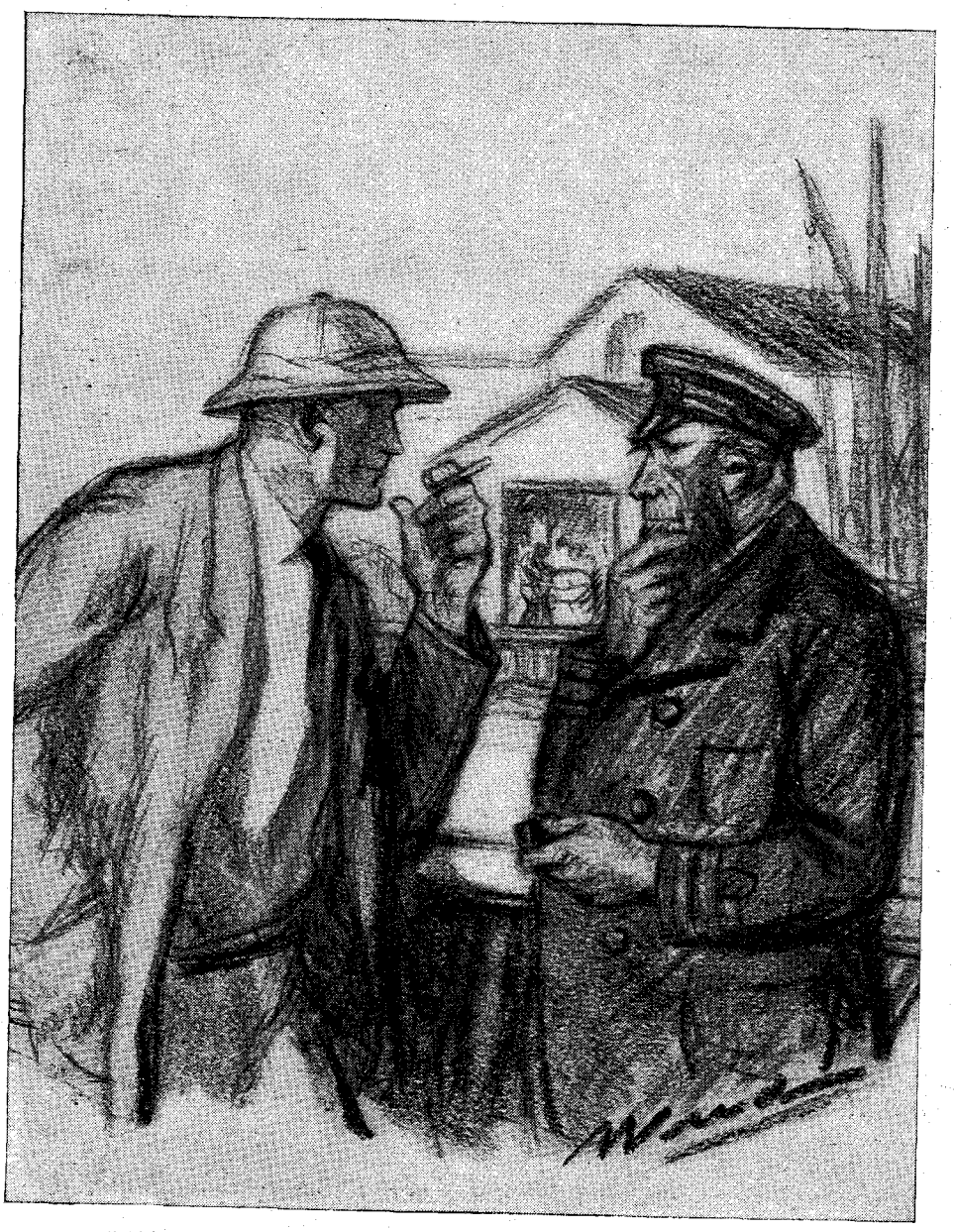

"I'll guarantee that Tawny King won't give you any trouble, captain."—Page 166.

ly the dynamo's out of commission. Suppose I go to my cabin and get a lamp I noticed there?"

Marvin and Gaylord expressed their approval as he rose to leave the saloon, groping blindly for the narrow door.

In total darkness they waited, while outside the waves crashed ceaselessly against the *Transvaal's* sturdy sides and came gurgling over the starboard portholes in a swirling angry mass. Only the intermittent glow of Gaylord's pipe broke the blackness at one spot just a little way above the card-table.

After an æon of time Marvin heard his husky voice.

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"This is getting on my nerves— Pass that bottle, will you?"

He stretched forth a groping hand onto the baize surface of the table. At the same moment the saloon door flew open and went clattering against the wall. Kooper stood beside them stock-still, holding a flickering lamp aloft, his face white as marble. Suddenly he found his voice.

"My God! Marvin—just down the passage outside my cabin door—a pair of eyes, big greenish-yellow eyes— Your lion's loose—prowling about the ship."

Marvin leapt up and helped him, shaking, to a seat; he poured out a stiff drink of brandy.

"Every gun we've got is in one of the two cabins," he said thoughtfully.

Kooper began to mutter to himself at random; almost incoherently.

"I oughtn't to show yellow like this—but it was an awful shock—his cage must have been smashed by one of those waves——"

Around the welcome gleam of the lamp the three of them huddled for a consultation. There was but one way out of the saloon, and Tawny King, who had tasted blood, lay waiting in the passage. Marvin felt suddenly for his hip pocket and drew forth a tiny automatic.

"I forgot this; I always carry it."

He added in a dreary voice: "I suppose I've got to shoot him. Only thing to do—eh, Gaylord?"

Gaylord nodded.

"After all that trouble, and he's so magnificent!——"

Marvin stepped across to the door and opened it slowly, holding the lamp high above his head. The passage to his cabin, narrow and whitewashed, stretched straight ahead; away off at the far end the companionway door to the main-deck lay open, rattling on its brass hinges; a whiff of salt air came dashing in, covering the rubber-tiled floor with a myriad silvery globules of spray. He saw at a glance that the passage was empty.

"Tawny King's gone," he said very quietly. "Out on deck probably, from where he came. Get your gun, Gaylord; we can't leave him roaming round the ship. Remember what happened to that Swahili——"

In silence they crept to their adjoining cabins and met a moment later at the companionway door, each with a silvery muzzle protruding from the clinched fist of his right hand. Marvin led the way forward, keeping a sharp lookout at all the darkened corners for any sign of a lurking shadow; they passed beneath the flying bridge and reached the railing that overlooked the fore-deck.

With the same suddenness of its conception the tropical storm was dying down, but the *Transvaal* still rocked in the churned-up wake of its path. The air was cool and the night far brighter than before as the last of the scudding clouds slipped away from the moon's face, leaving it to shine unveiled upon a troubled sea.

After a moment Marvin's long arm stretched toward the ship's bows.

"Look! There's Tawny King!" he whispered. And added almost irrelevantly: "Isn't he superb?"

Kooper and Gaylord crowded to the rail, joined by Pell, the second officer, and a couple of sailors. Away up on the narrowing bows stood Tawny King gazing seaward with a melancholy stare, his long tail sweeping slowly to and fro, the dark outline of his splendid lean body etched sharply against the blue-white moonlight of the sky. Pell began to whisper.

"One of you gentlemen must shoot him, or I'll have to do it myself. I'm sorry, but the captain's raising hell about it on the bridge. You see, one really can't allow such things on a passenger——"

Marvin interrupted him angrily. "Tell your captain not to worry! I'm going forward to get it over as quick as I can. God knows, though, I hate to do it."

He started down the narrow ladder to the fore-deck, while the others craned eagerly over the rail to watch him. Halfway down, a little black figure, scurrying up from below, blocked his way. Jingu, his eyes agleam as if inspired by some great thought, bowed obsequiously to Marvin, who flattened himself impatiently against the rail to let him pass. But Jingu was inclined to linger.

"My master is not going to shoot Tawny King?" he asked incredulously,

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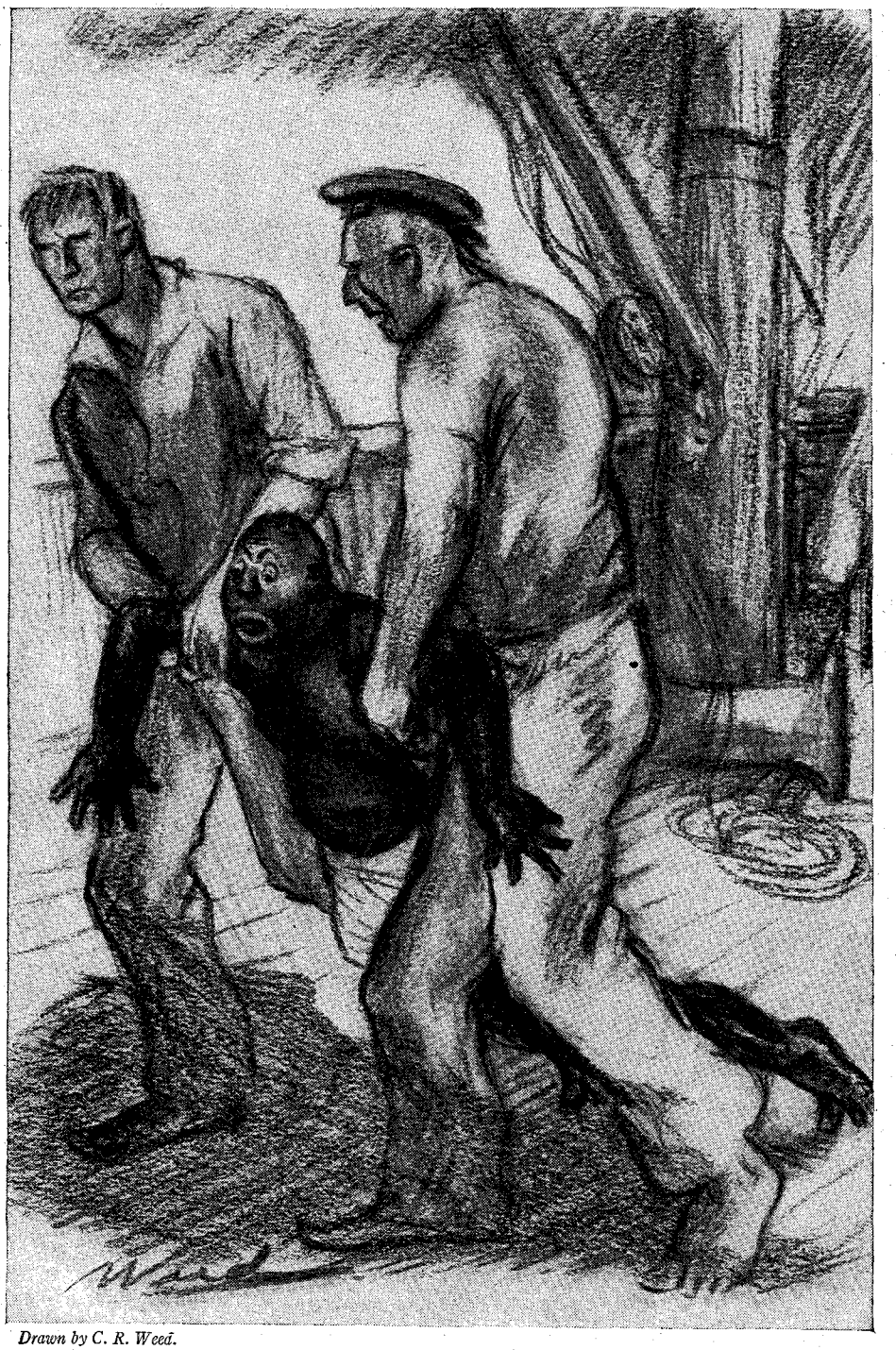

Drawn by C. R. Weed.

At his heels two perspiring sailors supported between them a diminutive black man.—Page 167.

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staring at Marvin's automatic with a disdainful eye.

"What else can be done, Jingu?"

"I will tell my master something. For many years I lived in the Nyika—the wilderness; I was born there; I knew no parents. No man taught me to fear animals, nor do they fear me, as I told thee some years ago. Now, if my master and his white brothers will leave this matter to me, I will bring the lion back to his iron house alive."

Marvin thrust him aside angrily.

"Nonsense!" he snapped out. "I don't want to see you torn to bits for nothing."

Jingu became garrulous. He swore by all the gods he knew—and by some whom he invented on the spur of the moment—that if the white men would give him a chance he would capture Tawny King. Something in his overwhelming earnestness finally impressed Marvin. He glanced at his watch hurriedly.

"All right," he said ungraciously, "I'll give you a quarter of an hour for your foolishness. And here—take my automatic in case your precious scheme should fail."

"My God! Marvin—just down the passage outside my cabin door—."—Page 170.

Jingu refused the white man's weapon scornfully. From the folds of his scanty apron he drew forth a slender rod of ivory.

"If my dear master will wait and watch," he cried eagerly, "he shall see the power of Jingu, and he will come to know his value."

He went clambering gayly down the

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Drawn by C. R. Weed.

They crossed the deck together slowly, a strange pair—the little black man and the great beast.
—Page 174.

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steps while Marvin went back to join the others.

Silently, and with an almost uncanny feeling, the little group watched Jingu cross the moon-bathed space of the fore-deck, heading straight for the spot where Tawny King still stood upon the bows.

He squatted on the floor beside his friend.—Page 175.

After an interminable time he reached the mainmast and passed it; as he rounded the tarpaulin-shrouded bulk of a forward donkey-engine the lion saw him for the first time. Tawny King lowered his massive head, his tail ceased to swing and grew suddenly rigid; with bright, iridescent eyes he watched the approach of Jingu.

And then, very faintly at first, the men on the deck above heard Jingu crooning a low melody, a song of the wild men of the Nyika, a weird, soft, dreamy sound not unlike the whispering of the wind through the tall elephant-grass, or the babbling of Zambesi at its mountain source before it becomes a full-grown river, or the call of a forest bird to its mate. . . . Tawny King's tail drooped; his head perked to one side with an air of puzzled curiosity. Still crooning, his song growing in volume, Jingu tiptoed forward fearlessly, in his brown hand his little ivory wand. On the upper deck Marvin and the rest held their breath.

Jingu reached the lion's side. He raised his wand and began to stroke Tawny King's broad neck and back with a soft, caressing motion, keeping in rhythm with his song. To Tawny King it brought supreme feline content. He began to purr in ecstasy.

Jingu slipped an arm round the lion's neck and rubbed his cheek against the great cold nose; then very cautiously he made a step forward. Tawny King followed placidly. They crossed the deck

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together slowly, a strange pair—the little black man and the great beast, as friendly as they could be. Presently they disappeared within the companionway of the lower deck.

Marvin broke the silence first.

"Of all the miracles! Why, the man's worth his weight in gold! In a circus, a zoo, wherever they keep wild animals, he'd be invaluable——"

"But, how—how did he do it?" Gaylord murmured.

"I suppose it's because he's just a child of the wilderness. He knows no fear, such as we white men are taught by environment. Animals look upon him as one of their kind. I've heard of such cases before—faith has much to do with it."

Down in the cargo hold, under the smoky orange glow of the swaying oil lamps, Jingu was fastening the lock of Tawny King's cage, which was in no wise broken. To Karim, the keeper, he handed the key with a cunning smile.

"Take thou thy key, O my brother," he crowed. "It has served its purpose well. To-morrow we will tell the white men that the lion broke his cage, but that we have since repaired it.

"To let loose the animal for the space of an hour was an easy matter to accomplish, but it has brought to me great happiness. No longer will my master mock at me, no longer will he be unbelieving of my powers."

He squatted on the floor beside his friend and began to sway his diminutive black body from side to side in an ecstasy of childish glee. . . .

BALLADE OF FORGOTTEN WARS

By Thomas Jeffries Betts

Bayard 'quitted him valiantly,
Alexander and Kublai Khan
Led their hosts right skilfully,
Hamilcar, Hannibal, Charlemagne,
Attila, Alaric, Ghengis Khan—
Pray now, reader, can you say why
They conquered, or whom they overran?
Wars are remembered by those who die.

What was Parma's battle-cry?
And what was Scipio's slogan?
With what half truths did Pharaoh lie,
As he battled off the African?
Right and wrong, in time's brief span,
Our combats fade dissolubly;
Gone are the empires that they began;
Wars are remembered by those who die.

God, on whose aid we all rely,
Jew and Gentile and Turkoman,
Hold 'gainst our prayers relentlessly
The lesson of strife since the world began;
Ere we join battle, van to van,
And the throaty cannon make reply,
Whisper this to each fighting man:
"Wars are remembered by those who die."

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THE LAST COWES REGATTA BEFORE THE WAR

A MEMORY OF THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT "MIRANDA," AUGUST, 1913

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY FRED PEGRAM

COWES, Sunday, August 3rd, 1913.

IT was delightful to wake up this morning with the little waves of the Solent sparkling and dancing in the sunlight and the low green shores of the Isle of Wight opposite. I made up my mind quite suddenly (only twenty-four hours' notice) to join my friends Mr. and Mrs. Depew, who have chartered Lord Leith's beautiful yacht *Miranda* for a week, the week at Cowes. Madame de Talleyrand and I left Havre last night, delighted to get away from Paris, with its August aspect, clouds of dust, steaming asphalt pavements, and of concierges with all their families sitting outside of the porte-cochères, the children generally with an accordion, and all keeping up an animated conversation with friends across the street.

It was nearly eight o'clock when we arrived at Havre. It was decided that none of the party would dress for dinner that night, as the luggage was not yet on board and we were to sail almost immediately. We are quite a large party: Mr. and Mrs. D., their daughter and her governess, two girl friends and four young men of different nationalities, English, French, and Italian. We dined at once after inspecting our cabins; B. and I have two in the centre of the ship opposite each other. Hers is the biggest, really a charming bedroom with a large double bed, sofa, dressing-table, writing-table, armchairs, a good closet where she can hang all her dresses, and a large bathroom. Mine is not quite so big but most comfortable, also with a large closet, electric light and bells everywhere.

We sailed while we were still at dinner. The sea was quite smooth, a lovely summer night. We sat some time on deck, were quite comfortable with our coats on. The *départ* was most picturesque: The long lights of Havre disappearing in the distance, only the great lighthouses shining out of the darkness. There was very little movement; the captain said we would have a very good crossing. B. did not feel comfortable; M. D. took her down to her cabin about ten o'clock and gave a funny account of her when he came back: she threw herself on the bed, keeping on coat, boots, hat and veil, declined her maid, "knew she would be ill," and remained dressed on her bed till four o'clock in the morning. I never saw any one in such a curious state of nerves; she was not sick but terrified, and there was not really any movement. I stayed some time with her trying to persuade her at least to take off hat and veil, but she would not; so I retired to my cabin and slept so well that I heard nothing of the arrival at Cowes, the stop of the machinery, the letting down of the anchor, and only realized when I looked out of the port-hole and saw masts all around me that we were at Cowes.

The harbor is most animated, yachts, steamers, and pleasure-boats in every direction. A new feature since I was last here are the aeroplanes; several were flying about among the yachts. It is curious to hear the noise of the motor overhead and then to see the white-winged bird (for that is what they look like) passing in and out of the yachts, sometimes coming straight down to the water's edge. We are anchored rather far out, at some distance from the squadron landing.

There were various confidences exchanged at the breakfast-table, and it seems almost every one was ill in the night;

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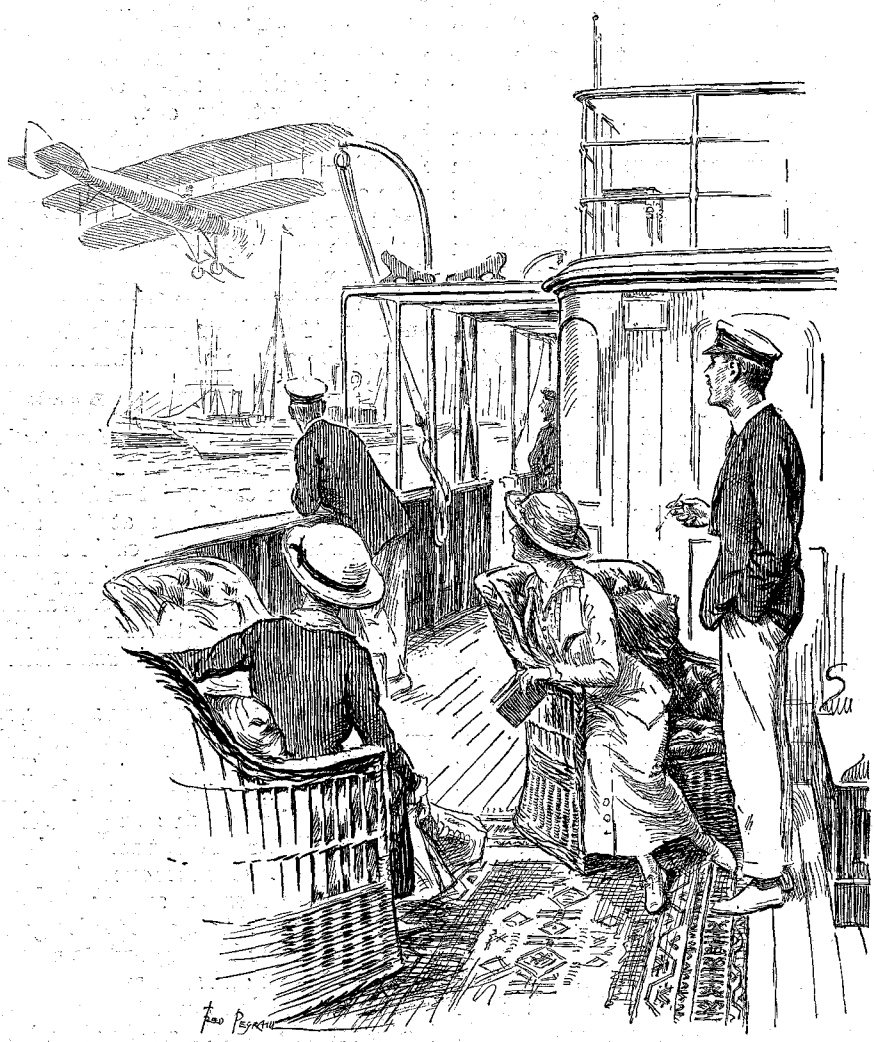
the yacht pitched a good deal about halfway across; however, all were very *en train* and ready for anything this morning.

B. and I wanted to go to church, so we started in the big launch about 10.30 and met a great many other launches evidently bound in the same direction. There was quite a little crowd on the landing. We found the church easily; it stands on a pretty little road just behind the clubhouse. It was filled with people, a great many men all looking so well in their Cowes dress, blue jacket, white trousers, and blue cap. After church we went into the club gardens as we wanted to see some of our friends and find out if our names and the D.'s had been written down in the book. I saw many people I knew, and the place looked absolutely the same to me as it did the last time I was here, fifteen years ago.



The white-winged bird passing in and out among the yachts.

I had a talk with Lord Ormonde, the commodore of the yacht-club, always courteous and civil to strangers. He told

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me there were very few American yachts, which he regretted, as they generally had large parties on board and entertained a great deal. Lord Charles Beresford was walking about with his merry eyes and quick Irish sense of humor. The D.'s and some of the party appeared about 12, and we had a pleasant hour sitting on the lawn and watching all the people come and go and making plans for the afternoon.

Mr. D. gave us all rendezvous at 12.45 at the landing, as we were supposed to lunch at one o'clock on the yacht, but he had the greatest difficulty in collecting his flock; never got them together before one o'clock or later. It is not very convenient to go backward or forward, particularly at the lunch hour, when every one is going back to the yachts. The landing is small, so the launches cannot remain; if you are not there and ready to embark when your boat comes up it is sent off *au large* and you sometimes wait a long time before it comes up again.

After lunch I went with M. D. to write myself down for the King and Queen. Their yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, is anchored at some distance from us. It is an enormous boat, looks more like an ocean steamer than a yacht, but the lines are fine. An officer was on duty, standing on the deck as we came up, who took us at once to the "book," where we wrote our names. A great many people were already written down, though the yacht had only arrived on Saturday. We did the same thing for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are also on a royal yacht, not quite so big as the *Victoria and Albert*, but a fine boat. The guard-ship was anchored close to the King's yacht.

We then went to the club lawn, where I found quantities of people I knew: Lord Ormonde (Lady Ormonde was not there), Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Mr. Bailey, Farquhar, Drummonds, etc. The Drummonds came back to tea with us on the yacht, and we all went back to the lawn after tea. (The launch goes all day.) It is most amusing on the lawn about 6; every one is there, coming back from sailing or tea on the yachts, and making plans for the next day. Of course the chic thing is to be as much on the yachts as possible, and to be taken there by the yacht's steam-launch. "Personne qui se respecte" goes in a shore boat.

Our dinner was very gay. The dining-room on the deck is charming; large windows all around with a view of the sea in every direction, and to-night the most gorgeous sunset. We sat a little time—just for coffee—in the salon, also on deck, with large windows, most comfortably and prettily furnished, sofas, easy-chairs, a piano, writing-tables, etc., and then adjourned to the upper deck, also most comfortable—a good-sized cabin for those who were afraid of sitting outside, and chairs and rugs for the rest of the party. It looked so pretty when all the yachts were lighted and the steam-launches and motor-boats were flying about from one yacht to another. There isn't a particle of motion, though there were a few "white horses" in the bay this afternoon.

Tuesday, August 4th.

Another beautiful day. B. and I wanted to make an early start—flâner in the Cowes streets and look at the shops. Just as I was leaving my cabin the head steward announced "A royal messenger, Mme., with a letter for Mme. Waddington." It was an invitation for dinner that night on board the *Victoria and Albert* at eight-thirty o'clock.

The man was waiting for an answer, so I wrote that Madame Waddington would have the honor of waiting upon Their Majesties, etc., and asked Mr. D. if I could have the launch at eight o'clock. Bessie and I started off at 10.30 and did a little shopping. Cowes is one of the places where Englishwomen appear to their great advantage. They are perfectly well dressed, all wear blue-and-white serge or linen, with coat and skirt and sailor hats, and the simple dress suits them perfectly. I could not indulge in a sailor hat, but I found a soft black straw with a white band around the crown which sat well on my head and was never off it. Cowes is crowded with people all standing as near the squadron landing and club-house as they can get, wildly interested in all the boats that arrive from the yachts, particularly the royal launches. Lady Ormonde, who was sitting on a bench at the door of the club-house, asked me to come to tea with her on Thursday and to bring my

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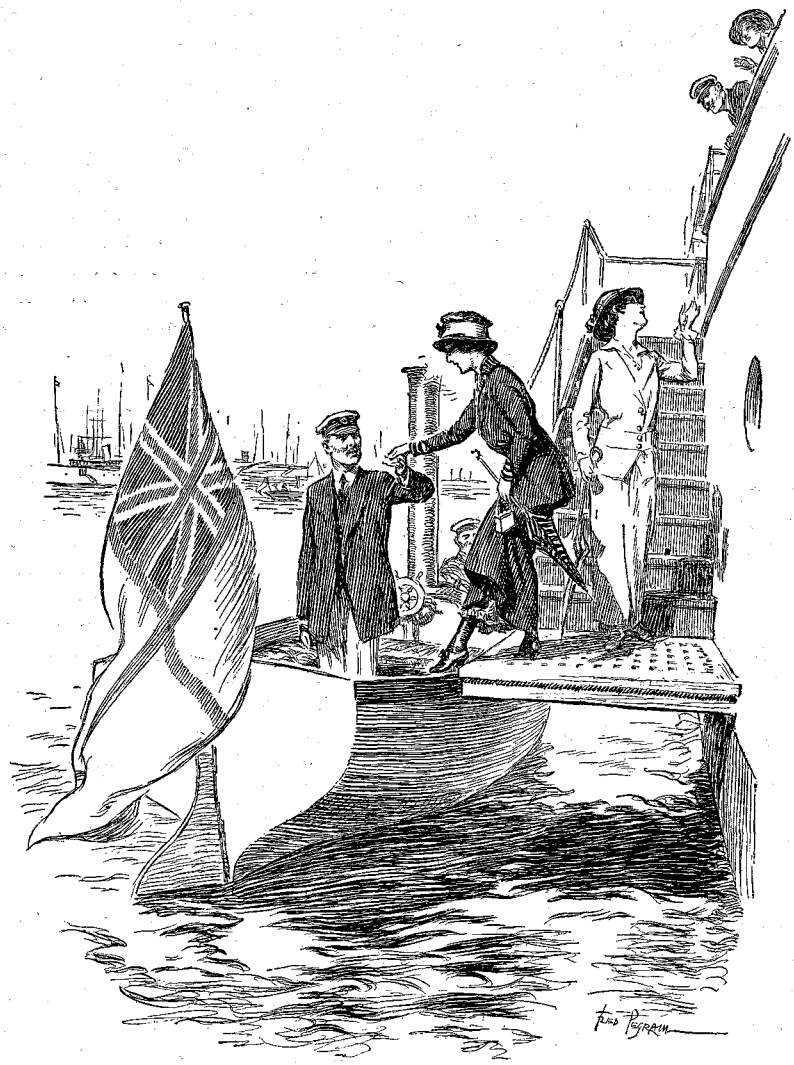
party. The Duke of Connaught was on shore for a few minutes. I had a little talk with him and asked if there was any chance of seeing the Duchess. He said it was quite impossible: she wasn't at all well and the doctors insisted upon a perfect quiet. I fancy she has been very ill.



Off to church.

We had visits all afternoon, the Drummonds, Lord Normanton, who is here on his yacht, and various friends of some of our party. I asked Mrs. Drummond what I should wear for the dinner on the royal yacht and was rather dismayed when she told me that Queen Mary always wore a high short dress, did not like anything formal or ceremonious at Cowes, and of course it is much more sensible; only my only evening dress is long and décolletée; however, I will try and pull the corsage a little tighter and hope the train will pass unperceived.

I left about 8.20, as we are at some little

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distance from the royal yacht. Mr. D. came with me. The yacht looked splendid as we came up, lighted from bow to stern; officers, sailors, and red-liveried footmen on the deck. The steward showed me into a small room on the lower deck, where I left my coat, and then I went up-stairs where Lady Amphill, who was in waiting, received me. We waited in a vestibule running straight across the deck at the top of the stairs. It was very well arranged with flowers, a red carpet, and seats all around. Almost immediately, all the party appeared. The men, Lord Shaftesbury, Keppel, Ponsonby, and Madame d'Hautpoul, *née* Stonor, who is a great friend of the Queen, and is staying on the yacht; Lady A. told me the party was small. The Cornelius Vanderbilts, whose yacht *The North Star* is lying almost alongside of the royal yacht, and their party; Lady Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, Count Mensdorff, Austrian ambassador to London, and the Marquis de Sovaral, ex-Portuguese minister, who has remained in London since the fall of the monarchy and acts as a sort of extra chamberlain to Queen Amelie. All the ladies were very simply dressed, skirts just touching the ground and corsages hardly open. The men were in the regulation Cowes short blue jackets with gilt buttons, and white trousers, and very well they looked.

The King and Queen came very punctually at 8.30, coming up the staircase which opened on the vestibule. The King was in the same Cowes dress as all the other men. The Queen looked charming in white lace over white satin, short—the skirt just touching the ground, a long string of pearls, and a pink rose at her belt. They both shook hands with all the ladies, the King with the men, and we went at once to dinner. The dining-room is just across the vestibule. Lady Pembroke sat on the King's right, next her his second son, small and slight, with a sweet little child's smile and face. He is a midshipman. I sat on the King's left, Lord Shaftesbury, the Queen's chamberlain, on my left.

The dinner was very handsome, flowers, silver (some racing cups—one the King had won that day), and plenty of servants in black, with breeches and silk stockings, and red-coated footmen. The Queen sat between Mensdorff and Sovaral. A band played on deck just outside the windows, which were open. The King talked a great deal—was easy, charming, and, as the table was narrow he talked across to Mensdorff and Sovaral. The dinner was not long. The men remained in the dining-room to smoke, and the women sat in the vestibule.

Queen Mary had a slight cold, and preferred not coming on deck. I talked to her a long time, sitting on a sofa in the corner. She said she wanted to see the Tango very much, but thought it was difficult. It couldn't be danced at the palace. I told her I thought the only way would be when she was dining some night with friends to have three or four couples of people she knew invited, who would show her the steps. She said she heard it was perfectly indecent.

When she dismissed me to talk to some of the other ladies, I sat a little while inside talking to Madame d'Hautpoul, and as soon as the men came out, most of the party went out on deck. I talked to Mensdorff, Sovaral, Ponsonby, whom I like very much. It was delicious on deck. We put on light wraps as it was a little cool. It looked so pretty, the doors opening into the vestibule, which was all light and color, with red carpet, flowers, and the women's jewels and light dresses. The band was playing, women moving about, and the red-coated footmen passing coffee, bringing chairs, wraps, all around us, other yachts lighted, and occasional strains of music, and always launches going backward and forward from the landing to the yachts.

Before the party broke up we stood about half an hour in the vestibule talking to the King. He asked me if I had seen Prince Henry of Prussia and what I thought of his yacht. I had to answer truthfully that I thought it was a horror—an ironclad turned into a yacht, looking so heavy and ugly near all the beautiful English boats. Their Majesties departed at 11. I had the same impression of the King that I had at the state balls—easy, courteous, ready to talk to every one about anything.

Mr. D. was waiting for me. He had been there since 10.30, but the officers

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People watching the arrivals at the club-house.

carried him off to the ward-room, so he didn't mind waiting. There was such a tide running when we came alongside of the *Miranda* that we had some little difficulty in getting on board; had to come up three times before I could get off the launch.

Tuesday, August 5th.

Another delicious day. The big French liner *La France* arrived early this morning and is anchored quite far out. They have a large party on board, and give a dinner and dance to-night. We went ashore about 11, and I went for a walk, as I cannot sit all day on the lawn, and there are some charming green lanes and country roads up in the hills behind the town. I met a pretty child's equipage, everything white, white cart, white goat, white poodle, and a nice nurse also dressed in white, the child a fine fair baby with blue eyes and red cheeks.

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I joined the rest of the party about twelve o'clock and we brought back friends to lunch. They remained until 3, and then we steamed down to Portsmouth to have a look at the big battleships which had been manœuvring about in these waters. They were deadly looking things, great black masses on the water. The shores of the Isle of Wight looked lovely, so green, studded with little white villas peeping out of the trees; many of them have gardens running down to the water's edge with quantities of flowers. The climate is so soft and damp that everything grows and in great abundance. It was one of the days of racing of the sailing-yachts, and beautiful they looked as they passed us. The King and Queen passed close under our stern in the old *Britannia*, King Edward's yacht. It seems that what they both love at Cowes are long happy days on the yacht with all their children.

We went up to the *France* and with the trumpet tried to communicate with André de Fouquières, who was on board, and who was acting as master of ceremonies for the dinner and dance, but we could not find him. I fancy he was on shore. They dropped me at the squadron landing, as I had promised to go and have tea with B. at the club. It was rather late *when* I got there, and his party had departed. However, he gave me some tea at a small table. There were still people on the lawn, and the Duchess of Somerset came and sat with us. We had a charming hour sitting under the trees and having echoes from various people who came up to talk to us of the events of the day. The English were much pleased at one of their yachts having beaten the *Meteor*, the German Emperor's boat. The English who were asked to the ball on the *France* were in rather a fuss, as they were told the tender would be at the pier at 9.30 to take them to the steamer, and they said no one would go until 10.30, as the King and any Princes who were at Cowes were dining at the club, and would walk about afterward in the garden, and no one would leave until he did.

We had a quiet dinner, and all went ashore at nine o'clock and sat in the damp garden until 10.30, rather boring ourselves and decidedly cold. The King, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Henry of Prussia sat about half an hour in the garden under a tent, but didn't walk about at all. We got off at 11, as there was some mistake about the launch. One of Mr. D.'s friends had taken it out to the *France* promising to send it back at once, but evidently hadn't realized how far out the *France* was lying. The big steamer didn't look very festive as we came alongside. There were no lights nor any sounds of merriment or music. All the party went on board, and I went back to the *Miranda*. It was a curious sensation to be careering about entirely alone at night in the middle of the Solent, the little launch slipping along as quickly as possible. The night was dark, the water quite black, but the lights from all the boats (except the *France*) were so bright, we saw our way quite well.

Wednesday, August 6th.

Another beautiful day. Bright sun, blue water, and little pleasure-boats in every direction. The ball experiences of the party were rather amusing. They were surprised on going on board the *France* to find no one to receive them, no lights, no music, no Fouquières, who had told them to come to his cabin, and leave hats and wraps, etc. They asked for a cabin and were told the ball was over, musicians had gone to bed, and they must get off as quickly as possible, as the vessel was getting up steam and starting back at once for Havre. Their tender was at the pier at 9.30, waited an hour, no one came, and they went off furious (though they had been told no one would leave the club gardens before 10.30). It was a most unfortunate misunderstanding. Every one was angry except the few people who had been invited to dinner. They had a very good dinner, a cotillon afterward with pretty presents, and enjoyed themselves very much.

I was quite alone on the yacht this morning. I was quite happy on deck under the awning in a comfortable armchair, with books and papers. Various little boats came backward and forward with notes, parcels, the washing, flowers, fruit. It was amusing to see all the movement. We went on shore a little before 5 and went first to the hotel, Gloucester House,

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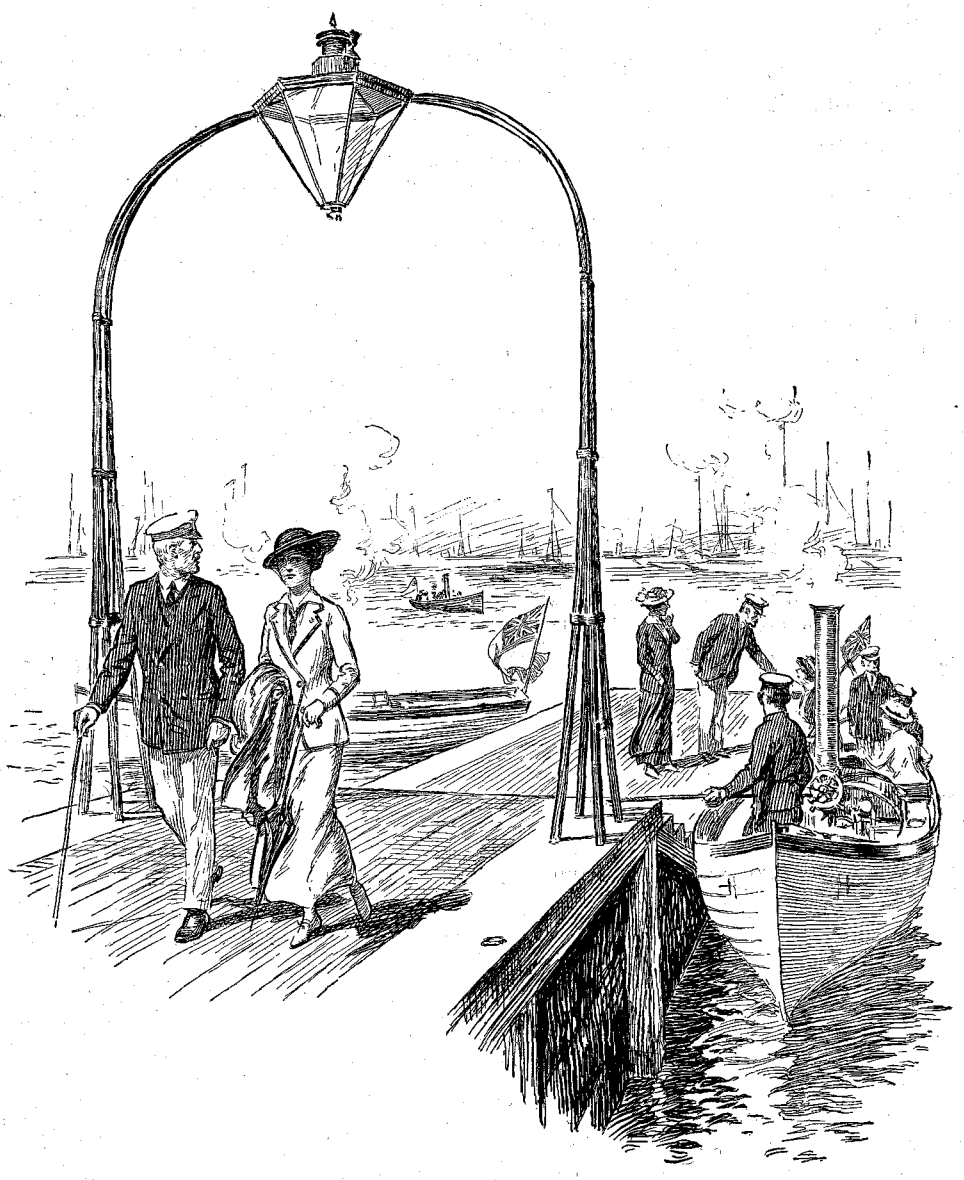

Arriving at the squadron landing.

where the Somersets are staying. It is directly on the street. Standing on the balcony just out of their salon windows, we were really in the street, and the Cowes street this week is a curiosity. Crowds of people, particularly at the club end, waiting patiently for hours in hopes of seeing the King and Queen come ashore. Everybody, of all ages, in yachting-caps and jackets, trying to look as nautical as possible, and all perfectly good-humored and enjoying themselves thoroughly. It was an amusing crowd—a little of everything—nigger minstrels, boys selling everything under the sun—pictures of the King and Queen, puzzles, fruit, cakes, candy, jerseys, caps, canes, umbrellas, puppies, kittens, and cheap photographers wishing

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to take your picture in five minutes for a shilling; also a piano on wheels walking about with sometimes a man singing comic songs, sometimes a woman attired in a low-necked pink-spangled dress singing, foot's pace, as there were so many people in the middle of the street, so that every one saw the royal party quite plainly. It is a pity they don't come ashore a little oftener, the people are so pleased to see

Wishing to take your picture in five minutes for a shilling.

or another dancing. While we were standing on the terrace waiting for the Duchess of Somerset to come, a man appeared, well mounted on a fine gray horse, in sober livery. Everybody made way for him: he was one of the royal outriders, and directly behind him came a wagonette with two handsome gray horses. We recognized the Queen, Princess Mary, and a lady in waiting. The Queen looked very smiling, bowed graciously, and the crowd was delighted. The carriage passed at a

them; but they love their yacht—and the quiet and rest of the short week they spend at Cowes.

We had a very cheerful tea-party on the lawn. Saw all the world. We had people to dinner on the yacht—Somersets, Drummonds, Lord Normanton, and one or two stray men. The nigger minstrels (all white but got up as negroes) appeared about 9.30 and we had a very gay evening. Everybody joined in the choruses, particularly one very foolish song, "Where Were

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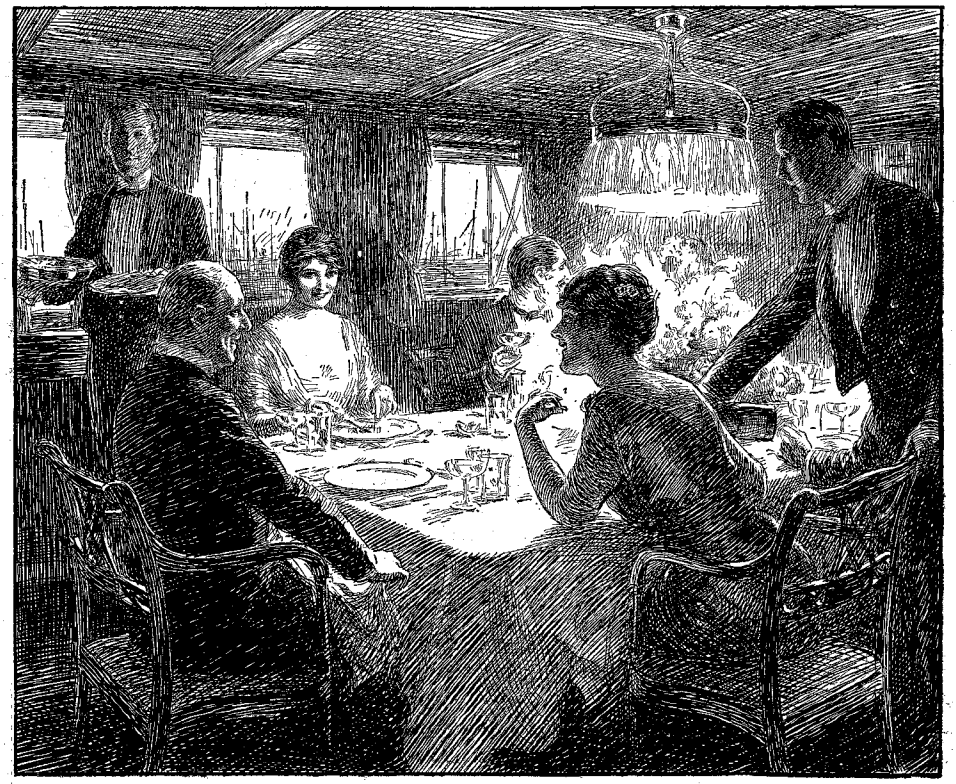
You Last Night, Naughty Boy?" which went afterward all day on the *Miranda*. They wound up with a dance. It is extraordinary how chic all the men look in the regulation club dress. The Duke of Somerset is an enormous man, but he wore his short jacket just as well as any of the younger slighter men.

Thursday, August 7th.

Always the same beautiful summer weather, so different from the last time I was at Cowes, when it rained every day, and the people that went backward and forward from the yachts looked like balls of yellow tarpaulin. We have had a change of passengers, the Marquis de L. arrived this morning and Prince Z. left last night. We went ashore as usual and found a good many people on the lawn. Lady E. came to lunch, also Lord Sandwich, who was in America with the Prince of Wales when he came over many years ago. He was Lord Hinckenbroke then; he remembered perfectly dining at Highwood, my uncle James King's beautiful place on the Hudson River; said the long avenue, with big trees on each side, and gates and lodge reminded him of many English places, and Uncle James was the type of the English gentleman in speech and manner. He invited me to come and stay with him in the country. They say he has a beautiful place.

We went ashore again about 4.30 with Mr. and Mrs. D., their daughter and Bessie. Lady Ormonde had invited us to tea. She has a pretty villa quite close to the club, just next the church. She had what she called a "schoolroom tea"—a long table in the dining-room covered with every description of cakes, hot biscuits, and sandwiches. Said people were always so hungry when they came in from sailing.

The Solent looked lovely, so still and blue in the soft evening light. There were so many people that we could hardly get through the crowd or get chairs. It seems



The dinner-hour.

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impossible to think that next Sunday there will not be a soul at Cowes, the club lawn deserted, no yachts in the harbor. The season is really only a week. We remained the last time we were here for three or four days after every one had gone and the change was extraordinary; a mantle of dulness seemed to envelop the place.

Friday, August 8th.

Our last day at Cowes and the first gray day we have had. It was chilly and showery all the morning, and rained hard in the afternoon. We had a great talk over plans after breakfast. We shall leave to-morrow morning for Southampton, spend all day there (coaling), and cross over to Amsterdam at night. I am writing late, while sounds of revelry are still going on up-stairs. We have had our first disagreeable day; it rained in torrents when we started at 4.30 to drive out to West Cowes to have tea with Mrs. Cunningham Grahame,—her husband is one of the King's equerries. The King has lent him this lovely little place within the grounds of Osborne—Queen Victoria's old place (now a naval school). The gardens are charming and the views from every part of them quite lovely—even in the driving mist and rain—though we are so accustomed to blue skies and bright sun at Cowes that we feel rather injured in this gray damp atmosphere. The house is not very large, but plenty of room and most comfortable. In the principal bedroom there is still some of Queen Victoria's furniture, and the wall-paper and chintz are of the pattern she always liked—rosebuds on a light ground. We couldn't stay very long, as we were due on the guard-ship at 5; we didn't get there until 6, when the party was practically over. However, the ship looked very gay with flags everywhere, and the girls had some dances on the deck, while the men went over the ship. Mrs. D. asked several of the young officers to come on the *Miranda* this evening for a dance. We had three or four men to dinner, and about twenty people came in the evening. The niggers came and played and sang and everybody danced hard. About eight officers from the guard-ship came, all in uniform, which made a great effect. Almost all the men were in regulation short blue jacket with gilt buttons—there were really very few in plain clothes. It was a pretty sight when all the launches, lighted, were waiting alongside of our yacht; an enormous launch from the guard-ship came up in great style. Happily it had stopped raining, so the decks were quite dry and the sea was smooth. The getting on board was not so difficult as it is sometimes. The party didn't break up until 12.30, and I think the young naval officers would have stayed much later if Mr. D. had not insisted politely, but firmly, on the party coming to an end, as we were leaving early the next morning.

A LIE AND THE LITANY

By Sarah Atherton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. RUMSEY MICKS

WITH a note of triumph Peter said: "If we'd lost him in war, mother, we wouldn't ha' got him back." His forty-eight-hour search through hospital, then morgue, had been successful.

"Was he"—she paused, not in hesitation but for a gathering of strength—"much burned?"

"Not so much burned," replied her husband, "but changed—the gas— You can't see his face—here's his knife. It was what made us sure."

With its broken blade he placed it in her outstretched hand. "It's a big thing to have a mass and him there. If he'd 'a' died in the war," he repeated, "we wouldn't ha' had him."

"When will they bring him?" she said. "In an hour?"

Martha Hovance looked at her hus-

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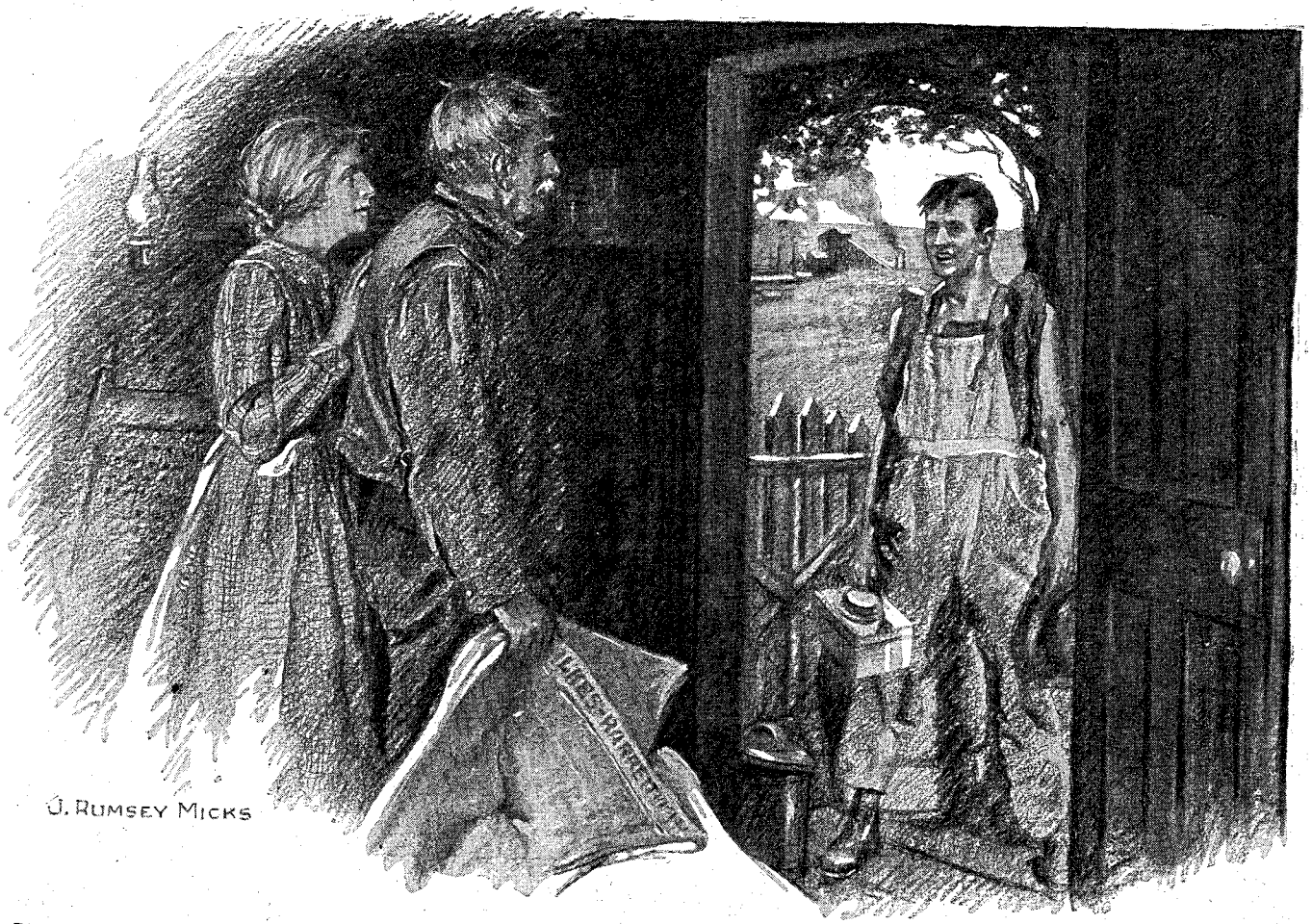

Drawn by J. Rumsey Micks.

"You know the first day he went to work with his dinner-pail?"—Page 188.

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band. His meagre knotted hands were clean as though it were Sunday. His best coat had not taken on the stoop of his shoulders. Looking into his face she realized that in spite of a misery which made him more alert and resourceful, his cheer was real and not affected for her. The fact that he had found the boy comforted him, as his talk implied.

He asked: "How do you think of him most, mother?" It was as though he suddenly felt the responsibility for diverting her.

After a pause she replied: "I think of him mostly when he was little and when he begun goin' with Susanna." How could she really tell him her thoughts? Her memories were not of the significant things like his christening and betrothal. They were rather of the first time his little hand groping had touched her chin, of the morning when he was just able to walk as he stood by the pump holding out a tin cup to catch the splash from her bucket, the sunlight upon his yellow hair against the sunflowers, of the way his stockings sagged into his shoes and the distressingly saintlike look about his eyes when he came from the hospital, of that twilight when from the back window she had first seen him with Susanna, coming down the moor through the tall blossoming laurels.

"When do you think of him?"

One secret of the success of their life together had been the fact that she took more interest in his thoughts than she did in obtaining his understanding for her own.

"I think of his big days," he said. "You know the first day he went to work with his dinner-pail? John told me the boy's knees trembled when he asked the foreman for a job, an' when the boss asked him what he could do the boy looked up into his beard an' said he could do anything there was to be done. An' the day he said he'd quit workin' if I didn't, an' the day I did quit? But he saw asthma was better fer me than sittin' around all day with my head in my hands, feelin' no good. An' the day he told us he was head man in the union—had to write everything they did, like a lawyer? He spoke dignified like a lawyer when he told us."

Martha remembered when he was only three. After seeing a lame child he had hunched up his tiny shoulders and walked crooked. After the circus had been in town that year, he had crawled around the top of the overturned wash-tub muttering that he was a tiger. Before he was out of dresses, then, Jack had begun to dramatize life. Every day since he had found its "little stage" large enough, all its trappings and action to him had been real and beautiful.

"Do you remember how fine he looked when he was head man in the miracle-play?" she continued.

"Ay," assented her husband, "but he looked finest of all in his uniform with the bars on his sleeves."

The thought of it made her turn away. As their son had gone down the hill to join the hosts embarking for "foreign lands forlorn," she had not looked. Instead, she had gone to the sink and for the first time in ten years had scalded her hands. With her son now in the morgue she had been talking of him without tears, whereas the thought of him in uniform as he departed blurred her eyes. She heard again the swift "clump, clump"of his heavy boots as he came up the hill, the war over. She felt again his cheek as it had been that day with its odor of tobacco, wind, and hard work.

"When he took off his uniform," continued her husband, "do you remember his 'knock-um-dead suit,' and how proud he was?" He said it got him two, three girls already—might as well be dead as not in style? He was going 'way ahead of us. He had store style and a way of his own too."

The old man looked at the clock. "Time to be goin'," he said. "Where's my cap?"

Though he was turning it in his hands, she arrested her instinctive gesture toward it and added: "Look in the kitchen, Peter."

There he must have discovered his mistake, for he stumbled out and down the road without another word. He had looked back at her as he left the room, and she had longed to put her hands upon his shoulders, but they knew it was not a time for such comfort.

Martha folded the citation which she

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had been holding and replaced it in the prayer-book, giving her sorrow the auspice of holy writ, as she had indeed accepted it with resignation. Then she went to the window. Although it was not Sunday, neither did it seem like a week-day at East End. No smoke or steam, no black dust issued from the colliery. Its throb was stilled. The plumes from the engine-house alone rose against the low-hung clouds. She felt as though they were on the other side of the Judgment Day. There was now no longer need for hope or effort. Like the last trump in a Sodom or Gomorrah that shudder of the earth the morning before had called the women from their stoves and tubs like so many guilty revellers. They had rushed to the opening of the mine. There they had stood suffocating in the belching stench which billowed from the tunnel; each mad with a vestige of hope, they had pushed and trampled one another. To make up for this first primitive mood they had since assuaged their own sorrow in remembering one another. As Martha stood at the window, if her neighbors passed, they stole along in a quiet preoccupation as though they must not disturb her. That morning she had foregone the comfort of doing her own work because so many pressing hands had been there to do it for her.

From her window she brooded over East End. Her Sunday dress in its home-made folds had the peculiar sanctity with which men and women who work with their hands hallow their day of rest. Her smooth gray hair lay flat against her head. She had the clear, thoughtful look, more often seen in its perfection in lifelong scholars, but she was not "educated." The only thing beside the prayer-book which she had ever made an effort to read had been the *Labor Paper* which came during her son's absence in France. She had read them purely on his account. The lines around her mouth and eyes came not from regret or worry. They were rather that engraving of distinction, the diploma of a life-course in unshirked duty. Her shoulder stoop came not from lack of spine, rather from steady carrying. Although she did not fulfil the idea of feminine chic, which was beginning to pervade even East End, she had incidentally acquired on her journey the sort of poise and beauty which make the thoughtful turn again and look.

She watched her husband with his cap upon his head disappear down the hill. How comforted he was to have found the boy! With unseeing eyes she stared at the culm-heaps blue-black under the lowering sky. Streaks of melting snow made the stony gutters wet. Beyond the colliery rose blank hills against a bleak horizon. The world seemed to be going on without the sun or the passage of time. The dread pall of an eclipse had settled upon them.

Martha was not imaginative, but now she was beset with pictures of her son at a hundred different stages, each memory as vivid as though it had happened but yesterday. His life, his life which was theirs—going on, had ended before their own. Mercifully she did not realize the weeks and months which lay ahead.

Around the culm-heaps, now—suddenly her heart stopped—she saw two figures with the long box, and two figures behind wending their careful way up the road. Their heavy tread was on the porch. With a great effort she breathed. The chairs creaked as they rested their burden in the front room. She heard the grind of the screw-driver as they loosened the cover. Peter stood in the door; they said nothing; she took his hand. Together they went into the other room. This was their Jack, but she could not see his face. Bandages not to come off left her only his hand. She leaned down and put her cheek against it. Suddenly she straightened. This was not Jack's hand.

Martha's sudden cry she suppressed into a low moan. Resting her head upon the wooden ledge, she felt a blackness descend upon her. This was not her boy. It seemed an eternity that she remained still and motionless, then she began to sob. Gradually out of their tearing broken rhythm Martha began to feel what must be done. Through the darkness she descried the flicker of her life-beacon. In this new terror her husband was there, still to be first thought of. His comfort in having found the boy had amazed her. Slowly she raised her head and put her hand against his arm. She heard his voice from a long way off, saying: "Isn't

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it a comfort to have him home. If we'd 'a' lost him in the war we wouldn't ha' had him."

For a long moment she looked into his eyes. They were childlike, sorrowing but half comforted. Would she take away that comfort? Deliberately she spread her handkerchief over the hand, then crossing the room she pulled down the shades. Turning toward her husband, with the serenity of perfect truth she told the first lie of their married life. "Yes, it's a great thing to have him home."

Later in the kitchen, alone, she peeled potatoes which were hardly necessary. Neither of them could eat; but the even peelings dropping into the pan beneath her deft knife were threads that kept the ship still connected with her old wharf when the strong moorings had been broken. But as the peelings grew into a pyramid she was beset. A mass was a costly thing, a mass and burial. Would Peter feel it a comfort to spend most of their savings burying a stranger? If it were discovered, would he understand and forgive her? She would not be able to lie again. Her power to dissemble would desert her in the lesser cause of self-defense. What would Jack think? His friends with his sweetheart would mourn over a stranger covered with his flowers.

Her quandary was interrupted by a step upon the porch. It was Susanna. Though she had scarcely dared to look at her the night before, she now realized that she had changed. Looking at her, Jack's mother had thought, "she is sadder than Mary Novak"—a bride who had lost her husband. She was indeed sadder than a widow, a flower withered by frost before it had opened its petals. Martha felt dimly that "might have beens" are less warm than memories.

"Can I go in an' see him?" the girl asked.

"Go in," replied Martha; "but, dear, you can't see him."

"Not even his hand?"

Martha rose as though to protest. But it was very dark in there, she thought, especially if one had come from outside. At length she said: "Yes, but don't change anything."

Without further talk Susanna entered. She only stayed a moment. Hurrying through the kitchen on her return she did not speak, though she paused to close the door quietly. Martha leaned forward to watch her out of the back window. She saw her fleeing as though driven by a phantom so terrifying she dared not look behind. Up the moor she fled and disappeared through the dun laurels.

Later in the afternoon Martha said to Peter: "I must go see Christine; think of two boys safe through the war like Jack." At her neighbor's she joined the other women who sat about the parlor, their habitually busy hands inactive in their black laps.

Sorrow at East End leaves the mourners virtually empty-handed. They do not send and receive telegrams, read and write letters, nor do they wonder what the will says. The funeral is their one outlet, that and the tremendously stimulating problem of the future.

"Very good work the Red Cross done to help people with automobiles and soup," said Mrs. Rattigan.

"Fine job all done," assented the woman next. "Only one they cannot find. Others have tickets on beds in hospitals or in morgues. Hunderd und fourteen, pretty moch in one day at one mine, only one they cannot find."

Martha leaned forward. An old grandmother, sitting in the corner apparently following out her own line of thought, spoke: "An' think, we complain when our folks die at home in their beds. It seems nothing suits us."

"Is it Jo Fashung that's missin'?" inquired a third. "I seen Mary at five this morning. They hadn't found him then. Her brother was beggin' her to eat. She hadn't had nothing since. Two days is too long, an' walkin' round an' round on her feet all day she had ought to have eaten."

"Yes," replied Christine. "They found Jo at Marley's. It's a fine thing the only man missin' won't be missed so bad as the others if we hadn't got 'em back."

"Who is he?" asked Martha Hovance, who had been breathlessly awaiting her turn to speak.

Mrs. Kopitza, whose halting English handicapped her in competitive conversation, with an unhurried dignity born of the knowledge that no one could inter-

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rupt her, said: "He boarded at Annie Matusha's." Had not the sullen stranger about whom so little was known boarded at her own sister-in-law's?

"Jacob Hudeck was his name," she continued. "Queer fella' that don't like people. He no speak 'Merigan an' some time he wond speak own languige. He lonely all time, but he don' like people when he see um. He don' have best girl. Papers und books he read all time. He don' go to mass. Annie say he don' have family even in ol' country. When he liddle his father gets shot. He is against government. Since then he hate everybody maybe?"

The grandmother in the corner who had followed the conversation despite her stooped shoulders and closed eyes interrupted: "Strange thing, no folks, no girl, no friends," then oracle-like, as though it were the crown of sorrows, "no funeral and no mass."

Martha folded her hands in such a gesture as Anna the prophetess might have used after she had seen the Child. She alone knew that the boy who had had neither friends, sweetheart, nor home in his life was to have them all in death. Her lack of introspection enabled her to draw comfort from conflicting sources. To her, to be without burial mass was not as tragic as to the others. As late as the twelfth century some of her ancestors up by the Baltic had worshipped nature. Now did not her Jack's body lie deeper in the arms of the earth than other men? No one had refused him in life. At the very gates of Heaven she knew that without the prescribed burial mass he could enter more easily than another. As for the stranger, he needed the mass much more. With it, though he had been "absent without leave" from all the masses of his lifetime, she felt that he too would return to his "Captain Christ."

At night when she kissed that blackened hand farewell it was washed with hot tears, nor were they part of her intended drama.

The day of Jack Hovance's mass dawned still and clear. It was one of those days memorable for its beauty, when all the plumes of white steam and smoke throughout the valley rise erect and clear-cut, like the triumphant feathers upon the head-dresses of war-horses in the age of chivalry. The light showed all the contours of the mountain wall broken where the streams come down their wooded gorges.

At the mass some children, too short to reach the holy water even on tiptoe, stole into the pews quite by themselves. He had been the sort of boy who said "hello" even to the smallest of them. In him the flame of life had burned so bright that he had drawn every one to him. Friends who had seen him in the army, when they read his name among the dead came all the way from New York.

Inside of the church the nave at the right was filled with older men. At the left were the older women, their eyes lowered beneath their head-shawls. None of them wore hats. At the extreme left sat the young women and girls, their hair in painstaking swirls plastered against cheeks where inherited peasant bloom still withstood their factory days. Under their American millinery of pagan color and impious design they were more than usually unconscious of their looks, sobered and quiet. Their mothers' garments, like the women themselves, had long since lost any intention to lure, gaining thereby a certain dignity. At the extreme right, in the other aisle, sat the young men in their ready-made smartness, a similar contrast to their sombre threadbare fathers. They did not glance across the church at the girls as frequently as was their wont. Jack Hovance had been their leader by divine right of personality.

The shafts of sunlight glittered upon the gold fringe and blue damask of the banners of the saints. (Did those departed holy ones from where there is no winter, mindful of their own threadbare days, look down and find a sweet incongruity in the splendor of their banners hanging over the threadbare shoulders of their followers? However much material aid the saints may have rendered their followers, unquestionably their love of the saints produced a light and warmth not obtainable in kerosene and coal.)

The young priest with green-and-gold vestments over his white robe chanting of death, in his person suggested victory. His voice, in his supplications of varying length, was the single thread which,

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From a drawing by J. Rumsey Micks.

"Oroduj Za nas." "I am acting a lie in thy holy church."—Page 193.

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bridging the silence, created a series of suspenses calculated to lift one out of a pressing present. "Svaty Petre, Svaty Pavle—Svaty Andreju," he chanted, through the list of the saints and martyrs. Now sooner, now later, but inevitable as death after life, came the recurring response of the crowd: "Oroduj Za nas" (pray for us). "Oroduj Za nas!" Peter, with eyes closed as though upon the wings of the mass, had been lifted to a vision of Saint Peter himself leaning over, as the angel in the banner was leaning, over the worshipper's own head out of the clouds, and taking their Jack by his blackened hand.

Martha stole a look at her husband. The blue powder-mark on his cheek-bone was unusually conspicuous in his pallor. The cumulative persuasion of the Litany of the Saints overwhelmed her habitual mood of faith in the goodness of men. It filled her with a crushing sense of her own guilt. "Oroduj Za nas," she murmured as it came in the thrilling diapason of the men's voices. "I have lied to my husband"—"Oroduj Za nas." "Jack! forgive me." "Oroduj Za nas." "I am acting a lie in thy holy church."

Outside on the steps stood the crowd who could not find room inside. The sound of bells, chimes, and gong from within warned them when to bow. That oft-recurring response echoed from the vaulted ceilings out to where they stood under the sky. It was reassuring like the rhythm of the surf. Even a pagan god must hear them for their much speaking.

It is fitting, after all, that the last scene, the curtain-call and final gesture, should be the most splendid, with full chorus chanting, the sound of bells, chimes, and the deep-throated organ.

The recessional to the cemetery was also triumphant, suggestive of youth rather than death. The first intimations of spring were in the air. Two friends of his in uniform, walking painstakingly in step, led. They carried between them a keystone made of scarlet immortelles. Playing slow music, the band followed. Little children, frowned at though unrebuked by their elders, marched along with them. Then came the guard of honor in uniform. They looked singularly chastened and reverent in the shadow death casts upon those who enter into its rites. Susanna, clad in white carrying crimson flowers, on the arm of his best friend, was queenly in her hour of public recognition. Following them, four other girls in white with four of his friends from the mine passed by with measured tread as though it were a splendid wedding. The children whispered that it was a lovely day for a funeral. Their elders said that it was just the day for Jack Hovance. The brilliant sunlight made even the clods of yellow, upturned clay by the grave look warm and friendly.

The next night Martha dreamed that her son came to her, nor was he ghostly or strange. With his well-loved laugh he said: "Our funeral was fine— It was for father, I know, but a joke on East End too, eh?"

Half-protesting, half-adoring as of old she felt her rebuke melt before his good spirits as she shook her head. Even death could not quench his power of laughter. The joy of it wakened her. She put her hand out. The bed was empty. Down-stairs some one was moving about. She heard the groping step of her husband as he came up the stairs. When she saw his dim form in the doorway she said: "Peter."

"I had the picture of it that was in the paper to-night under the pillow," he said. "I wanted to put it with his citation in the prayer-book, so I was just puttin' it there."

HISTORICAL NOTE.—Ninety-two men lost their lives in the Baltimore Mine, East End, Wilkes-Barre, in the spring of 1919. Some of them had only been at work a few days since their return from the war.

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"BALLY OLD" KNOTT

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

Author of "John O'May," etc.

AS for Knott, there was never the slightest reason why I should have known him as well as I did. Our intimacy, I am forced to conclude, was due to Renshaw's lack of social responsibility and his unforgivable habit of throwing, in order not to be bored himself, uncongenial people together. Renshaw was a social Pontius Pilate, washing his hands of those who for the first ten minutes of the conversation beguiled him, but who, the ten minutes being up, he realized would prove merely tiresome and hampering. He was not, as you can see, altogether a satisfactory person with whom to share an apartment in a strange city. Even a tender conscience grows weary after awhile of having dropped before it stray Teutonic students, and dissolute Polish musicians, and restless fellow countrymen, like mice who have served the recreational purposes of an attractive cat. And Renshaw, through his wealth, and his apprenticeship to the violin, and his letters, and, when so he wished it, his manners, was by way of collecting numerous victims. He found them in the musical studios which he frequented; they crossed his path in the drawing-rooms of the noble and wealthy.

"Let me in!" commanded Renshaw from the hallway. "I've forgotten my key."

I was annoyed; Renshaw was always forgetting his key. Besides, I was very comfortable; the lamps were lit, the big porcelain stove in the corner was burning famously, the curtains were drawn, shutting out the gray and dreary fog that, with the coming of winter, blows down from the Alps upon the shivering city of Munich; altogether, I had been hoping that Renshaw wouldn't appear until, anyhow, just in time for dinner.

I opened the door. He entered with the alert, gay, detached manner that I knew, only too well, indicated a companion of whom he wished to be rid. "Mr. Knott!" he announced, waving a hand toward the doorway. "Mr. John Balliol Huggesson Knott!" A bulky figure emerged from the shadows of the hall. "John 'Bally Old' Knott," continued Renshaw with bland impertinence, "of London and the world! Musician—social delight—drinker of tea! Tea, Knott?"

"Tea?" answered a high and fluting and very south of England voice. "Tea? Oh, thanks, awfully!" And Mr. Knott proceeded to rid himself of the impedimenta that encumbered him.

Now, most people either remove their street clothing all at once and in something of a bustle, or else at absent-minded intervals punctuated by sentences of greeting, but evidently Mr. Knott belonged to neither of these classes. One suspected him of concentrating burningly on details. First there was a large umbrella to be placed with meticulous care in one corner of the room, and a pair of overshoes, the taking off of which had involved many and separate movements and much thought, to be placed beside it; then there were gloves to be removed, finger by finger, and laid with mathematical precision in the crease of a soft brown hat; and finally there was the heavy ulster to be wriggled out of and a silk muffler, of extraordinary length and gaudy color, to be unwound from about the neck. Mr. Knott performed these rites in silence. When he was through he sighed, as a man will when a bit of difficult work is satisfactorily accomplished, and, turning about, bore down on me.

He was a middle-sized man, inclined to portliness, who gave one not the slightest sense of physical strength. Excellent clothes, worn in rather a haphazard manner, covered a figure that might with justice have been described as a series of badly joined ellipses; oval shoulders fell away into oval arms that at the elbow joined oval forearms; an oval body met oval legs; all oval, except that just below

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the watch-chain, and at variance to the preponderating elliptical contours, there obtruded itself an inconspicuous but perfectly round stomach; a sleek, compact, easily managed stomach; a stomach that added to a certain air of physical incoherence, an effect heightened by Mr. Knott's head which, in vivid contrast to the vagaries of the rest of him, was compact and essentially worldly. The texture of the skin was weather-beaten but well-tended, and the large, gray, inquisitive eyes were not without distinction; a short mustache, ending in blunt, waxed ends, gave a touch of cosmopolitanism and fatuity combined such as mustaches of the kind always do give.

"How d'do!" said Mr. Knott in his high and fluting voice. "How very jolly all this is." The lamp, shining upon him from behind, turned the sparse, silky hair on top of his head into the most ridiculous of little halos. "You and Renshaw live together, don't you? How very nice. I know lots of Americans. I'm—" His voice possessed a breathless quality, as if there was so much to say that it could never possibly get itself said.

"Knott," interrupted Renshaw sternly, "hush! Have a cigarette!" With the end of the tin box containing the cigarettes, he gently pushed his visitor backward until the rear of the ovoid legs met the edge of a chair and enforced collapse. Unperturbed, Mr. Knott continued to survey the room.

"You haven't a piano!" he ejaculated. "Dear me! How very odd! And Renshaw is a musician, too! I'm a musician. That's why I and my family never can agree. Very stodgy English people. I've written half an act of an opera, but somehow I never seem to get it finished. What very dreadful cigarettes!"

Renshaw thrust a cup of tea into an outstretched plump hand. For a moment there was silence, then the breathless fluting voice began again.

"Your friend Renshaw," it observed, "was kind enough to ask me in to dinner to-night. Immediately afterward, so he says, he has to meet a violinist, or something of the sort; I'm afraid, therefore, you'll have me on your hands. You don't mind, do you? No. We might go to a little café afterward, or the theatre—Not music! No, anything but music. I can't bear to hear even my own, except very occasionally. I'm very sensitive about music. Marmalade? Thanks." The plump hands were folded across the small stomach. "We'll get along very nicely, I think, don't you?"

"Splendidly," I agreed, and I trust my accents were not too bitter.

Before he departed Renshaw found time to say a few words to me in private. "You'll like Knott," he said, "he's always so ready to do anything. Very obliging. He'll be around here now for a while every other day or so."

He was; only frequently it was every day.

I awoke to a quiet student existence completely altered and in a manner I had never anticipated. I found myself all at once a participator in teas, a frequenter of drawing-rooms, a meeter of endless people. We revelled, I think I might say without exaggeration, in countesses, in baronesses, in untitled but distinguished Fraus. In the intervals between these we cultivated our hours by visits to the households of famous artists. There were aged countesses who lived in tiny apartments at the top of gloomy places, and who peered, over frail hands locked above canes, at Knott's disjointed gayety and my silence, like ancient eagles whose nests have been disturbed by jackdaws; there were young countesses who talked German and English and, sometimes, even American slang, and dispensed tea in the most approved fashion; there were artists who carried the delicate lamp of beauty in bearded and thunderous personalities that almost totally concealed it.

Once or twice I struggled feebly to exert my will against this bolster-like portent that threatened to smother it. Knott merely waved a dismissing hand. "Shyness," he decided. "Mere shyness. I'll call for you again on Wednesday."

And I do not know to what heights of bachelor popularity we might have risen before the winter was over had it not been for Carnival and Jenny Buel.

Jenny wrecked our masculine routine. They do—women, that is; and, what is more, seem sublimely unconscious of the havoc they have created. I resent Jenny, just as at the time I resented her. She

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was and is interrupting. And yet it is a deplorable fact that a man by himself is likely to be only half a drama, while, let a woman enter, and there's a chance of his being five acts and an epilogue. Jenny, when we first saw her, looked like a prologue. She was.

Rather wearily Knott had led me through the saturnalia of dances and confetti and spiced sausage that go to make up a south German festival. He had lived through a couple of previous carnivals, but was compelled, so it seemed, to live through another because of his sense of duty toward me. But I was not bored; your first carnival is not boring, although I doubt if it is necessary to see more than one. At the end there is left a little too much the impression of roses and perfume struggling for mastery of the atmosphere with the smell of beer and stale champagne. It was on the night of the final day, the night when everybody puts on fancy costume and King Carnival is buried and only the most adventurous young women are about at all, and then, as a rule, carefully masked, that Jenny appeared.

Renshaw and Knott and I sat in a small side room of the Café Luitpold, a trifle removed from the blaring orchestra and the indescribable hubbub of the main restaurant. Our particular room masqueraded by means of green latticework and purple papier-mâché grapes as an arbor. Mirrors back of the latticework and mirrors overhead made everything very glittering and pleasant. Renshaw, with a clown's costume on and his false face removed and his hair extremely sleek, looked like a handsome and arrogant boy, and Knott, who had also removed his false face but kept it by him in view of the highly improbable event of seeing some one he knew, was also unseasonably clean and entirely unaware of the contrast between the solemnity of his countenance and the levity of his dress. He ate the wing of a cold chicken with care, in the midst of which operation he suddenly paused, the chicken wing still suspended before his mouth, and stared in the direction of the entrance to the arbor. I turned my head. For a moment I had a confused impression of a bouquet of violet and white; violet and white reflected from the mirrors overhead and the mirrors all about us; and then the bouquet dissolved itself into six pierrots arm in arm with six pierrettes, the twelve of them evidently seeking a place to sit down. The beauty of their costumes, the grace with which they were worn, put to shame the amusing or tawdry disguises of the rest of us. But even more arresting was the small pierrette, somewhere near the middle of the column, who hung upon the arm of a huge escort, and without the semblance of a mask looked about her with frankly interested eyes—she was so fresh and sparkling, and, in this place, so unexpected.

For a moment the three of us stared, and then Renshaw half arose from his chair. "By Jove!" he said, and he said it very loudly and in English, of course. "By Jove, that's the first really pretty girl I've seen!"

A section of the passing column hesitated, there was a swirl of skirts, and the small pierrette in question stood before us.

"Jenny Buel thanks you, sir!" she said, and courtesied, and her speech was sweet and familiar, and very much through her nose.

Renshaw, still on his feet, choked.

"Indiana!" he ejaculated.

"No," said Jenny Buel, "Iowa"; and added, with demure impertinence, "do you mind?"

"Mind?" Renshaw waved an embarrassed hand. "Not in the least—not in the least!"

"Oh, do sit down!" admonished Knott, who, to all outward appearances, was the only one of the group entirely unmoved. "Sit down—and then your countrywoman will join us, and we'll all have supper together. Miss Buel?"

Jenny's brows knit in perplexed thought. "I don't think I can," she reflected. "You see, my friend over there is a Swedish painter, and he's very hot-tempered, and—good gracious, here he comes now!"

The gigantic pierrot bore down upon us.

"He only speaks, beside his own language, German, and that not very well," said Jenny. She had the whitest and prettiest slim wrist and arm.

"Then," said Knott, with sudden inspiration, "we'll pretend we don't under-

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stand a word of it. That will save a lot of bother."

He turned wide and friendly eyes upon the indignant northerner, who by now was leaning across the table addressing us in tumbled gutturals.

"What's he saying, Miss Buel?" he asked mildly.

"He says," Jenny translated, and without a flicker of humor, although she must have suspected that Knott, at least, spoke German, "he says that you have insulted him, and he says that he will pick the three of you up and throw you out of the restaurant. He is very strong," she added.

"He doesn't mean it," said Knott. "Tell him to go away. He'll go. All Swedes are like that."

"You think so?" said Jenny.

"I know so," said Knott.

Jenny transformed herself into a Fury. She advanced upon her huge admirer, stamped her foot, addressed him in fluent German, and advised him never to speak to her again. As he departed, crestfallen, she warned him not to be late for an engagement that apparently she had with him the following day. Then she sat down between Renshaw and myself and opposite Knott, and, with a sigh, smoothed out her short skirt of violet and white silk.

"Gee!" she said, "it's good to be with human beings again."

One might have said that for a prolonged moment Knott continued to regard this latest addition to our table sombrely, if sombre is an adjective that could be applied to his round and prominent eyes. Then he recovered from this mood and abruptly asked a question—a series of questions—totally at variance to his usual attitude of bored politeness where very young women were concerned.

"What do you do here?" he said.

Jenny turned her sparkling, friendly eyes from Renshaw to this new interrogator.

"Study singing," she answered.

"Have you been here long?"

"Just a year."

"This is your first carnival?"

"Yes."

"H'm'm." Knott looked at her with his head a trifle on one side. "And I suppose," he proceeded, "being an American, and from Iowa, that you're very religious and all that sort of thing, and work in the American church here, when you're not busy with—with carnivals?"

"Oh, no!" said Jenny, in almost a shocked tone. "Oh, no; I'm not religious at all. Carl says that I'm an out-and-out atheist, and I guess he knows."

"Carl?"

Jenny lowered her eyes and, I think, blushed under her rouge. "He's the Baron von Votta," she replied. "He's the best friend I have in Germany. He's very clever. I've known him ever so long."

"Oh, I see," said Knott. "A year?"

"Oh, no; six months."

Knott's face was bland. "His sisters and his father and his mother and his older brother are very pleasant people, aren't they?" he observed. "I know them well, including your friend Carl."

Jenny's face expressed pleasure at this coincidence, but at the same time an interested ignorance.

"Oh, do you?" she exclaimed. "Isn't that nice! I didn't know he had all those relations. I've never met them."

"Haven't you?" said Knott. "I've no doubt he's too busy studying music."

"He doesn't study music," corrected Jenny, "although he plays the piano beautifully. He hasn't time. He's a soldier."

Knott's face lightened with recollection. "Ah, yes," he reflected. "I remember now. He leaned across the table. "That's a very pretty dress you have on," he observed.

I was glad when Renshaw interrupted this catechism by advising Jenny to drink more champagne. "You're not having half a good time," he told her. Catechisms are embarrassing, particularly when they are mystifying as well. I had never seen Knott under circumstances such as the present, and, although I had found him heretofore an innocuous creature enough, I had not been entirely unimpressed by his theoretical hatred of virtue. A protective feeling that I was beginning to experience toward Jenny suffered an increase.

Knott's next move did not add to my enlightenment; he leaned over and absent-mindedly drank Jenny's recently

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filled glass of champagne. Then he stood up. "Twelve o'clock," he announced. "Time to go home."

"Good Lord!" said Renshaw suddenly, and somehow or other managed to disappear in the direction of the next room with a minimum of excuses.

Jenny's mouth drooped in a rebellious curve. "Why," she exclaimed, "it's only just beginning. Everybody unmasks now, and——"

"The rouge," interrupted Knott imperturbably, and as if he hadn't heard her, "on your cheeks is all mottled, and your hair is mussed. You've no idea how odd you look." All of which was untrue.

Jenny blushed under her maligned coloring, and jumped to her feet. "Very well," she said bridling, "then I'll go. Good night. First I'll say good-by to my friends."

"Bother your friends!" said Knott. He turned to me. "Pay the bill, will you? We'll wait for you outside." And he collected Jenny somewhat as an elderly, unrelenting aunt might have collected a resisting niece and urged her toward the entrance to the arbor.

Rather contrary to my expectations I found the two of them in the street before the restaurant door, Jenny still suffering from outraged feelings, for she was silent and cold; Knott, as usual, jauntily garrulous. Our way led from the centre of the town, where clowns and pierrots and shepherds and Tyroleans addressed jocose remarks to us, into quieter streets. Jenny finally paused before a high, narrow house on a corner.

"I live here," she said, "on the fifth floor. I have a studio with another girl. Will you come and see me?" There was not the slightest doubt that the words were addressed to me, but I had no time to reply; Knott answered with eagerness: "Oh, thanks! Yes, indeed! I'll come—let me see—day after to-morrow for tea. Is that all right? Oh, thanks. Yes, we'll both come."

And it was evident from Jenny's confused attempt to make excuses and her failure to do so, that not only was she unaccustomed to the mendaciousness of polite society, but that she was beginning to suffer, in the presence of Knott, a paralysis similar to my own.

Knott walked silently through the cool, fog-inhabited streets in the direction of my apartment. He said good night, then hesitated and swung back to his original position on the doorstep.

"Know anything about young German officers?" he asked.

"No," I answered.

"I do. I know them like a book."

For a moment I considered this remark, and then, I am afraid, I laughed and made the obvious retort.

Knott expelled his breath indignantly. "Love!" he exclaimed. "I in love! It isn't very likely, is it, when I can't even bear a woman at meals, except very occasionally? They give me indigestion." And he turned on his heel and strode off. I noticed from the gesticulations of his right hand that he was unaware of the fact that he was without his umbrella.

I went up the dark stairs to the apartment. Renshaw, in a dressing-gown, was smoking a final pipe before the fire.

"What do you make of it?" I asked him.

"Of what?" he replied, without interest.

"The little girl we met to-night."

Renshaw stood up, yawned, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and regarded me with a condescending smile. "I make nothing," he said. "She is not a bacchante, nor, on the other hand, is she a wilful genius. I don't believe she's a bit good at singing. She's a French cake—rum dressing and a sponge-cake heart. She'll cause a lot of trouble, and a dozen times balance on the edge of precipices she hasn't the nerve to jump. Then she'll go home and marry the boy she used to flirt with, and who now owns the bank. They all do. The type annoys me."

But I was not so easily satisfied. Few people are when a woman has long and lovely dark eyes, in which, by means of sudden high lights and a trick of arched eyebrows, there seems to lie often a question, pathetic and appealing. I dare say that usually there is no question, and that when there is it isn't worth answering, but what can you do about it?

Knott's answer was perhaps the simplest. Astonishing as it may seem to those who never knew him, we did call upon Jenny the afternoon of the second

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day after we had met her; we called precisely at four. We climbed the five long flights of stairs that smelled faintly of cabbage, we came to a narrow door from which a great deal of the brown paint had been kicked and rubbed, and Jenny herself let us in, a surprise to me in her black skirt and white shirt-waist, and her slim and of the ordinary-world appearance. I don't know whether I had expected to find her still in a short violet-and-white skirt or not. However, once the shock of this change of costume was recovered from, Jenny proved, at all events —and for the moment that was the important point—as pretty, even prettier, than when we had first seen her. The background of the large, bare, rather disorderly, rather dusty room, with its somewhat touching attempts to hide the bareness by means of hangings and pictures not too artistic, was a severe one, but she survived the test triumphantly, even although at first she was embarrassed and so rendered awkward. But Knott had a way of setting people speedily at their ease, or, at any rate, of so overwhelming them that they forgot all else, and it wasn't more than a few minutes before he and Jenny were talking to each other as if they were the oldest and most intimate of friends. I was not displeased that they left me alone; I could listen all the better.

Jenny was so lovely, so very charming to watch, so very disappointing whenever she opened her drooping, rather tragic mouth. I had rather anticipated some such phenomenon as this, but one is none the less disconcerted to find expectations of the kind realized. It was curious to hear issuing from that mouth, so formed for beauty, the strange jumble of opinions, the odds and ends of thought and expression that Jenny had collected in her twenty-four-year journey through the world; the half-baked recklessnesses, rent by astonishing gaps in a knowledge of the world, the sentimentalisms and cynicisms which seemed to constitute her point of view. Jenny apparently had no knowledge of the danger of "giving oneself away," yet her frankness, I gathered, was not altogether ingenuousness; it crackled at times with the brittle sureness of untrained youth.

It was easy enough to piece together her history. Back of her was a small town where her father had been a well-to-do contractor, and where she had sung in a choir and astonished her high-school friends and her relatives; and then, before this last adventure to Europe, there had been three years of study in New York. I judged there had been few foolish cults or destructive doctrines over which Jenny had not at some time in her career waxed enthusiastic. A fine-tempered Puritan is needed to stand too sudden a plunge into the world.

Dusk approached, and Jenny gave us careless tea and ragged slices of bread and butter. At her request I lit a lamp, and the circle of light drew the three of us, or, rather Jenny and Knott, into a still more intimate friendliness. I had just decided that Jenny was beginning to like Knott, and I had just about decided that it was time to go, and I imagine Knott was on the point of agreeing with me, when the young Baron von Votta entered, and after that, of course, we both decided to stay.

He stood—the young Baron von Votta —for a moment in the doorway, a shining, slim, rigid figure in his tight-fitting, dark-blue uniform; then he came forward, bowed over Jenny's hand, clicked his heels at me, and greeted Knott with polite indifference. I don't think I entirely imagined a slight look of annoyance on the otherwise expressionless face.

Knott was instantly friendly; oddly so, I thought; friendly with a cordiality so little reciprocated that I felt an embarrassment for him in which apparently he did not share.

"How delightful!" he said, in his fluting voice. "How very delightful! How is your dear mother?—your father? I have promised myself the pleasure of calling upon them soon. Your poor mother's rheumatism!"

The young Baron von Votta bowed; his parents were enjoying the best of health. He sat down on the edge of a chair very stiffly, accepted a cup of lukewarm tea from Jenny, and looked at us with the air of a man who is waiting for some one else to make the next move. The burden of the conversation fell as usual upon Knott, and he worthily upheld his traditions in this respect, although I still thought that

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he asked at rather too great a length concerning the happiness of the Von Votta family, and described each member of it to Jenny in too detailed and complimentary a way. Von Votta was not, as far as one could see, greatly interested in his relations.

Knott and I delayed our going as long as we decently could. Our departure was precipitated by Jenny suggesting that Knott play the piano. "You do play, beautifully, don't you?" she asked.

Knott jumped to his feet. "That's the one request," he said, "that always makes me leave a room."

I waited until we had reached the foot of the stairs, and then I said: "He's too good-looking."

"Who?" asked Knott.

"Von Votta. He's too perfect; his hair is too blond, and his eyes are too blue, and he's too pink and white. I dislike him. He has no brains, and I suspect him of not having the slightest symptom of a heart."

Knott swung his umbrella contemptuously.

"You know a great deal about a young man you've only seen for half an hour, don't you?" he remarked.

We walked on for a block in silence.

"Are they engaged?" I asked.

"Do you think a German officer gets himself engaged to a girl without money?" Knott demanded.

"Well, then?"

Knott became almost angry; at all events he became sententious. "The trouble with you Americans," he grumbled, "is that you're all so damned intellectually virtuous that you can't understand any brand of virtue but your own."

At the entrance to his hotel, where we parted, he made the first of the cryptic remarks with which he was to distinguish our intercourse for the next two months. "I wonder," he said, slowly and absent-mindedly, "if Von Votta really does play the piano so very well?"

Possibly it was fortunate that the next three weeks I was busy with a minor thesis which I had to prepare for a hirsute and inhuman professor who was attempting to instruct me and my fellow students in the "culture history" of the human race. I say fortunate, because, it being the approach of spring, and the trees beginning to show little green tips along their branches and the days being filled with vagrant and warm breaths of wind, it is possible that I might have begun to take far too vital an interest in Jenny Buel, and to acquire far too distinct a dislike for her friend, the young Baron von Votta. As it was, I had no time to think of them at all, and when at last I did emerge from the twisted byways of the minds and costumes of the past, I found that Knott had so secured his hold upon Jenny that no one, no matter how young and devious, could have found more than ten minutes at a time to speak to her alone. Whether she had been worn down by his pertinacity, or whether she had become genuinely fond of him—and I think the latter was the case—she lay, at all events, in his hand as tamely as Browning's famous ripe pear—for social purposes she had become entirely tractable.

"It's very jolly," said Knott. "We'll have three now on our little parties—or, rather, four, for Miss Stelwagon will go, too. You've no idea what a good sort Jenny"—and you will notice the use of the Christian name—"is. Like a boy. No nonsense. She doesn't need a chaperon." He disregarded my taunting laugh, and proceeded to expatiate, to my indignation, upon the satisfaction of meeting at last, in the person of Jenny, a typical American woman instead of the Europeanized imitation usually found.

Miss Stelwagon proved, overlooking the indisputable fact that she was a maiden, a most efficient chaperon for the many excursions and suppers in which, from now on, she and Jenny joined. She was a gaunt woman who hardly ever spoke, although one was aware that she disagreed with practically everything that was being said. Jenny seemed very fond of her. I imagine that Jenny was going through a period in which she was being very fond of every one. She was expanding.

Meanwhile I wondered, with a deepening curiosity, what Von Votta thought of all this. Knott seemed to be entirely vague. "I've asked him again and again to accompany us," he explained, "but he never will. These young German officers

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have to be very careful what they do. I dare say we're much too bohemian for him."

"You're getting over your gastronomic aversion for the female sex fairly successfully, aren't you?" I suggested. Knott did not deign to answer me.

But the two or three times I caught a glimpse of Von Votta I received the impression that underneath the icy calm with which he took his way through the world several things were going on, one of which was an increasing aversion for Knott that amounted almost to a hatred. I don't wonder this was so, if for no other reason than that Knott had by now adopted toward him a manner permissible only in an uncle predisposed to gifts. Knott was very much at home in the studio.

On the last afternoon of the occasions I have mentioned, Von Votta's boredom reached a point where he sought refuge in the piano, playing over various pieces in a fugitive way, humming to himself, finally, just before Jenny lit the lamp, bursting into the music of "The Flying Dutchman." It was a singularly dramatic thing to do, because the approaching night was warm and through the open windows came the distant tremblings of thunder. The curtains stirred in the languid breeze. Outlined against the increasing shadow was the rigid, inexplicable figure at the piano. I think, although perhaps it is only looking back on it from the present point of view, that some hint of uneasy terror of this kind of young man stirred me at the moment; some prevision that dehumanization coupled with passion and a sense of beauty is a dangerous thing. And then I looked up. There was still enough light for me to see Von Votta's face clearly, and he was staring at Jenny over the edge of the piano as if he wished to bring her within an inch of him with his eyes. . . .

The music ended with a crash of chords. Knott yawned. "Wagner's very bad on the piano, isn't he?" he said. "Well, we must be going. Coming, Von Votta?"

"No!" Von Votta got to his feet and snapped together the pages of an open book of music that lay on top of the piano. It was the first break I had seen in his stubborn armor.

"Very well, then," agreed Knott, securing his umbrella. "Give my respects to your family."

"Knott," I said, when we were out in the hall, "tell me—I want to know something. Drop all nonsense and tell me. What's Von Votta up to? You know."

I expected no understanding from him and got none. "Why, my friend," he returned, in his most fluting voice, "it's fairly simple. You surprise me. Here's a German trained in patience, and here's a woman trained, as are all women, to think there's something holy in sacrificing herself for the man she loves, or thinks she loves. If she weren't an American she'd have made the oblation long ago; as it is, she's too selfish."

"You mean?"

He swung his umbrella indifferently. "Von Votta's poor, and he's told Jenny that much as he wants to marry her he can't. Of course the point is he wouldn't marry her if he could."

"But then you don't think she's really in love with him?" I insisted.

Knott's voice was weary. "How can any one tell that?" he asked. "I think Jenny finds him a hero, and I think that most of all she pities him; and the last is all a woman ever wants to know about a man. And now, for God's sake, let's leave other people's business alone. As far as I am concerned such matters do not interest me at all; although, in Jenny's case, it might be a pity. She hasn't the making of a first-class Circe."

I did not answer him; I had anticipated, as I said, some such attitude on his part, but this entire cold-bloodedness disgusted me. I was only a trifle less angry with him than with Von Votta. I turned over in my mind various desperate expedients, and then rejected them. The uselessness of insulting or endeavoring to coerce a German officer was apparent. Besides, any attempt of the kind would merely serve to exalt Von Votta in Jenny's distorted vision.

Knott seemed oblivious of the tumult that was going on in my mind. "The Germans are an odd lot," he observed serenely. "Oh, I say, give me some more names of those American songs of yours, will you?"

"What American songs?" I asked bitterly.

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"The ones I spoke to you about."

"You never mentioned an American song to me in your life," I retorted, with increasing acrimony.

"Didn't I?" Knott paused and looked at me with perplexity. "It must have been Jenny, then. I've got some of them —that 'My Old Kentucky Place,' for instance. Ripping!"

"Damn 'My Old Kentucky Place'!" I said, and left him.

There seemed no more to be done, and, disliking intrigue in which one is merely a static factor, I kept away from Jenny's studio and even avoided Knott, difficult as the latter feat was. Frieda, the stalwart maid of all work at the apartment, was instructed to inform him that I was busy at the university. As his habit had been to come in the afternoon I imagined myself comparatively safe. I was mistaken, as one usually was when one assumed anything definite about Knott. He forced his way past Frieda on a Friday night between eight and nine o'clock. "Good," he said. "I'm glad to find you in at last. We're going to Jenny's studio."

"We're not," I announced firmly.

"Oh, yes, we are. She expects us."

I put on my coat.

"You'll find it very amusing," he continued; "there'll be music. I'm going to play."

"You?"

"Yes. I've promised that I would for a long time."

I don't think I realized until we got to Jenny's door that Knott had been lying, that Jenny didn't expect us at all, that here, indeed, was an incident that promised to be "amusing"; for Knott, at first, didn't knock at the door; instead, he did something so outrageous, so entirely out of keeping with his character, that anger struggled with my amazement. What he did was to pause in the dim light of the hallway, lay his fingers to his lips, and then tiptoe over to the door and place his ear to the crack. Involuntarily I laid hold of his arm. He looked up and again laid his fingers to his lips, and then, after a further period of listening, abruptly resumed his upright position and knocked twice. There was a pause before Jenny herself appeared. In her face I could see an instant astonishment struggling with a desire not to seem unfriendly. The glow of the lamp on the centre-table behind her surrounded her figure with radiance, and at the centre-table, erect and indignant, sat Von Votta.

Knott blithely edged his way in. "Excellent!" he announced triumphantly. "Isn't it splendid? Here are two musicians! I have come," he explained to Jenny, "to play those American things I've talked so much about. And here's Von Votta. Nothing could be better." He turned to that rigid young man. "It's really great luck," he said.

Von Votta rose and bowed without a word; then he resumed his uncompromising attitude by the centre-table. If the expression on Jenny's face could have been accurately described I would have said that it was that of a suppressed sigh. As for Knott, he dominated the scene immediately; he deposited his umbrella in the corner, removed his overcoat with his usual care, extracted a roll of music from his pocket, and, turning about, rubbed his hands together with evident pleasure. "Charming!" he said. "Delightful! As cosey as could be! Shall I begin now, or wait until a little later?"

Von Votta half arose from his chair. "Donnerwetter!" he began, then controlled himself by an immense effort and sat down again. "Begin now," he said wearily.

Knott crossed the room in the direction of the piano, but, as he passed the centre-table, suddenly paused and looked down at Von Votta. "Oh," he said slowly, and as if he was trying to remember the details of some discussion. "Yes. What was it I wanted to ask you? Ah, I remember! Will you— That little business scheme I mentioned to you, you know."

Von Votta drew back stiffly. "Business scheme!" he ejaculated. Then his face clouded. "No," he said. "No. No, of course I will not sell. I will not even talk about it."

Knott looked over at Jenny and myself. "Isn't that like a German?" he asked, half-humorously, half-despairingly. "All pride. Here's Von Votta has a little place up near Nuremburg—just a tower

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and a dozen barren fields, and he won't sell. I've been after him a month. Silly, I call it, for he never goes there and I want it badly. I want to live there. I want to write music there." He spread out his hands. "I've offered him five times what the place is worth." He thrust his hands back into his pockets and looked at Von Votta with an intimate slyness. "He's a very foolish young man," he said, "for he may want to get married any time, and yet he refuses a windfall. You persuade him," he concluded, nodding his head at Jenny.

Again a joint in Von Votta's armor cracked.

"Herr Gott!" he ejaculated, and started to his feet. "I will not have my private affairs discussed. I have never met—" He controlled himself. "Ah, well," he said, sinking back into his chair, "it is enough."

"I don't know why you get so angry about it," complained Knott mildly, and continued his journey to the piano.

He lit the lamp that stood upon a stack of music, sat down at the keyboard, and began to play softly, but, as he played, his notes gained in power.

It is almost an impossible feat to recreate adequately the emotion that art produces. It is a difficult feat, almost a dangerous one, even to insist, once the cause is silent, upon the strength and power of such emotions. We hear a master play the violin, and while he is playing we are as submissive to his notes as the children of Hamelin were to the pipe that drew them; but, once the music stops, we half forget and, what is more, half resent being told how great the magic was. And this is all the truer when the materials of which it was made are common things, such as our minds have been taught to reject, even if our hearts unquestionably accept them. I could write pages and not be able to prove to you that "Money Musk," and "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Black Joe," and the whole despised list of them, are beautiful; at all events, I found them beautiful that night. Under Knott's touch they sang and hummed and laughed through the big, dimly lighted room; and I grew very homesick. Even Von Votta was affected; he still sat rigidly upright in his chair, but his face was interested and alert.

Knott played for perhaps an hour—perhaps an hour and a half; then he leaned back against the wall behind him. "Odd things," he said in a disinterested voice. "Rather amusing."

Von Votta got to his feet. "It is late," he announced. He bowed over Jenny's hand and kissed it, swept Knott with his frigid eyes, clicked his heels, and was gone.

"It is only half past ten," said Knott, looking at Jenny, "but you are tired." He proceeded to collect his umbrella and the rest of the paraphernalia that went with his ritual of departure. While his back was turned I had an uninterrupted view of Jenny's face. She was sitting on the edge of the divan, staring into the shadows across the room.

Knott paused at the door of his hotel before ringing for the porter.

"Silly young ass," he said suddenly, "did he think he was going to break up all my little parties?"

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CHAFF

By Cornelia Geer LeBoutillier

Illustration by W. J. Enright

DAISY REEFE'S heart was as light as any in Ireland and as clear as the tear of a child. Her hair was curly like a fern, and if her eyes shone with good sense and a quick temper, which sometimes but not always go together, they shone with mischief too. Her voice was like any voice, but John Reefe, her husband, thought it was like an angel's.

"Sing me some more songs, Daisy."

He sat at his breakfast, the peaceful, slow man, with slow thoughts that gave him the look of a young, friendly bullock grazing quietly beside a brook. His blue shirt was open at the neck; his coarse arms were bare to the elbow. The sun streamed in the window and fell in a slanting bar of warmth across them, just touching the little hairs to gold, fell upon the table and the hearthstone and the floor. He was so happy that the blood seemed to tickle his strong throat as it circulated through the veins.

"It's a good day for singing, John, and a grand day for the two of us," and Daisy let him have a bright look over her shoulder, knowing well he did not know the day it was. Her mouth was made up for his awakening, with a smile sitting on the brink of it.

He followed her with his eyes as she moved about the table, rollicking and trim with its red cloth, its blue-rimmed dishes, and the water-jug as green as a lettuce-leaf. He smiled at the practical, quick face of her, and the capable, quick hands. She put some bits of bacon in a pan, and the kitchen was filled with the keen smell.

"It's a good day, right enough," he said. "The wind's in the northwest. That dom hedgehog has the most of the beets eat off on me again. If I see him the day, I'll give him a taste of powder and shot."

"Ye will," she threw at him, "ye'll give him a smell of the powder, ye mean, and the shot over his head. You couldn't hit a horse, John, let alone a hedgehog." She spoke briskly, with the point of a knife flipping out corn muffins from the pan to the table. They were hot and fragrant; John sank his white teeth into one of them and washed it down with a mouthful of coffee.

She went and sat on his knee then, and gave him a little package from the bosom of her dress. He opened it, wondering, with a great rattle of paper and tangle of red string. His face lighted up in his blazing, happy smile.

"When to the Lord did ye have the time to be working this?"

He fondled her in delight that was half embarrassment. Daisy laughed, and pressed her fingers against his cheek, and jumped from his knee.

"I always work ye some little thing, John, for our wedding-day," she said.

"The third of July!" he exclaimed, and saw that she was laughing at him. He reddened, and muttered almost sulkily: "I have too much to think of to be thinking of that."

"Don't I know that, John?" she blew back at him sweetly. "There's the hedgehog, and the time ye spend shooting at him, and the planting again of the vegetables he does be eating on ye every fair day, and——"

"I have enough. I have enough."

There was silence while they ate their breakfast. When he looked up he was penitent.

"Daisy, it went away out of me mind, deary. Only the day went away from me. I remember the rest of it all as good as yereself."

"Sure, I know ye do, John. Better maybe." She helped herself calmly to bacon. He brightened at her smile.

"There's not a word of it all I forget,"

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he went on. He leaned forward confidently. "I'll bet ye anyway ye'll not say the words I said it in on the eighth day of March."

She puzzled a minute, with a teasing look.

"What did ye say, John?"

A little scowl came between his dark eyebrows.

"Don't tell me, Daisy, ye've forgotten that."

She paused with her knife in the butter.

"Ye've forgotten the words I asked ye to marry me with!"

She took a swallow of coffee, and hazarded:

"Ye said ye loved me."

John's fist came down upon the table.

"Don't guess," he almost shouted. "Do ye think ye can guess in a minute a thing it took me a quarter of a year to devise!"

Dimples appeared in the corners of her mouth.

"Then you asked me did I love you."

"Daisy!"

"Then—" She ran around to his knee again and whispered in his ear. A grudging smile pushed its way through the frown on his face. "And it was the sweetest thing a man ever said to a woman."

"It took ye long enough to remember it."

"It didn't take me long to take you in, John."

"To take me in?"

"Did ye think I'd forgotten?"

"Daisy!" He rolled a grave eye at her. "It's bad enough without adding stories and deceptions."

"John, ye're easy."

"Ye're a little devil, Daisy. I'll be even with you yet."

"Ye could by rights. I've been yere wife a year the day."

"And in that time it's many a little weakness and many a little fault ye've let me see."

"Have I so? I thought I'd been a model wife to ye, John."

"Sure, ye have. I'm only fooling, Daisy."

"No," she said with her witch's smile. "Ye'll not get off like that. What are these weaknesses and these faults?"

"Nothing," he fended uneasily, "nothing at all."

"Tell me."

"Sure, it was half in joke I was. Ye might say the same of me, Daisy, and you after knowing me for so long. Not big things. Not things worth the mentioning at all."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully. "I might say the same of you." And then she added: "I'll tell ye, John, what we'll do. We'll keep our wedding-day like this. Do you tell me first what's in yere mind, and then when ye've done, I'll tell ye what's in mine."

"No," John objected, "tell it first, you."

"Begin," she said sternly.

"Daisy, there's nought to tell. I'm wild about you, darlin', sure ye know that."

"There's some things," she urged him, "little things."

"There's not, deary."

"Then why did ye say there was?"

John moved in his chair.

"I don't know why in the devil did I. It was fooling I was."

"It wasn't fooling. Begin now. What harm will it do? And I'll tell you, then."

"Well," he got out finally, struggling with diffidence—"oh, I wish I'd said nothing at all."

"But ye did. Don't be so old-fashioned, John. I'll not mind."

He cleared his throat and began in desperation.

"The only fault, Daisy, I've ever found in you is that ye have the devil's own temper in a quiet way when a thing annoys ye."

"John!" she cried. "Are ye out of yere wits?"

"I'm not," he assured her stolidly. "It's the truth. It was only three days ago ye were scolding me and picking at me because I forgot to get a yellow bowl in the village; and this day itself weren't ye near taking the head off me for missing the hedgehog, and I shooting at him over the stone wall."

"Well, why wouldn't I? He was as near ye as the end of the gun."

"Anyway," he summed up, "if there's one fault is on you, Daisy, it's the fault of a fierce temper."

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"And if there's one fault is on you, John Reefe, it's the fault of a rambling mind and a confused mind, and of a crooked, wabbling aim with a gun. I could shoot straighter than that meself; and if I went to the village for a bowl, I'd come back with a bowl, and not with a mouthful of excuses."

"That's fine talk, Daisy. Sure, I'd no sooner got me gun on him, when in he pops in his hole."

"Did ye think he'd pop into the gun? John, John, by faulting me, see what ye've done. Ye've turned up two of the great weaknesses of yere own nature."

"Faulting you," he repeated indignantly. "Didn't ye force me to do it?"

"I did," Daisy answered gravely, "and I want ye to do it. And when ye've said all is in yere mind, I'll say all is in mine. Go on, now, to the next."

"I'll not say another word."

"John, don't be simple. It's only a game. Go on."

"I'll not."

"Go on, John."

"Well," he began, and stopped again.

"Go on."

"Thomas Flaherty—" he blurted out.

"What about Thomas Flaherty!" she exclaimed, flushing.

John picked at the crumbs of cornbread on the table. He spoke slowly.

"Ye know, when a woman's married, Daisy, people bes watching her more, taking notice of the way she conducts herself."

"And how have I conducted meself, John?" she asked in a dangerous voice.

"Ye've not conducted yereself at all, Daisy," he hastened to reassure her. "But a good rule for married women—and for all women for the matter of that, married or single—is this: the handsomer a man is, have the less to do with him."

Daisy laughed, and inquired with edged sweetness:

"Would I be married to you now, John, if I had been a close observer of that rule?"

John stammered and foundered and was caught.

"I'm different," he said.

"And is Katy Mallon different too? Or is the rule different for men? Or does the difference is in you make it right for you to grin and giggle and pass out conversation with Katy Mallon while I stand waiting at the hedge?"

John cleared his throat.

"Why, Daisy, you couldn't be jealous of Katy Mallon. She was only asking me——"

"Jealous! Jealous! Indeed I'm not jealous of her! Her eyes are too big and her mouth's too little for any one but a fool to be jealous of her, or for any one but a fool to want to waste time talking with her. She has a gaping sort of a face."

"Come, now, Daisy, is that fair? Katy Mallon is a noted beauty in this place. I should think you'd be pleased she'd have a pleasant word to say to me and not pass me by with her chin in the air the same as she did Thomas Flaherty. I didn't think it was wasting time I was."

"John, John," exclaimed Daisy, "where were yere eyes? Couldn't ye see she noticed you because Thomas Flaherty noticed me? And do ye know what Thomas was saying to me? That he wished there was more women in this place was modest and agreeable. It was as plain as the nose on yere face it was Katy Mallon he was thinking about. She heard him too. Thomas Flaherty's not the man to be taken in by blue eyes and a red mouth."

John scowled angrily.

"He has no call to be speaking like that to you. What ails him, I'd like to know. I'd like to push in his ugly face on him. Maybe I will. Doesn't he know ye're my wife? Does he think I let my wife to receive complaints from other men about the disposition and the conduct of the other women is in it?"

"Let me!" echoed Daisy.

"Didn't Father O'Shaughnessy say only last week that wives must obey their husbands?"

"Did ye ever hear him say that men had a right to stuff up their wives' ears the way they couldn't hear complaints and compliments?"

"Compliments!" roared John.

"Yes, compliments. Ye seem to forget that Katy Mallon may be a noted favorite now, but a year ago there was another favorite in it made Katy Mallon take the wall."

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Drawn by W. J. Enright.

"And it was me, I suppose, said there were little weaknesses and things not worth the mentioning."—Page 208.

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"Ye shouldn't listen to him. Ye're my wife now, not a village beauty."

"Listen to who?"

John paused, blinking his eyes, took a long breath, then said weightily:

"There is another thing, Daisy, when we're going into it. It's bothered me ever since I knew ye, the way ye have of slipping about in a subject, setting traps for me, asking questions, till me mind is turning about like a stile and I don't know where am I. I'm not quick like you. I don't say I am. I wish ye'd leave that off if ye're to leave off anything."

"Leave it off, is it! Leave off, you, the habit ye have of being after me and following me up. I wouldn't have to slip about, so. Leave it off! Wanting to change me now, is it? Why did ye marry me, I wonder."

"But, Daisy," coaxed John in a soothing voice, "wasn't that the idea? Where was the profit in faulting each other if we wouldn't change ourselves then?"

"Profit! John, I'll tell ye this one thing," Daisy said with severe brows, "ye may drive me to change meself by yere talk, but I'll not ask you to change. I married ye the way ye are, and I love ye that way. I'm looking for no changes at all."

"The Lord knows I'm not looking for changes—" John began in a troubled voice.

Daisy raised her hand.

"Don't tell me that and ask me to believe it. Why did ye turn on me so, to blame me and to attack me?"

"But it wasn't my plan. It was yours." His chin looked as if it were about to pucker, like a child's before he finally breaks down.

"Mine, was it! Oh, yes, it was mine." Sarcasm rang in her tones. "And it was me, I suppose, said there were little weaknesses and things not worth the mentioning." She rose and began a spirited campaign against the the breakfast dishes.

John rubbed his crown in bewilderment.

"I don't know to the Lord who it was. Me mind is that rattled I don't know is it me speaking. I don't want changes, of course, Daisy. Sure, we were only passing the time."

"Were we?" He leaned his head to hear her above the clatter she was making in the sink. "Well, I have other ways of passing time than to be picking holes in you, John."

"But you must, Daisy," he pleaded. "Ye promised me."

"I've no time," said Daisy stonily. She cast a look over her shoulder at the downcast, huddled figure of her husband and the woebegone look in his large eyes. She turned back quickly. Mischief came again and played about her mouth.

"You made me talk like that, Daisy. Ye know ye did. It's not in me heart to want changes in you. Begin now, you, the way ye said."

"What did I say?"

"Ye said ye'd tell me the faults I had and the weaknesses."

"Not at all," she corrected him, suddenly inspired. "I said I'd tell ye what was in me mind."

"Well?" He braced himself.

"And there's nothing but love in me mind and in me heart, John darlin'," she told him with a naughty tremble in her voice; "you could be a criminal, deary, and me not know it. I love ye too much to notice if ye have faults or if ye haven't." Her deep eyes twinkled wickedly. "Ye seem like one of the holy saints itself, God forgive me."

"Daisy!" he cried out in anguish.

"If it was big things now. But ye've no vices, John, and no crimes. And little things? Only little minds with no love in them would bother about them."

She put one dish after another beside her to drain.

"It's the same with me in me heart," wailed John brokenly, "ye know that. I don't know what come over me, to be faulting you."

"Oh, that's nothing," sighed the patient wife. "Men are all the one way."

"But surely," he implored, "surely, Daisy, ye'll not spare me now. There must be one little thing or two little things, little weaknesses or——"

"Not one, John," she answered gently. "Ye've been a good husband to me and a kind husband. I'll not deny it and I'll not be silent. There's nothing I want ye to leave off and I'll ask for no changes in you."

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She left the sink and stood beside the window with one hand on the blue curtain, and her tongue in her cheek. John crumpled down further in his chair. She broke into a kind of chant, exaltation in her voice and a slow rhythm in the swaying of her body.

"Changes, indeed! What changes would I ask in the holy saints? What changes would I ask in my John Reefe? The hair of his head is like deep waters at night, his eyes are as blue as flowers, itself. The strength of his back is like an ox's back. His heart is as kind as a baby's. Some men is ungrateful and mean, to be always criticising and to be always complaining. John Reefe is a quiet man and a satisfied man. No word of complaint was ever in his mouth; no cruel word ever came out of it. John Reefe is a man would scorn to find fault. John Reefe is a man——"

But this was more than John Reefe could bear. He rose heavily with bowed head and plodded from the room. Daisy watched him through the window, and a film of tears came across the mischief in her eyes.

"Johnnie," she called. "Wait a bit. I'm coming out to ye."

SAN CARLOS DAY

AN ARTICLE IN A CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY GEORGE R. STEWART, JR.

INTRODUCTION

SAN CARLOS DAY appeared originally in the *Monterey Californian* of November 11, 1879. It is signed only by a pseudonym but there is abundant evidence to identify *The Monterey Barbarian* as Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson was living at Monterey in the fall of 1879 and it is known that he visited the Carmel Mission on St. Charles Day (November 6). On November 15, he wrote to Edmund Gosse—"I will send you herewith a Monterey paper where the works of R. L. S. appear"; this paper, however, seems to have been lost in transit. From Stevenson's own words it may be assumed that his writing for the *Californian* was more than routine reporting. *San Carlos Day* satisfies these requirements.

In addition to some characteristic mannerisms of style there are many details of evidence as to the writer which readers of Stevenson will recognize. He displays himself as a foreigner familiar with England and France. Most of the persons mentioned are known friends of Stevenson. Most conclusive of all is the couplet quoted from Barnfield; it would be too strange a coincidence, if there should have been in the rude California village of 1879 two persons ready to quote *The Address to the Nightingale* of a little-known Elizabethan poet. On the other hand, Stevenson knew this very couplet and quoted it again years later in *The Wrecker*.

The interest of the article itself is not so much literary as autobiographical—the reactions of the always impressionable Stevenson to the crudely new Pacific Coast. His feeling toward the Indians displays him in an unusual mood of sentimentalism which might throw doubt upon the authorship, if it were not repeated in similar words in *The Old Pacific Capital*. Material upon the life of Stevenson in California is strangely scant. His letters of the period are few, and his writings of mediocre quality. Tradition dwells grewsomely upon a Stevenson at the point of death, sick, starving, and despondent. It is thus all the more interesting to catch this glimpse of

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a Stevenson in California more consistent with his usual optimism—bearing himself "like one who does not fear a bottle and a glass," laughing to himself at the crudity of a Western celebration, and initiating a movement for the preservation of a Spanish church which stands to-day, as Stevenson predicted, one of the treasured relics of California.

GEORGE R. STEWART, JR.

SAN CARLOS DAY

A Barbarian at the Carmello Mission

MY DEAR BRONSON:—You have asked me to give you something of what I saw upon Saint Carlos Day, and being of a biddable disposition, I comply herewith.

I fancy everyone must play the part of a Barbarian some time or other in the course of his life, just as each, according to the proverb, must eat his peck of dust. We have a number of gentlemen here, all, oddly enough, answering to the name of John; very courteous and obliging I find them, though a little indistinct in the matter of English pronunciation, and all these gentlemen, with their charming wives and families, have become Barbarians by the simple process of crossing the sea. So it is with me: I am like a lost child on the Pacific Coast; and can only speak "as it strikes the stranger," and from a Barbarian standpoint.

Well, sir, I went to Carmello in a Buggy from Wolter's over a road which would be an extravagant farce in the country from which I came; I beheld a considerable concourse of people in their best, some firing guns—one standing up in a wagon and unweariedly beating a drum, just as though something were about to happen. I ate for the first time in my life (I began by saying that I was a barbarian) some *cara asada en las brassas,* for which I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Murphy, and washed down my repast with my part of two bottles of wine—one from Simoneau and the other furnished and, I am bound to say, shared by Adolpho Sanchez. I am not the man (barbarian though I be) to draw comparisons; but I bore myself, I hope, like one who does not fear a bottle and a glass, and I had no cause to regret my daring.

All this touched me. I cannot remain unmoved when it comes to eating and drinking. But please, Bronson, why did that man beat the drum? I am on live coals, as the saying is, till I know what he had in view. It is pleasant, of course to play the drum; but people usually have some ulterior purpose when they indulge publicly and for hours together in that exercise. I dare say, I should like to play the drum, too; but then, I should go off somewhere by myself into a desert, and have it out alone with my maker; I shouldn't stand up in a wagon as if I were going to sell pills. Besides, I marked that man, and he had something on his mind. Let us know in the next issue. I cannot have been alone; others must have observed his little game and be still wondering like me.

But, sir, all this is not the matter in hand. I made two remarks upon St. Charles' Day, and first: you have there a church of extreme interest which is going the way of all roofless and neglected buildings. Every year with its summer drouth and winter rain, is hurrying that church into the number of things that are no more. Every year it becomes less easy and more expensive to save what remains. Believe me, it will not be lost money for the inhabitants of Monterey county, if they not only put their heads but their purses together to preserve this speaking relic of the past. In England some great noble or cotton spinner would purchase it, repair it and charge so much entry money to curious visitors. In France, still better, the government would take it in hand and make it one of the "Historical Monuments" of the nation. So piously, in these old countries, do people cherish what unites them to the past. Here, in America, on this beautiful Pacific Coast, you cannot afford to lose what you have. When I think how that bell first sounded from that Mission Church

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among the Indians of Carmello, and the echoes of the hills of Monterey first learned the unaccustomed note, I am moved, by sentiment, to pray for restitution or at least repair. And when I think how, as time goes on, visitors will flock to such a curiosity, as they flock to similar curiosities in Europe by the hundred and the thousand, and how the managers of our hotels, or their successors, may have cause to bless the man who put a roof on Carmel Church, I see that not only sentiment but the merest business prudence should lead you, and me, and all who take an interest in Monterey, to do our little best for that good end.

And second: I heard the old Indians singing mass. That was a new experience and one, I think, well worth hearing. There was the old man who led, and the women who so worthily followed. It was like a voice out of the past. They sang by tradition, from the teaching of early missionaries long since turned to clay:

> "King Pandion he is dead,
> All your friends are lapped in lead."

And still in the roofless church, you may hear the old music. Padre Casanove will, I am sure, be the first to pardon and understand me, when I say that the old Gregorian singing preached a sermon more eloquent than his own. Peace on earth, good will to men so it seemed to me to say; and to me, as a Barbarian, who hears on all sides evil speech and the roughest bywords about the Indian race, to hear Carmel Indians sing their latin words with so good a pronunciation and give out these ancient European chants with familiarity and fervor, suggested new and pleasant reflections. Here was an old, mediæval civilization, and your old primeval barbarian, hand-in-hand, the one devoutly following the other. And I could not help thinking that if there had been more priests and fewer land sharks and Indian agents, there would have been happier days for a considerable number of human bipeds in your American continent.

I began by admitting that I was a Barbarian. Now, that I have proved it, I had better pause. That was how it struck "the stranger." A fine old church, a fine old race, both brutally neglected; a survival, a memory and a ruin. The United States Mint can coin many million more dollar pieces, but not make a single Indian; and when Carmel Church is in the dust, not all the wealth of all the States and Territories can replace what has been lost. No man's word can save the Indians from the ruin that awaits them; but the church? How, my dear Bronson, if you and I put together our little mites and, through the columns of your paper, wrought upon all hands to interest others in this useful work of protection? I feel sure that the money would be forthcoming before long; and the future little ones of Monterey would clap their hands to see the old Church, and learn by the sight of it more history than even Mr. Graves and all his successors can manage to teach them out of history books. I remain,

Yours,
THE MONTEREY BARBARIAN.

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A GROUP OF POEMS

FRANCESCA

[1904–1917]

By Olive Tilford Dargan

SWEET of the dawn is she!
Sure of her garlands fair,
Sure of her morning brief,
With what an air
She hands Eternity
A bud, a leaf!

Far down a world wound-red
All unappalled she looks;
Where I stare barrenly,
She beauty plucks
From an untrampled bed,
Till suddenly I see.

Once more a star shall break
For me the crocus' mould;
The full year's end sleep in
A marigold;
And firs in the snow wind shake
Locks of genie and jinn.

Again over earth and me
Shall fall the coverlet
Spread by a godmother moon,
Till we forget
Night's thin, gold irony
That hid nor scar nor bone.

O, sweet with her to climb
Youth's high, unguided trail!
Along sky ledges haste,
Palms to the gale
That showers song and rhyme
As petals blow and waste!

And when in mothy light
Of trees and listening dusk,
I see her filmy go
To him, her knight,
What sap of bloom shall flow
Into dream's silvered husk!

What if, at her matron knee
In some yet covered year,
The bardling I never bore

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Has sound of the hidden sea
That calls till a heart, or a sphere,
Is dumb no more?

My wand is she that smites
Open the prophet's wall;
My arrow in the sun,
Sped for no fall;
My bird along the heights
Where I shall never run.

II

She sleeps now.
Her hair, duskily nursing her cheek,
Fills me with strange music,
Like the dark flowing water of snow-fields.
Her brow, that was mere, frail porcelain,
Holding a child's few treasures,
Is a pale, prophetic expanse
Over dreams that bide their vast venture.

I gaze long at her face,
Thinking at last I shall know her;
For awake she is always hiding
In ripples and pools of change.
Waves of April flow round her,
And she is my willow witch,
Weaving her web of winds
Above the blue water;
But she lifts her eyes,
Like two hours of June,
And is so nearly a rose
That to-morrow the dawn will be lapping
Gold from her open heart;
Then a laugh like Christmas day
Shuffles the seasons,
And I see chrysanthemums in a Southern garden;
White breasts in the dusk.

But now she sleeps; no, stirs;
Stirs with the covetous fever
That armored in silence creeps
By the wariest watch of lovers,
And the miracle bars of skill.
"Talk to me, Tifa, talk."
"Of what, dear Beauty?"
"Ah, that is it—beauty."
I lose a whisper, and wait.
"The song—the song we heard—"
And I know I must tell again
The story of the bird, the lowland rover
That high above our mountain orchard
Sang till a cadent coast
Rose on the unbodied air,
And all our outbound dreams put back
Where his music made a shore.

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(Words, words! So soft
That they may fall on pain
And make it less! Softer than leaves
Tapping a forest sleeper; while the heart
Is like a swollen glacier crowding earth.)

Up he went singing; climbed a spiral chain
That linked his joy to heaven;
And circling, swerving as he rose, he built
An airy masonry of smoothest domes
And jetting minarets, as though he saw
From his blue height a city of the East
And in a music mirror set it fair
For his high rapture. Did we see it?
Slim, flowing alleys, streets that wound
To temples cool as shaded lakes;
Pure arches, pillars of piled notes;
Cornice and frieze and pendant flung
In rillets from one tiny heart
As prodigal as God's?

What, dearest? When you die
You'll stop and live there? Not go on
To Heaven?

No, you remember
Our city fell; came tumbling to the grass
With all its palaces and domes,
Not one note on another,
Where he, the breathless builder, fluttered,
Happy in ruin.

Yes, he panted so?
Tell you cool things?

(Words, words!
Running like water under leaves,
That they may fall on pain
And make it less!)

Cool, my heavenliest?
Then shall we walk again
Between the winter and the cliff
Where green things clung?—the little venturers,
Lustrous and shyly brave, that feed on shade
And tug at scornful bowlders
Till they are gay and gentle?
They were all there; the fronds and tresses;
Fingers and baby's palm;
The curling tufts, the plumelets proudly niched,
And little unknown leaves
That make the cold their mother;
The hearts and lances and unpious spires;
The emerald gates to houses of the gnomes;
The fairy tents that vanish at a name;
Each greener than Spring's footprint when her track
Is bright as sea-wet beryl;
Yet wearing like an outer soul

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A silvered breath of winter. There
They waited, magically caught
Within a crystal smile. A place, we thought,
Where one might listen, standing long,
Thinking to hear some secret
Earth tells but once to time.

They waited, pearled in eagerness,—
Small subject wonderers of a land
Whose king was out-o'-doors
And would betimes go by.
He came—the sun!
The swift, old marvel of the sun!
For thirty midday seconds came the sun!
And you were still as every leaf he touched,
Long after his gold passing.

Yes? Your breath
Went all away into the shining?
God spoke too loud that time? Tell you—

Sleep holds her. . . .
But sleep comes creeping, and takes
No sudden throne. If it be not sleep,
But the other? . . .

I sit in the folds of a dread
As in a husk that widens and swells
Till it strikes the sky.
Who is it standing, a fiend
Like a mountain darkening upward,
Dropping and dropping and dropping
The ocean into a glass?
Why are the walls so near and so cold?
Wavering and greenish white?
Why are they rocking, and covered with shadows
That mightily grasp and fade?

. . . I know. We are under the sea.
Like a petal her face goes drifting;
A white rose petal that swirls away.
Far up is the water's clear surface;
High up, where the sky used to be;
And above it lies the good air.
We must climb . . . climb, my loveliest.
Climb . . . we cannot breathe . . . down here . . .
Under the sea.

III

If Death had taken my orange-tree,
Its gold-lit boughs, and magic birds
Singing for me,
I would not bear, though bright the dead,
This daunted head.

If Death had taken the one whose care
My fortune feeds, my roof endows,—

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Leaving me bare,—
I'd meet the world from some kind door,
Gay as before.

If Death had taken my friend, the god
Who walks among us masked as man,
Wearing the clod
To find his brother, I could live,
Love and forgive.

But she was Beauty; planets swing,
And ages toil, that one like her
May make dust sing;
And I, who held her hand, must go
Alone, and know.

THE POET TELLS OF HIS LOVE

By John Hall Wheelock

How shall I sing of Her that is
  My life's long rapture and despair—
Sorrow eternal, Loveliness,
  To whom each heart-beat is a prayer.

Utterly, endlessly, alone
  Possessing me, yet unpossessed—
The dark, the drear Belovèd One
  That takes the tribute of this breast.

Dæmon disconsolate, in vain,
  In vain petitioned and implored,
How many a midnight of disdain
  Darkly and dreadfully adored.

Beauty, the virgin, evermore
  Out of these arms with laughter fled—
Vanished . . . a voice by slope and shore
  Haunting the world, Illusion dread!

Most secret Siren, on whose coast
  'Mid spray of perishing song are hurled
All desolate lovers, all the lost
  Souls and half-poets of the world!

Through sleepless nights and lonely days
  In tears and terror served and sought—
Light beyond light, the supreme Face
  That blinds the adoring eyes of Thought!

How shall I sing of Her! Nay all,
  All song, all sorrow, all silence of
This desperate heart, that is Her thrall,
  Trembles and tries to tell my love.

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CLOUDS

By John Jay Chapman

When I have lain an hour watching the skies,
With oaken boughs above my grassy bed,
An ocean seems to open on my eyes,
With ships becalmed that linger overhead
As if their motion was a kind of rest;
And argosies I see and navies brave
With flame of flags and pomp of pennons dressed,
Trailing their splendors through the colored wave.
Triumphant galleons freighted to the rail,
Lean toward their harbors with extended sail.

Whither, ah, whither all that wealth and worth,
That sky-borne booty floating toward a bourne
Beyond all ken, beyond all touch of earth?
And we,—that steer and tack, struggle and mourn
To win a point or round a promontory,
Nursing the shore and angling with the wind,
To gain a tinsel, quaint, ephemeral glory,
And leave a fortune or a name behind,—
Are drifting toward some goal insensibly,
Like those slow-moving treasures of the sky.

AFTER A TRIP FROM ALBANY BY NIGHT BOAT

By Benjamin R. C. Low

To cross no bar; to heed no lonely bell:
Let me, like this, at twilight-sweet embark
Where a faint river widens to the dark,
And down the banks there follows a farewell.

Let Beauty hold my finger-tips, this wise,
With broken music of a wandering bird,
Or, down a lane, a little laughter heard:
Let me smell land after it leaves my eyes.

Let me lie still, with starlight on my face;
And shadows of great hills that loom ahead
Shall write the dreams there of the unclouded dead.
I shall not wake, but I shall know the place.

Shoaling tho' shallows run; tho' years run low;
A ship may take a lantern and get free:
Till then—warm earth is very dear to me;
Sure as the dawn the city where I go.

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THE WESTERN WINDOW

IN PROCTER HALL OF THE GRADUATE COLLEGE IN PRINCETON

By Thomas Hopkins English

THE glory of the blue and green and gold
  Fades from the jewelled lancets, as the day
Puts on his dusky garment, and behold,
  The figures from the window fade away.
Vanish the sister arts of Christian lore,
  Vanish the reverend doctors of the Law;
Yet from the darkened panes shines as before
  One Face that fills the soul with love and awe.
So, when the arts are dead, and systems fail,
  Knowledge is dimmed, and wisdom's works decay,
Hidden all signs behind the obscuring veil,
  From Thine own face will shine the saving ray—
Thou the Fixed Star that through the darkness vast
Wilt guide me to the throne of Truth at last.

A BARNEGAT LOVE-SONG

By Ethelean Tyson Gaw

I NEVER race the sunrise
  To stand beside the sea,
But that the dawn-lit glow of it,
The rosy, dimpled flow of it,
  Is telling, love, of thee.
A dimpling sea, a smiling sea,
  That flushes mile on mile!
And oh, the flower-sweet gleam of it,
The thrill and mystic dream of it—
It's your own lips I'm thinking of,
  Your rosy, dimpled smile!

I never stand at noonday
  Beside the summer sea,
But that the crystal blue of it,
The radiant, sky-kissed hue of it,
  Is telling, love, of thee.
A changeless sea, a tender sea,
  So wide and deep and true!
And oh, the healing balm of it,
The magic, jewelled calm of it—
It's your own eyes I'm thinking of,
  Your own dear eyes of blue!

I never stand at evening
  Beside the sunset sea,
But that the flaming leap of it,
The purple-misted sweep of it,
  Is telling, love, of thee.
A royal sea, a flaming sea,
  And rainbow fires above!
And oh, the glory-light of it,
The far-flung, deathless might of it—
It's your own heart I'm thinking of,
  Your golden heart of love!

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THE MONGRELIAN LANGUAGE

By Brander Matthews

I

IN the final years of the last century, when the people of the United States were moved at last to go to the rescue of the people of Cuba, there were not wanting friends of Spain in the other Latin countries who were convinced that the result of the conflict would be certain defeat of our army by the better disciplined and better trained troops of our foe. As one perfervid enthusiast expressed it, there could be no doubt that "the pure-blooded soldiers of Spain would win an easy victory over the mongrel hordes of America." The wish was father to the thought; but perhaps the discourteous expression was due in part to fear that the result of the war might not be what the speaker hoped.

That the description of the American forces as "mongrel hordes" was intended to be offensive admits of no doubt. And yet, however distasteful the words may be to us, they are not altogether inexact. The inhabitants of the United States are a mixed race; they are descended from ancestors of many stocks; they have not been completely fused together in the melting-pot; they have not yet attained to the racial unity of the French, for example, or of the Danes; and therefore those who think they have cause for disliking us have a warrant of a sort for calling us a mongrel horde. But no warrant can be found by anybody for crediting the Spanish soldiers with purity of blood. In the course of the centuries the original inhabitants of Spain, whoever they may have been, have had to mingle their blood with Phœnicians and Greeks, with Carthaginians and Romans, with Goths and Vandals, with Moors and Arabs, until the Spaniards are perhaps better entitled to be termed mongrels than any other people in Europe, and more especially than the English, who had by Shakspere's time absorbed and assimilated Celts and Romans, Danes and Saxons, Normans and Flemings. Even if any stone is good enough to throw at a dog, there is no propriety in one mongrel throwing stones at another.

What happened several centuries ago in the British Isles and in the Iberian Peninsula is still happening in the United States, and it bids fair to continue for two or three score years longer, if not for two or three centuries. The successive invaders of Great Britain were most of them scions of the same stock; but the races that overran Spain one after another were as different ethnically as the later immigrants to America are from the earlier Pilgrims and Cavaliers. Truly we are now a diversity of creatures; and yet we are imposing the dominant Anglo-Saxon ideals of liberty under the law upon men and women who do not care greatly for liberty and who have little reverence for law. And in so doing we have to depend mainly upon the unifying power of the English language.

So long as our immigrants came to us from Northern Europe, from the British Isles, from Scandinavia, and from Germany, they could be absorbed in the course of time as readily as their kindred had been assimilated in Great Britain centuries ago; but the process does not work so swiftly or so satisfactorily now that they are coming from Southern and from Eastern Europe, and even from Asia Minor. Those who emigrated from these remoter regions in the opening years of this century are truly "mongrel hordes," and the difficulty of making them into Americans is indisputable. This difficulty would be increased if we were still welcoming newcomers of races ethnically unrelated to ours, the Japanese, for one, and the Chinese, for another.

Once upon a time the conversation of a little knot of artists, gathered in a cosey corner of a New York club, happened to turn on a man who had a Japanese woman for a mother and a German Jew for a father, and who was an American citizen, speaking and writing English. One of the group put the question as to what race

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this man of motley ancestry really belonged to, and the wit of the club promptly found the answer: "He must be a Mongrelian!"

II

THIS smart saying returned to the memory of another member of the group, a little later, when he chanced to be passing through one of the several Italian quarters of New York, and when his eyes lighted upon a sign which declared the little shop beneath it to be a *grossaria*. He had enough Italian to know that *epiceria* was the proper word, and he guessed at once that the owner of the grocery-store had Italianized the word in use among Americans. (The British, oddly enough, are in the habit of calling such a shop an "Italian warehouse," perhaps because it has for sale olive-oil and macaroni and sardines.) Here, he said to himself, is a specimen of the dialect of the Mongrelians, and he was led to inquire if this was a solitary instance of the influence exerted by our language upon the vocabulary of the Italian immigrants, surrounded on all sides by users of English.

Once started upon this quest, he soon discovered that *grossaria* was only one of dozens and scores and, perhaps, hundreds of words Italianate in form but English in fact. He learned that the Italian *padrone*, almost the exact equivalent of our American *boss*, was yielding to *bosso*. He found that the Italians of Manhattan employ *cocco* for *cook*, *carro* for *car*, *coppo* for *policeman* (=*cop*), *cotto* for *coat*, *giobba* for *job*, *bucco-taimo* for *time-book*, *moni* for *money*, *trobolo* for *trouble*, *visco* for *whiskey*, and *storo* for *store*—all of them seemingly Italian, all of them familiar to and frequently used by the Italians of New York, and all of them absolutely incomprehensible to the Italians of Rome and Naples and Venice. He discovered that this infiltration of English into Italian had not affected as many verbs as nouns, although even here it could be seen at work—as in *bordare* for to *board*, *ingaggiare* for to *engage*, *strappare* for to *strop* (a razor), *sbluffo* for to *bluff*, and *godaella* for to *discharge*—this last being obviously made out of "go to hell," which plainly implies that the act of hiring and firing is not always done with the courtesy customary to the Italians themselves.

But the nouns are at once more numerous and more picturesque, and it would be impossible not to call attention to *besinisso* for *business*, to *muffo-piccio* for *moving pictures*, and more particularly to *carpentiere* for *carpenter* and *bricco-liere* for *bricklayer!* Also not to be omitted are *orraite* for *all right*, *barratende* for *bartender*, *richermanne* for *rich man*, *grollo* for *growler* (=a can of beer), and *grignolo* for *greenhorn*.

This investigation once entered upon, the earnest inquirer was moved to ask whether a similar influence was being exerted upon German and upon French as these languages are spoken by the New York immigrants from one or the other side of the Rhine. And he was rewarded by hearing the tale of a German compositor in a ramshackle printing-office, complaining that the window *arbeitet nicht* and asking the owner of the shop if it could not be *fixirt*.

He was regaled by the story of a Frenchman who interrupted a street row between two of his compatriots with the inquiry, "*Quel est la matière?*"—a question which the twoscore members of the French Academy would have puzzled over in vain. Apparently, French has suffered far less than Italian, perhaps because the immigrants from France are less likely to herd together, and also because they are more likely to have the rudiments of education than the immigrants from Italy. Still it is not at all uncommon to hear Frenchmen in New York speak of *bisenesse*, where the Frenchmen of Paris would speak of *les affaires*. They have been known also to call a *street-car* a *char*, and to use the Americanism *block* for a *street-block*. They sometimes speak of the *elevated railroad* as the *élevé*, and of the *ferry* as the *ferri*. And a friend from Canada supplied the information that the more or less intimate association of the French-speaking Canadians with the English-speaking Canadians had emboldened the former to say "I vais *walker*" for *j'irais à pieds*, and to describe a fault-finding woman as "*trop kickeuse*."

III

As like causes are certain to produce like effects, we need not doubt that a corresponding influence is now being ex-

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erted by the surrounding Spanish language upon the speech of the hundreds of thousands of Italian immigrants in the Argentine—and that it was exerted upon Spanish itself during the long years when Naples was ruled by Madrid. A similar impression is made upon the vocabulary of the members of the American colony in Paris, who are led by insensible steps to import into their vocabulary not a few French words in meanings wholly unknown to the residents of London and New York. Perhaps it is due to this persistent group of denationalized Americans, who have failed to make themselves at home in France, despite long domicile, that we are all now getting accustomed more or less to the use of to *assist* at a concert, when we have merely been present at it, and to say that we are *intrigued* by a female of the species, when what we really mean is merely that we are puzzled to make her out.

Huxley once quoted from Buffon the assertion that "to understand what has happened, and even what will happen, we have only to examine what is happening." This is true in linguistics as it is in natural science. The effect of the impinging of an encircling speech upon the vocabulary of a smaller group is visible here in New York now as it must have been visible in Naples once upon a time, as it was certainly visible in England after the Norman came over. And it is one of the causes which combined to bring about the English language of to-day, mainly Teutonic in its structure and yet largely Gallic in its vocabulary.

English has never relinquished its ancient prerogative of taking over foreign words and phrases, even when it did not need them—any more than Italian having *epiceria* and *padrone* needed *grossaria* and *bosso*. Indeed, English has often cast out a perfectly good word of its own to borrow a foreign word no better fitted for service. When it has done so, it has sometimes repented and reversed its action, reviving the dead-and-gone native term. Doctor Henry Bradley has told us that writers of English in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries felt themselves at liberty to use French words at will, making them English at least for the moment. But as these words were only temporarily useful they fell out of fashion, sooner or later, so that "many which supplied no permanent need of the language have long been obsolete." There were so many of these imported terms that the students of language have had to devise a specific name for them; they are called "loan-words," being borrowed only for a brief period and in the end relinquished to their original owner. They may be likened to the host of Italian laborers who come over to work in America for a few years only, and who return sooner or later to their native land, having, perhaps, taken out their first papers, without persisting in their effort to acquire American citizenship.

It is idle to speculate as to the possible results of an impossible event. Indeed, this is not unlike the effort to answer the question as to what would happen if an irresistible force met an irremovable body. Yet there is a certain fascination in asking ourselves to consider the effect upon the future of the Italian language if a total destruction of Italy should occur by an earthquake or some other appalling convulsion of nature. If all the inhabitants of the storied peninsula were to be suddenly annihilated, leaving alive to speak its soft and liquid speech only their expatriated countrymen in North and South America, the language ennobled by the Four Poets might cease to be; it might survive only in its mighty literature; it might split into two diverging tongues, one of them profoundly modified by the English of the Yankees, and the other transformed in another direction by the Spanish of the Argentines, the Yanquis of the South.

The divergence would be accelerated by the fact that the immense mass of the Italian immigrants into the two Americas are relatively illiterate, and would, therefore, be released from loyalty to the literature of the past. Each of the separated hordes would be subdued to what it worked in; and the result would be two new forms of Italian, probably as different as Portuguese is from Spanish, and more different than peasant Norwegian is from peasant Danish.

But neither of these two resulting languages, even if it ceased to be Tuscan, could fairly be denounced as a Mongrelian tongue. That indignity it would be spared.

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"LITTLE ARCHIE"

A STORY OF THE BLUE RIDGE

By Countess de Chambrun

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

IDLE Dame Gossip, who so frequently becomes the arbiter of individual human destiny, was particularly active at Green Springs during the season of 1913.

Among things of lesser import she was fond of repeating that M. Sigismond Marius, the genial president of the "Greenock Arms Bridge Club," had left the "Ville Lumière" and the stereotyped pleasures of "Gay Paree," not because he was weary of the amusements the French capital has to offer but because the said capital had become weary of him. In short, gossip spoke of certain disputes between M. Marius and the base minions of law. She hinted that very essential differences had occurred between the "sureté" of the metropolis on the one hand, "Papa Marius" on the other. The disagreement, she affirmed, dealt with what *was* and was *not* permissible in the running of the select establishment dedicated to the Goddess of Chance.

Knowing that we live in a wicked world which often calumniates its most distinguished denizens, we should not allow the admiration, which all who saw must have felt while contemplating the faultless though corpulent correctness of the Frenchman's appearance, to be shaken by those slanders.

We may be permitted to suppose that such an exterior was quite in harmony with its owner's previous record. May we not also believe this record to have been pure and spotless as his well-fitting waistcoat—generous and ample as his capacious waistband?

The authorities of the Green Springs Hotel and Thermal Company were, in any case, perfectly satisfied with the upright honesty of their lessee, for although, with sage prudence, which is such a laudable accompaniment to a childlike faith, they had had M. Marius's past carefully, and "professionally," investigated, the company's manager readily informed his interlocutors that all these investigations redounded to their subject's credit; he even added a few words of praise and thanksgiving that such a phœnix had opportunely arrived at Green Springs. "In fact," said he admiringly, "the old fellow knows his business from A to Z. We couldn't possibly run the Greenock Arms without him, and if he should leave we'll have to shut up shop at the 'Arms.' For it's a job that takes an artist. Those who might have the social requisites couldn't attend to the professional part; but 'Papa Marry,' as we call him, combines all qualifications. He's the most amusing old cuss, too! Just get him started some day on his experiences! He wanted once to publish his memoirs.

"'They would be,' says he, 'more interesting than Bismarck's, Benvenuto's, or Machiavelli's,' but he always adds:

"'De reason I do not print is because no one would beleef vat I say, because I haf always tole de troot. Of course, efery one beleef all dose oder scamps say ven dey are dead, because dey was so well known to be *liars*.' (It's perfectly true, by the way) and he claims also that the only thing which has prevented his occupying the place in our world for which his talents fit him is just that he does not *lie* well enough and could never manage to be *mean* enough.

"Whether that's a correct estimate," continued the manager, "I can't pretend to judge; he seems to be a rather softhearted old chap, but lots of good gamblers are, you know, and certainly, if one could combine the skill of Marius with the entire unscrupulousness of Vanbeest

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Brock, we should have at the Greenock the very Napoleon of finance and one who would never know St. Helena. The club could never exist without him—that is sure as shooting" Those who sojourned longest at Green Springs could heartily indorse this handsome tribute, for they realized how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable a month in the mountains would seem to many a *paterfamilias* who, thanks to Marius and the Greenock Arms, passed four weeks of combined interest and excitement while his family sought for cure in the palatial thermal establishment under the energetic fist of bather or masseuse, or, if they happened to be young and non-arthritic, wandered on foot or horseback over the beautiful mountain paths where the laurel was just beginning to blush beneath a lacy veil of dogwood.

Other young people, more sportively than romantically inclined, found amusement on tennis-court or golf-links. For the enterprising management who had invented the Greenock Arms and profited by the talents of Marius, was certain to be sufficiently in touch with modern taste and times to provide other fashions of wooing the fickle goddess less crudely and under cover of skill. The array of "handicap" cups offered by the management was so formidable as almost to correspond with the list of entries for a tournament. Once indeed a facetious visitor commented on this multitude of prizes by placing a large placard before the marshalled ranks of silver-bronze pewter, on which he had scrawled:

"THE MANAGEMENT WARNS ALL CONTESTANTS THAT IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE, EXCEPT BY EXCEPTIONALLY ROTTEN PLAY, TO AVOID WINNING ONE OF THESE TROPHIES."

The season of 1913 found the charming Blue Ridge resort in the full tide of prosperity and fashion. "Every one who was any one," not already accommodated at the Greenock, was on his way or clamoring from afar for rooms. Indeed, the hotel was already crowded to an extent which made it impossible to serve or make comfortable the hordes of exacting visitors, and, as usual in these circumstances, the season was voted an immense and unqualified success.

Prosperity did not pause at the hotel only but spread her glittering mantle up the mountainside, where the Greenock

This was evidently the first visit of Mr. Cupar-Angus to the Blue Ridge.
—Page 224.

Arms, with its white-columned verandas, is coquettishly perched, and where M. Sigismond Marius, the picture of rotund and complacent enjoyment, strode absolute monarch of all he surveyed.

Never, either for quality or quantity, had he seen so good a season; the mem-

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bers of the Greenock Club were this year, according to this eminent authority, "veritablement chic."

"We haf de most solidest pik-puks of Vall Street and Nev-Pore. Mr. Vanbeest Brock was here until he make vat you call spring-cleaning of my poor little pank," and M. Marius rubbed his hands gleefully, thinking, like many another victim of the financier, that no dollars were really lost which found their way to the pockets of so great a magnate. One ingenuous youth was heard remarking optimistically: "Of course, a 'multi' like Brock doesn't *like* winning from a poor devil like me; he'll be only too glad to make it up in 'tips' on some of his stocks." How pleasant it is to encounter a hopeful, sanguine disposition in the young! and how anxiously one waits a message from this youth recounting how the symbolic bread, cast upon a golden sea, has returned to him threefold with jam and butter added!

There was always a flutter at the Springs when the great Vanbeest broke away from sordid cares and conveyed a private carload of what (for want of a better term) we may call his friends to sport and gambol in the Blue Ridge. Even the railroad manager, unwilling to confide so distinguished a traveller to the care of an ordinary employee, telegraphed up to Charlottesville for a decayed scion of the "first families," with a University of Virginia education, to meet the train at Washington and "conduct" it to Green Springs.

"We like to show him that our personnel are cultivated men, who can speak the English language," said this functionary proudly, though why he thought that the purity of the English language was dear to Vanbeest Brock has never been fully grasped.

Great was the joy of this select band of travellers when they discovered, shortly after the train, heavy with extra Pullmans, had puffed and panted up the steep grade into the station, that the former attractions of the valley were enhanced by the opening of the Greenock Arms, under the skilful stewardship of one who "knew both how to make things hum," and who was a past master in the art of avoiding scandal; who arranged the printed by-laws of the club so that no slightest discrepancy could be observed between these regulations and certain codified rules contained in musty volumes of buff-colored calf.

One brief placard in the entrance-hall laconically set forth the basic principles of the organization, and this absence of warnings, commands, and interdictions, formed one of the club's chief charms.

EVENING DRESS IS RIGOROUSLY REQUIRED
A NEW GUEST SHOULD BE INTRODUCED BY TWO MEMBERS
NO REFRESHMENTS SERVED IN THE BRIDGE-ROOM

—

INITIATION
LADIES 5 DOLLARS, GENTLEMEN 10 DOLLARS

That was all. Nevertheless, everything, thanks to the skill and tact of Marius, went as if by clockwork. He seemed both ubiquitous and infallible. There was no appeal from his decision, for he knew just what might, could, or should be done on every occasion. The Greenock was fortunate in possessing a manager of his calibre, ably exercising his high functions with malice toward none, equity, if not charity, to all.

One of the most recent arrivals at the hotel was a tall young man whose clothes, as well as the name he registered, smacked of Great (and smart) Britain. The usual idle group, pressing the office to inspect the newcomers and study the entries on the visitors' book, observed with disappointment that the handsome stranger inscribed in bold, thick characters his name and habitation:

Archibald Cupar-Angus
Toronto, Canada

They would assuredly have preferred to read a prefix to the name, with "London, England" designated as his port of hail. But one can't have everything, even in a summer hotel.

This was evidently the first visit of Mr. Cupar-Angus to the Blue Ridge. He gazed with manifest approval at the saddle-horses grouped together under the

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Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

"That will do for to-night, thanks."—Page 228.

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lofty porte-cochère, and at the party of pretty girls and dapper youths leaping or clambering to the saddles. As he strolled down the long hall, his feet sinking deep in the moss-colored carpet, one felt from his bold, frank gaze of eager curiosity, that here was a young man who sought amusement in no blasé spirit of weariness, but rather like one recently come into an inheritance and impatient to enjoy its perquisites.

This impression might have been fully confirmed by his subsequent demeanor. Passing the elevator, he entered what is known as the "Chinese Pagoda," ordered a Scotch-and-Perier, and began chatting familiarly with a sympathetic bartender.

"All this looks pretty fit," he remarked, waving comprehensively so as to include in his gesture a portion of mountain landscape with the long vista of densely thronged entrance-hall. "But I wish you'd tell me, my man, what a stranger can do to jolly himself up a bit? I'm alone, though I came on a lark, and feel rather out of it all."

"Well, sah," answered the black Ganymede, throwing an appraising glance at his interlocutor, "of co'se most folks come for the baths; I reckon you want none of *dem*, unless a dip in the swimming-pool now and then. Dere's to'naments on, sah, golf and tennis (apply to club secretary). Then I can give you what you want of *this* 'cept on Sunday. You must remember to order what you will require on Saturday night, sah; it can then be put aside fo' yo' personal use. We cannot sell any liquor on Sunday—State regulations."

"Mumme iss ze word."—Page 228.

"My faith! but you're a funny free country with your 'State regulations!'" said the Canadian, laughing. "But never mind, I'm glad I came, and would be awfully obliged if you can put me up to a few tips. I'm down here on a good old-fashioned spree and don't want to miss a trick if I can help it."

"Well, sah, you will mos' probably find

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friends in Mista Vanbeest Brock's party —that's the gayest set at the Springs. Our hotel is very respectable—but you'll 'scuse my saying (since you was asking fo' tips)—dere is one half-hour when there is no night-watchman in the corridors—first watch goes off duty at two A. M., second don't generally hurry much about coming on—gentlemen is sometimes glad to know, sah!"

"Oh, yes, thanks awfully—I see; not very useful this trip—but much obliged all the same; but isn't there some place where a fellow can pass the shank of the evening before two A. M.?

"Why, sah, there's many likes the Greenock Arms, kind of bridge club on the hill, ole man Marius's place. He starts role-ete when he's feeling good, or mebbe some sporty back-carrot—I hadn't oughter let on—the company has to kinder sorter wink at ole man Marius's games of chance—they is against State regulations, so the club has to be kinder suta-rusa."

"Well, don't mind me—I'll not mention it," said Cupar-Angus, with a short laugh, slipping a coin into the pink palm of a black paw eagerly outstretched to receive it.

"I don't know a blessed soul down here, so I can't even go there, if it's a club"—he spoke regretfully.

"Oh, law, sah! *dat* doan make no matter; it's only a kinder-sorter *club*. If you put on a swallow-tail and take an engraved pasteboard, old Marius will put you up all right—ten dollars a week is the tariff and no checks taken, not even old Brock's! Marius says he's been fooled too often by the he-lite of all nations to begin that business again! His clients must bring cold cash, 'scuse me again, sah! but I thought you might like to know so as to take the stuff with you!"

The pale eye of Archibald Cupar-Angus gleamed during this dialogue. Nor was it difficult for a casual observer to note cynically that he had surprised the pet vice, if not at least the chief weakness, of the handsome Canadian. Certainly the young man brightened up wonderfully during Ganymede's description of the charms of the Greenock Arms, and the listening onlooker who was absorbing "Tom Collins" in the corner drank in also scraps of the above conversation, watching the new arrival narrowly, with a curiously interested though world-worn smile.

This same observer was not surprised,

"I hope for the pleasure of see you again to-morrow."—Page 228.

a short time after, to find the object of his attention had donned a "swallow-tail" and was already seated at dinner when the clock struck eight. Neither was he surprised to remark that Mr. Cupar-Angus was among the first to leave the dining-room. The Canadian brushed the small table, a coveted coign of vantage near the door, quite unconscious of its occupant's apparent interest in his exit. The watcher, although he had ordered coffee, arose without drinking any and followed the Canadian down the corridor, striding level with him as they reached the massive portico.

"Beg pardon," he began politely, "if you are thinking of going up the mountain I'm strolling that way myself—glad of your company and can put you up for membership if you care to play—my name's Murgatroyd," he added as an afterthought—"T. Murgatroyd, of New York."

"Thanks, I should appreciate your

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courtesy; I'm here for a week's amusement. I *do* like play, when it's good and sporty—*is* the play sporty, by the way? or only so-so? Can one lose more than car-fare?"

His cicerone smiled mysteriously.

"That depends—it all depends on old Marry—'le grand patron'—queer old bird and clever—has to be, running this casino! He hasn't his match for keeping squeamish losers in order! and with the indignant parent of the prodigal son, he is just as good. As for the evenings when they run in disguised 'bobbies' to nail the club, why, he fairly scents them! Some nights he just says: 'Let us begin our usual game, gentlemen.' Then we know there is nothing doing, but we habitués just sit back and follow his lead, even if we have to play auction all night for a cent a point, like a lot of silly old tabbies! We know the old man never got run in yet (not on this side of the pond at least), and when all's serene and he knows it's quite safe he'll take the bank himself or push it over to that old devil Brock—in either case you can expect sport enough to satisfy your craving!"

Indeed, if to lose heavily and consistently be "sport," Mr. Cupar-Angus that evening had his fill. Many an angry eye was turned in his direction by irate ladies, proverbially bad losers, who had been following the newcomer's play, in a desperate attempt to assault capital as personified by the bank, held successively by the Wall Street broker and Sigismond Marius himself.

No emotion was visible, however, on the face of the principal victim as he rose from the table, remarking in a quiet voice: "I believe you don't accept checks, and I've come to the end of my portable cash. That will do for to-night, thanks," and he carefully counted down upon the board six thousand dollars in crisp bank-notes.

There was a sudden gleam in the expressive black eyes of the manager, which changed to a look of anxiety as he accompanied the chief loser to the door, saying politely:

"We are not used to quite such important vinnings in our so modeste establishment—I hope for the pleasure of see you again to-morrow, and help you get back some of your losses; zay were, par-bleu! too heavy for a first night."

His victim smiled, perhaps a trifle wryly.

"Oh, I shall surely come again to-morrow! Don't worry about that!" and he sauntered down the sinuous path toward the lights of the mammoth hotel, which followed the valley in a great curve, like a luminous caterpillar.

Meanwhile, the zealous director posted himself at the exit, taking pains to speak a word in season to every person present. Had he detected a subtle threat in the Canadian's parting words? or was he worried because he had let himself be carried away and had departed from his customary prudence in playing for such high stakes with a stranger in their midst? In any case, each rapidly spoken sentence betrayed his disquiet and was to the same effect, begging his patrons to observe discretion and let no hint of the magnitude of the evening losses penetrate beyond the club. The oration finished with an appeal to a "personal favor" and the "public good," and a sly wink accompanying the meaning phrase—"Mumme iss ze word."

And yet, in spite of his persuasive eloquence, some echo of the evening's doing must have penetrated to the Greenock, for when Mr. Cupar-Angus entered the breakfast-room and sought an inconspicuous table, he had the unpleasant sensation of being stared at to an extent which the distinction of his appearance could not entirely justify.

Besides causing a flutter among the guests already busily consuming "melon and cereal," he felt that even his black waiter "Jim" was gazing upon him with that air of curious and respectful awe which is accorded to a gentleman "what can jes trun roun' six thousand plunks and not turn a hair."

Impatiently conscious of the sensation he caused, the young man cut short his breakfast and, rapidly traversing the corridor, walked out along the path to the golf-links, thus to avoid meeting the influx of guests. For an eastern train had just come puffing into the near-by station, and its passengers were already entering the hotel. The knowledge that the silly story of his losses must be circulating at

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the Greenock made Cupar-Angus "feel like a fool," and, unlike yesterday, when it would have been a real pleasure to meet an unexpected friend, to-day he only desired to avoid encountering an acquaintance among the new arrivals. He feigned not to see Murgatroyd posted at the first tee, inspecting the "drive-off" of a golf tournament. But had he looked back he might have observed with some surprise that Murgatroyd seemed more interested in the direction of his stroll than in the length of the shots which were landing in an inevitable bunker. Murgatroyd followed discreetly in the Canadian's wake for several hundred yards; then, satisfied that he was taking the path to a famous mountain view, and would probably be gone some time, he turned on his heel and hurried back toward the hotel, leaving the object of his solicitude a prey to very unpleasant cogitations.

By one of the strange paradoxes of fickle fortune, who delights in adding a curse to her handsomest gifts, the "big winner" found himself in much the same mood of angry disquiet as his victim. Anxiety had pursued Marius through a sleepless night and accompanied him through half the day. He was furious with himself for his unwonted indiscretion, that inexcusable imprudence of taking, as he said, "more than a few thousand francs out of a new number."

The fabric of his success had been firmly grounded upon one maxim—moderation; he could not now blame the management if they should think fit to reprimand him. Suppose this stranger should turn out "no sport" and begin "squealing." What a predicament! A reprimand would hardly suffice—and a prompt dismissal would be his portion!

As he turned these disagreeable reflections over and over in his mind, his portly person swung suspended in mid-air, for Marius was of indolent habit. He loved to sprawl for hours in the veranda of the little bungalow which came to him as a managerial perquisite. He adored the cushioned sêttee which hung by four chains from the roof, and he was deeply attached to the modest cabin, "telle les premiers pionniers," which, however much it resembled externally these picturesque dwellings, was very different in the luxurious comfort of its installation from that of Daniel Boone.

With a long sigh he extended himself among the cushions, determining, for the twentieth time, to dismiss these unpleasant thoughts from his mind. In order to facilitate this process he picked up a heap of gayly colored journals, the *Cri de Paris* and *Le Rire*, from a low stand close by; this table offered temptingly to hand a light cherry-colored drink—a "grenadine gommé." This was Marius's favorite and strictly temperance tipple, for, like most really skilful gamblers, he carefully avoided alcoholic liquors and, being from the "midi," had a childlike predilection for "lucent syrups" and multicolored sweetmeats.

He had scarcely begun to enjoy this nectar, or the mental stimulant of the newspapers, when he was disturbed by the sound of steps on the opposite side of the piazza, which ran quite round the tiny bungalow. The steps hesitated, retreated, approached again, and a pair of shapely feet, shod in russet leather, carried their owner, whose irreproachable travelling dress of dark serge bore, to the Frenchman's practised eye, the evidence of impeccable London cut, into the confused presence of Marius, struggling to maintain a dignified attitude, which was rendered the more difficult by reason of his recumbent posture. The embarrassment of this position was considerably augmented by the fact that he was vainly endeavoring to don a black alpaca coat which had been serving for an improvised pillow.

The susceptible director of the Greenock Club, like many of his fellow countrymen, had retained unspoiled and untarnished through a life of rather sordid adventure the pristine freshness of one fixed ideal—"la femme honnête." This prodigy he adored, albeit from afar; such phenomena were not often encountered except in literature by such as he. But even when so encountered poor Marius became quite lyric in his pious adoration:

"La femme! La jeune fille exquise et candide! La digne épouse! Et la mère! Oh, la mère."

Then he would add, regretfully apologetic:

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"Such are not, alas! those whom I meet—the sweet young girl, the respected wife, the angelic mother! But when I do——

"Then, indeed, does old Marius take off his hat! Gladly would he fall on his knees in the dust, if the homage which he would there deposit might make her pleasure."

Consequently it may be imagined with what emotion he now found himself in the immediate presence of a fair type of this adored and admired species. With a trembling hand he received from her gloved fingers the flexible card on which was traced in the purple ink of the hotel-office a familiar name:

Mrs. Archibald Cupar-Angus

Emotion made it difficult to catch the drift of her hasty and broken sentences, which were to this effect:

"Oh, monsieur, what can I say to excuse? I only arrived this morning quite unexpectedly—to join my poor husband! . . . When I heard the dreadful thing about last night I was quite desperate! and oh! I am still! and so fearfully ashamed." She slipped, sobbing, into the wicker chair, covering her face until she could again find her voice.

"Oh, no! I can't, I can't. I felt that I must speak to you! for my poor little boy's sake—but it's quite impossible—oh, I should never have come!"

"Madame," said Marius, rising to the occasion, "say not that! You have done me an unparalleled honor, one that I shall never forget. For a lady—a 'grande dame'—to deign to visit old Marius! And if, as you say, it is for your child's sake, what more sacred duty? Ah, madame, wicked old reprobate as I am, even I know what it is to love an angelic—and now, alas!—all angel infant"; and he turned away to drop a furtive and obsequious tear.

"La femme! La jeune fille exquise et candide!"—Page 229.

The moment seemed propitious, and his visitor doubtless felt emboldened, for, no longer hesitating and confused, her words poured forth like a torrent.

"Yes—I knew that I was right to come! that you were all that they said . . . a big, noble, tender-hearted man, a real Frenchman. I could not be mistaken in opening my heart, freely and fully, to such a one! My aunt told me that I

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should threaten and reproach . . . menace a scandal. . . . How could I do that? I, who know only too well that it was all my poor husband's own fault, and that any publicity would fall heaviest on us. But how to avoid publicity when we can't even pay our hotel bill? It must all come out! For, oh! Mr. Marius, it is every cent we have in the world, that six thousand, our start in life! . . . five to buy the apple farm . . . and one to pay for the treatment here, to cure my poor little baby . . . before it's too late. It was infantile paralysis . . . I was to consult a specialist in New York. I went yesterday. He said:

"'Lose no time in getting the child to Green Springs—the waters are just what he needs; they will prevent his being a cripple if taken in time.'

"So I just jumped on the train, though my husband wasn't expecting me, and now, now . . ."

Mr. Marius was a man who never wasted time in hesitation when he saw his path lying plain before him. What he was to do he did without pause.

Very gravely and quietly, with measure and restraint which lent dignity to his generally too expansive manner, he now intervened.

"Madame, do not say *lost*, after what you haf just tole me; the money is my own (not the company's, I mean). I pay a very large rent, and the profits, like the losses, fall personally on me. Rather than touch a dollar of what you have destined to your child's welfare I would blow my wretched brains out. . . . As you have said, madame"—he added this with seeming irrelevance, although the connection was perfectly clear in his own mind—"as you have said, I am a Frenchman. . . . Tell your husband that I shall expect him to give his word of honor, and also sign a promise, never to play again at a public gaming-table; even this pledge, it iss fo' you, madame, that I exact it, to safeguard you and your boy!"

No weak words could express the wife's and mother's gratitude for such generosity. Her woman's instinct told her, perhaps, that no thanks could be so eloquent as silent tears and the fervent clasp in which she pressed the manager's little fat hand. Marius seemed almost more embarrassed than the lady as he hastily pressed into her palm the crumpled roll of bank-notes, stammering:

"Do not tank . . . I pray you do not tank! It is for me an unforgetable privilege to be able to help you. . . . I am proud indeed."

Conquering her emotion, while at the same time, with a gesture that seemed almost mechanical, she tucked the recovered bills into her glove, she answered very simply:

"I shall, then, say no more. . . . But never, never shall I forget! . . . In the name of my little Archie, Mr. Marius, I thank you."

She was gone, but Marius remained, plunged in long and pleasant thought. He was scarcely less mercenary, less eager for gain, than others of his profession, but he was indubitably far more sentimental than any John Okehurst of the Sierras. In this instance he felt that the price of his generous action was above rubies. He was glad . . . very glad of what he had done. If his meditations were lightly colored with a faint tinge of regret, it was only because he might not bear forever in his mind's eye the picture of that sweet child toward whom he had just played the part of anonymous benefactor. He sighed.

Like a distant echo of his sadness, the regret for a wasted and now empty life, there arose from the valley below a long-drawn minor wail, the shriek of the departing locomotive, melancholy as Macgregor's lament. It seemed to voice the dormant homesickness which lies deep in the heart of every French exile. As he watched the distant train crawl slowly out of the mountain station and disappear down the "Gap," Marius sighed again, then rising muttered: "If the train has gone it must be nine, just time to dress and seek the post of danger . . . and of honor," he added bitterly. For the first time in many years the old gambler felt dissatisfied with his profession.

Poor Marius! Never had he experienced such a shock as that which awaited him at the Greenock Arms. Scarcely was he seated at his coign of vantage when into the club, coolly sauntering, came Mr. Cupar-Angus. At first Marius only stared at this apparition which was en-

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gaged in fingering, somewhat ostentatiously, a thick roll of bills. The vision spoke with a familiar vulgarity which betokened a recent visit to the "Chinese Pagoda."

"Bon soir, Papa Marius! You won't be able to shunt me off so early to-night. I am well in funds and intend to clean out your bank before I'm through with you this evening! La Revanche! La Revanche! that's my watchword."

Sigismond Marius no longer gazed as at a ghost; he trembled with indignant emotion and his eyes flashed. Drawing himself to his full height of five feet three inches, he spoke.

"I am, sir, surprise, very surprise! You can play no more at ze Greenock! After what occur zis afternoon . . . I did not expect ze plaisir of another visit from you! It is indeed most unbecoming, quite abominable on your part. . . . The conditions were expressly stipulate . . . a written agreement, and your word of honor not to play."

The open countenance of Mr. Cupar-Angus suddenly darkened. An ugly look came into his pale-gray eye.

"Are you trying to blackmail me, you brute? You want to win my money one night and refuse me the opportunity of retrieving the next? You don't play that game with me, old cock! Why, man! I've paid a week's initiation; I'm as fully in my rights as you or any member here."

M. Marius, crimson with righteous wrath, raised his voice angrily. . . .

"It is not then my fault if you make me divulge what should have remained a sacred confidence among us three—the lady, you, and myself. You force me to repeat in company what you perfectly well know . . . that I returned every cent of your dam' losses to your wife."

"To my wife!" shouted the Canadian. "Why, you silly old dotard, I'm not married! . . ."

"Then . . . then . . ." stammered Marius, "ze lady who came . . . little Archie's mozzer! wit the dress of alezan brûlé! She is not your wife? . . ."

Mr. Cupar-Angus eyed his interlocutor with that superior scorn which most of us are in the habit of exhibiting toward anything that we have failed to understand, whether it be book, phrase, or individual.

"I tell you, man, I'm not married and haven't even spoken to a woman since I've been in your blasted valley! You must be lying, drunk, or crazy! That's all."

Chuckling with glee, Mr. Vanbeest Brock here intervened.

"Come, come!" he cried, "'explanationings not accusationings,' as you might say yourself, Frenchy! If you gave back money to a lady calling herself Mrs. Angus, who was dressed in sorrel brown with tan shoes and natty buckles, *she's* just off to New York with Tim Murgatroyd. I was down at the station myself saying good-by to Tony Beer when the couple blew in, fairly splitting their sides, by gum! We wondered what little game they had been playing. . . . Clever little lady that! and mighty popular with the gang. . . . They call her 'Decker's "Moll"' on the 'Great White Way.' She's pulled off some tough propositions. But to take in an old bird like you, Papa Marius! it's too chortling good!" and the facetious Brock went off once more into hoarse peals of laughter.

Marius was the color of skimmed milk. He did not laugh, and said very little either on that or any subsequent occasion. For he had learned how very expensive it may be to win, and was counting the cost of an exaggerated victory. From that moment the genial old gambler quite lost heart. He never again touched a card nor spun a wheel . . . and although the management brought much pressure to bear upon their former director that he might continue to exercise his functions, persuasion was of no avail, and upon the old man's firm refusal to remain in office his lease of the club was cancelled and the casino was shut.

This is the only true story of the closing of the famous Greenock Arms; of course there are two others—that which every one believes and the official version.

Although malevolent gossip still pretends that our poor hero of the green cloth was forcibly retired by an infuriated company whose confidence he had scandalously abused, there is even less truth in this slander than is contained in the official story, which latter would fain persuade us that horror of gambling and truly Roman virtue caused the State

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Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

"It was infantile paralysis . . . I was to consult a specialist in New York."—Page 231.

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legislature to multiply the difficulties which hedge the fickle goddess, and thus brought the celebrated Bridge Club to its untimely end.

Some of the visitors who lingered late at Green Springs that autumn, watching the slow demise of the declining season, may remember the comic and somewhat pathetic figure of the old Frenchman, wandering daily to the station, where the ever-dwindling stream of scanty traffic spoke eloquently of departed vanities and ruined speculations, prelude of winter and of the end.

His own was not far distant; shortly before his death, which happened early in November, Marius made one brief allusion to the subject of this tale, the only one which ever crossed his lips. He spoke with the Gallic irony often closely akin to heroic eloquence.

"It iss not *for* ze money, God knows, I am the sorriest! It is to hope that *he*, at least, is very easy on old tomfools, and will score on my bad account one good intention . . .!

"What makes me feel so sick . . . what I never forgive to myself, it is how sorry I *feel* zat day, not to have *seen* little Archie . . .!"

WHEN SHERMAN'S ARMY PASSED

BEING CHRONICLES OF CHICORA WOOD

By Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle

[SECOND PAPER]

I THINK it was in July, 1863, that we heard that my cousin, General J. Johnston Pettigrew, had been killed. This was a terrible blow and distress. Then sad news kept coming of reverses, and things looked dark. The hospitals were in great need of stimulants and mama determined to send the rye she had made to the still about twenty miles away and have it made into whiskey. Daddy Aleck took it and told tales of the dangers he had encountered on the way, so that when it was finished, he was afraid to go for it alone, and mama told Jane and me we must ride along with him and protect him, which we did, one each side of the wagon all the way.

About this time my cousin, Captain

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Phil Porcher of the navy, went out on a little vessel which had been built in Charleston Harbor to run the blockade, and nothing was ever heard of him or of any of the crew or officers. Weeks passed into months and not a word of the fate of the boat. It was terrible for Aunt Louise and her daughters. Mama wrote and begged them to come and stay with us, and they came. It was dreadful to see their sufferings. My aunt was a beautiful and heroic figure. They would not act as though they had heard of his death, for each day there was the hope that when the paper came there would be some news of him. They tried so hard to be cheerful and hope against hope. But no news ever did come. It remains one of the mysteries of the deep. He was a gallant, charming and exemplary man, and the greatest loss to the whole family and to the country.

After my aunt and cousins left, we began to bury every treasure we had. All the silver which had not been sent to Morven was packed in a wooden chest and Mr. William Evans, our nearest neighbor, came one day in his wagon to take it, as it was supposed, to the station to send it away by the railroad. Nelson went with him and they went by a winding route into some very thick woods near, and Nelson dug a deep hole and the two of them lowered it in with ropes, filled the grave and marked the spot. That was one weight off of our minds. We kept just enough for daily use. I became an expert in burying. Three sheets were a necessity; one to put the top earth on, with moss and leaves and everything to look natural, then one to put the second colored earth near the surface, and one to put every grain of the yellow clay below, one little pellet of which would tell the tale that a hole had been dug.

Charley came home for a few days on his way to Virginia, the boys at the arsenal having been called out. He was just sixteen and it was pitiful to see him weighed down by his knapsack and all the heavy things he had to march with, for he was very thin and gaunt. Mama consulted him as to what to do with the old Madeira, of which she still had a good deal packed in barrels in the storeroom. He consulted Nelson and they agreed to pack it in the big piano box which was still used as a grain bin. So the piano box was cleared out and emptied and brought into the little front porch, which it nearly filled, as there had been a room cut off from each end of the porch which originally ran the length of the house, and this left this porch with steps all the way along down to the ground, only about five steps. Here they brought hay and we all helped bring the bottles of wine up quietly from the storeroom, and Nelson, who was an expert, packed them beautifully. It was done so quietly that the servants in the yard knew nothing of it. We all went to bed at the usual hour, but at twelve o'clock Charley and Nelson got up, having provided rope, spades and everything necessary in one of the shed rooms which Charley occupied, also two pieces of round oak for rolling. They dug a hole big enough for the piano box, using sheets for the earth as I have described, and how those two accomplished it is a mystery, without help, but they did put that huge box into that deep hole, covered it up, removing the dirt which was too much and levelled the surface, raked the whole front road, and then brought the wagon and rolled it back and forth over it, making it look natural, so that in the morning there was no trace of anything unusual. Charley left the next day for Virginia, and oh, how miserable we were! Poor mama, he was her special darling, named after her youngest brother who gave his life for his friend so long ago.

Mama was kept very busy sending supplies in different directions, and having cloth spun and woven. She sent demijohns of whiskey to the hospitals, and some down to Mr. Belflowers for use on the plantation in case of sickness. (The darkies having a feeling that no woman can be safely delivered of a child without a liberal supply of whiskey.)

I cannot mark the passage of time exactly, but the report came that Sherman was advancing and there came awful rumors of what he was doing and would do. We made long homespun bags, quite narrow and with a strong waistband with a strong button, to be worn under the skirts. And into these we put all our treasures. They said every photograph was destroyed after great indignities. I

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took all my photos of my dear ones (such sights they look now, but then seemed beautiful). I put them one by one in a basin of clear cold water and left them a few minutes, when I found I could peel them off of the card; and then I pasted them into a little book which I could carry in one of my pockets. The book was brother's passport book when he was travelling abroad, and I have it now with all the pictures in it. Our kind and generous neighbor, Mrs. Wm. Evans, was a very, very thin tall woman, but when I ran over to see her during these days of anxiety and she came out into the piazza to meet me, I could not believe my eyes. She seemed to be an enormously stout woman! I looked so startled that she said:

"My dear Bessie, they say these brutes take everything but what you have on and burn it before your eyes. So I have bags of supplies, rice and wheat flour and sugar and what little coffee we had, hung round my waist, and then I have on all the clothes I can possibly stand, three dresses for one item." And then we both laughed until we nearly fell from exhaustion. And when I ran home and told mama, we had another great laugh, and oh, it was such a mercy to have a good hearty laugh in those days of gloom and anxiety. We never quite got to Mrs. Evans's condition, but we each had treasures unknown to the others concealed about us.

Things in the Confederacy were going worse and worse. It was an agony to read the papers. My sister, Mrs. Vander Horst, came home from Wilmington, bringing her maid, Margaret. Major Vander Horst, her husband, did not think it safe for her to stay any longer there. It was a great comfort to have her with us. The Yankees were reported nearer and nearer, but we never saw any one to hear positively where they were. Then one evening just at dusk two horsemen galloped up to the front door, tied their horses and came in. It was two of the Charleston Light Dragoons. They were acting as scouts for General Hampton, Julius Pringle and Tom Ferguson. They came to tell us Hampton was protecting all our troops as they left the State. They were the very last and Mr. Pringle said to mama:

"I knew you had wine and whiskey in the house and I came to beg you for God's sake to destroy it all. Do not let a drop be found in the house, I implore you."

Mama said: "But, Julius, I have not sent all that whiskey to the hospitals yet, and it is so greatly needed! I have two demijohns still."

"Oh, Mrs. Allston, I implore you, do not hesitate. Have those demijohns broken to pieces the first thing to-morrow morning."

She promised. We gave them a good supper of which they were in great need. Nelson fed the horses. They took two hours' sleep and then left in the middle of the night. As they were going, there were reports of shots on the public road which ran back of our house about four hundred yards. The two dragoons jumped on their horses and galloped off from the front door into the darkness of the night. It was an awful moment. They were gone, our last friends and protectors, and the agony in Mr. Pringle's face was indescribable.

We found the next morning that the shots had been the forerunners only of the license we had to expect. It was negroes shooting our hogs which were fat and tempting. Early the next morning mama called Nelson and Daddy Aleck and had them bring the wheelbarrow and put into it the demijohns with the precious rye whiskey and roll them to a little stream near by, and pour it into the water. We went along and it was a melancholy procession, and Daddy Aleck secretly wept and openly grumbled as he felt he had risked his life for that whiskey. As it was poured into the branch by Nelson, who also loved whiskey, Daddy Aleck went lower down the stream, knelt down and drank as if he were a four-footed beast. Then we went back and wondered how we could dispose of the two dozen bottles of wine still in the storeroom. I undertook to conceal them, and, going up into the garret, I found the flooring was not nailed down and, lifting one board at a time, I laid the bottles softly in, softly because they were placed on the ceiling laths and it was an old house. But the ceiling held and the bottles were disposed of.

After having done all he could to help mama that day, Nelson came to her and

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said: "Miss, I want you to give me some provision and let me go for a while."

She exclaimed: "Nelson, you cannot leave us when these Yankees are coming! You must not leave us unprotected."

He said: "Miss, I know too much. Ef dem Yankee was to put a pistol to my head and say, 'Tell what you know or I'll shoot you!' I cudn't trust meself. I dunno what I mite do! Le' me go, miss." So mama put up his bag of provisions and he went.

The next day she decided it was best to send Daddy Aleck off as he said if she let him go he thought he could take the horses in the swamp and save them. So he went, taking the horses and a bag of harness and all the saddles. It was a brave, clever thing of the old man to carry out. But we felt truly desolate when both he and Nelson were gone, and we only had Phibby and Margaret, Della's maid, and Nellie, Nelson's wife, and little Andrew, who was a kind of little dwarf, a very smart and competent, well-trained dining-room servant, who looked about fourteen, but was said to be over twenty.

As everything would be seized by the enemy when they came, we lived very high, and the things which had been preciously hoarded until the men of the family should come home were now eaten. Every day we had a real Christmas dinner, all the turkeys and hams were used. One day mama had just helped us all to a delicious piece of turkey when Phibby rushed in, crying: "Miss, dey cumin'!" Bruno, Jane's little spaniel, began to bark and she rushed out to the wide roofless porch where he was, threw her arms round his neck and held his throat so tight he couldn't bark, just as a soldier was about to strike him with a sword. I was terrified for her as she knelt there in the middle of the porch, holding him; but they only looked down at her, as they rushed by on each side into the house, calling out:

"Whiskey, we want liquor. Don't lie. We know you have it. We want whiskey. We want firearms." Each one said the same thing.

Mama was very calm. As they clamored, she said: "You may search the house. You will find none. I had some whiskey, but it is here no longer."

They seemed delighted at the sight of the dinner-table and for a time were occupied eating and pocketing all that could be pocketed. When the renewed cry for wine, whiskey, and firearms came, mama took from the nail where it hung the huge storeroom key and went down the steps to the storeroom, just in time to prevent its being smashed in with an axe. She opened the door and they rushed in with many insulting words. Poor Phibby was wild with terror and followed mama closely, holding on to her skirt and entreating her not to go.

"Miss, dem'll kill yu, fu' Gawd sake don' go wid dem." But mama showed no sign of excitement or alarm and never seemed to hear the dreadful things they said. They opened box after box in vain, but at last in the box under all the rest they came on a bottle and the men shouted: "We knew you were lying." The finder struck the head off with one blow and, putting the bottle to his mouth, took a long draught. Then there was a splutter and choking, and he got rid of it as quickly as possible, to the amusement and joy of the others who had envied his find. It was our one treasured bottle of olive-oil, which had been put out of reach to be kept for some great occasion.

Up-stairs in her bedroom my sister was having a trying time. She unlocked her trunk to prevent its being ripped open with a sword, and looked on while they ran through it, taking all her jewels and everything of value, holding up each garment for examination and asking its uses, each one being greeted by shouts of laughter. She, having recently come, had not concealed or buried any of her things. After disposing of her big trunk, they turned to a closet where a man's leather trunk was. They asked for the key and when she said she did not have it, they cut it open, and there on top lay a sword. Then there were howls of: "We knew you were lying. You said you had no arms." Della only answered: "I did not know what was in this trunk." It was her brother-in-law, Lewis Vander Horst's, trunk. He had been killed fighting gallantly in Virginia and his trunk had been sent home by his friends to his brother without the key.

All this time I was with another party

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who were searching for liquor, and I followed them into the garret. It was odd how impossible it was not to follow them and see what they did. I was told afterward that in most places the women shut themselves up in a room while they searched the house; but, with us, we were irresistibly borne to keep up with them and watch them. When I heard them tramping over the garret, the loose boards rattling, I flew up myself and stood there while they opened every box and trunk, taking anything of any value, every now and then quarrelling over who should have a thing. I was in misery for the boards seemed to be crying aloud: "Take us up and you'll find something. Take us up." Whenever they asked me anything, I answered with some quick sharp speech which would intensely amuse any one but the questioner, who generally relapsed into sulky silence. They seemed to be in great dread of being surprised by Hampton's cavalry whom they spoke of as "the devil, for you never knew where he was," so they did everything very rapidly.

All this time there were parties going all over the yard, running ramrods into the ground to find buried things. My terror about that big box of wine was intense, as I saw them. They even went under the big piazza at the back of the house and rammed every foot of the earth. It was a marvel that they never thought of coming to the front, having come up at the back of the house from the public road. They never even opened the gate which separated the front yard from the back, and so the great piano box was never found. Little Andrew we never had felt very sure of, and so everything about the burying of things was kept from him. As they left, Margaret and Nellie came in crying bitterly. They had taken every trinket and treasure they had, and all their warm clothes. Margaret was specially loud in her denunciation.

"I always bin hear dat de Yankees was gwine help de nigger! Wa' kynd a help yu call dis! Tek eberyting I got in de wurld, my t'ree gold broach," etc., etc. Poor Margaret had sometimes been supposed to be light-fingered and she had returned from Wilmington with a good deal of jewelry which we wondered about; but now, poor soul, it was all gone. For four days the army kept passing along that road, and we heard shouts and shots and drums beating, and every moment expected another visit, but, as I said, they moved in haste, always fearing to leave the main road and be ambushed by Hampton's ubiquitous scouts. We never went to bed or took off our clothes during that time. We sat fully dressed in the parlor, all night through, Phibby always sitting with us on the floor near the door, leaning straight up against the wall, her legs stretched out in front of her, nodding and praying. She was a great comfort. Mama tried to induce her to go to bed and sleep, saying:

"Phœbe, you have nothing to fear. They won't hurt you."

All her answer was: "Miss, yu tink I gwine lef' yu fu' dem weeked men fu' kill, no ma'am, not Phibby. I'll stay right here en pertect yu."

Mama read calmly. Della slept on the sofa. I scribbled in my journal. I will make a little extract here from the little paper book I carried in my pocket. It seems very trivial and foolish; but here it is:

"March 8, 1865. Twelve o'clock! and we still sit whispering around the fire, Phœbe on the floor nodding, Della, with her feet extended, trying to rest on the sofa, and I on a stool scribbling, scribbling to while away the time till dawn. Thank God, one more quiet day, and we so hoped for a quiet night, but a little after nine Phœbe ran in saying she heard them coming. Oh, the chill and terror that run through me when I hear that; but it proved a false alarm. . . . I never fully understood terror until now, and yet every one says our experience of them was mild. . . . They delight in making terrible threats of vengeance and seem to gloat over our misery. Yesterday a captain was here who pretended to be all kindness and sympathy over the treatment we had received from the foragers. . . . He did not enter the house. We placed a chair on the piazza and gave him what we had to eat. But when he began to talk, he seemed almost worse than any other. He vowed never to take a prisoner; said he would delight in shooting down a

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rebel prisoner and often did it! My disgust was intense, but I struggled hard to keep cool and succeeded somewhat. He asked: "Do you know what you are fighting for?" I replied: "Existence." He said, "We won't let you have it," with such a grin. . . . He said: "At the beginning of this war, I didn't care a cent about a nigger, but I'd rather fight for ten years longer than let the South have her independence." Then, with a chuckle, he said: "But we'll starve you out, not in one place that we have visited have we left *three meals*." At something Della said he exclaimed: "Oh, I know what you mean, you mean the Almighty, but the Almighty has got nothing to do with this war." Such blasphemy silenced us completely.

The tales the negroes heard from one another were terrific, as to what the Yankees had done, and what the negroes had done. We never saw any one during this time but those in the yard. Little Andrew, whom we never had felt sure of, behaved very well. We had thought he would probably go off with the Yankees, but whether his experience of them had not been such as to make him desire a closer knowledge, I don't know, but certainly no one could have behaved better than he did, laying the table with the few forks and spoons mama had managed to hide, and bringing in our scanty meals with as much dignity as if things were unchanged; and he was a help, though he never expressed devotion or the contrary, only brought in specially hair raising stories of the outrages committed on every side, many of which stories proved to have no foundation in fact.

At last the noises on the highway ceased and we knew Sherman's great army had passed on toward the North.

BUT NOT THE SEA!

By Marie Louise Prevost

WEARY, I hear thy voice; and, breaking free,
Reach the gray rocks that stretch their arms to thee,
And all my trembling body on them press.
Then, while thy surges speak, there covers me
A quietude of strange insistency.
Was ever rest
As absolute as is thy restlessness!

Slowly the power pent within thy deeps
Encompasses my consciousness. There sweeps
Through soul and body one great symphony
Of passionate life. My farthest self, undone,
Floods forth to meet thee, in full unison.
Rang ever song
Transcendent as thy wordless euphony!

. . . . .

God! When the world is old, and time is spent,
And all things are accomplished as was meant,
Fulfil the promise in Thy Majesty.
Roll back the skies and bare the vault of Heaven;
Transfigure earth with new creative leaven;—
O, Gracious God!—
Make all else new, but alter not the sea.

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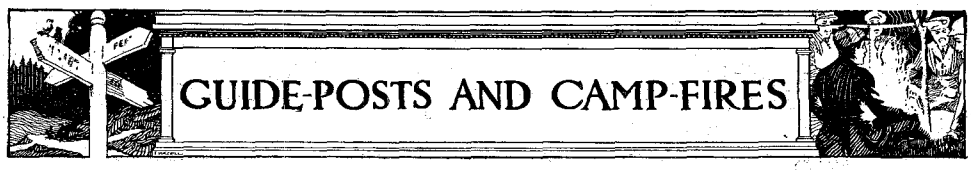

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

A MID-PACIFIC PAGEANT

[THE EIGHTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

WE live in a period of historic pageants. The world, fatigued by the monotony of manners and dress which civilization is imposing on its once gayly variegated folks, seeks a brief escape from the tiresome prospect of a standardized humanity. It loves to recall for an hour the fanciful costumes and scenes, the dramatic and symbolic actions of the past. History lays aside her dusty dignity and goes into moving pictures.

London and Paris revisualize their barbaric childhood and see themselves in the fierce conflicts and gallant enterprises of youth. Alfred repels the Danes, Charlemagne assembles his chivalry, William of Normandy conquers Britain, Columbus discovers America, Henry Hudson sails the *Half Moon* up Manhattan Bay, the Pilgrim Fathers set their possessive foot on the stern and rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, the French monks penetrate the Middle West by the broad avenue of the Mississippi, and the Spanish friars build their missions in California. The "first settlers" of North Hingham, and New Utrecht, and West Colbyville, and Calvinton, and Sauk City Centre, and Almadena, and many another place dear to its inhabitants, revisit the frail glimpses of glory and show their ancient garb and authority before their proud descendants.

The local audience gleefully recognizes the familiar performers in their unfamiliar guise. Old Bill Hodson as Columbus awakens applause which he never received as postmaster. Hi Waite, the plumber, makes an immense success as William Penn. Maude Alice Magillicuddy is ravishing as the Indian Princess with beaded leggings. The Reverend Adoniram Jump is welcomed with hilarity as Bloodeye Ben the stern and deadly Sheriff. Multitudinous laughter, and cheering, and hearty hand-clapping run around the encircling throng. But behind the noise there is an eager attention, a serious pleasure, a sense of imaginative satisfaction. The village, the town, even the conventional city, has been linked up for an hour with the wonderful past, in which strange things happened and the raiment of life was a Joseph's coat of many colors.

Were events really so much more significant and entertaining in old times than they are now? Or is it only an illusion of perspective, an illustration of the law that

> "The past must win
> A glory by its being far,
> And orb into the perfect star
> We saw not when we moved therein"?

Will the people of 2000 A. D. look back to the era when the airplane and wireless telegraphy were discovered as the true and only age of romance? Who knows? What difference? For us, in these complicated days, it is a delight to reverse our vision and see things pass before us in large outline, simpler and more striking,—perhaps truer, perhaps only easier to think we understand.

One of the most vivid and delightful pageants that I have ever seen was in April of this year, on an island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. It was memorable not for its costly splendor and famous audience, but for the clearness and significance of its scenes and the wondrous beauty of the stage on which it was set. Moreover, along with the pageant and around it, before and after, there ran an accompaniment which illuminated and emphasized its meaning and added in-

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finitely to its charm. Of this I will speak first.

The Hawaiian Islands are the *carrefour* of the watery highways between East and West. Lay a course from Tokyo to Panama, from Vancouver to Melbourne, from Seattle to Singapore, from San Francisco to Manila, from Los Angeles to Hongkong, and your lines will make a star in the sea not far from Honolulu. Two thousand miles away is the mainland of North America,—four or five thousand, the mainland of Asia,—far to southward, the sprinkled isles of Polynesia,—far to northward the rocky, frosty chain of the Aleutians. The vast sapphire solitude of the Pacific encircles the Territory of Hawaii with a beautiful isolation which the adventurous spirit of man has transformed into an opening for world-wide commerce. The lonely place has become a port of call for all nations.

You must not think of these islands as a cluster of coral reefs, embowered in palms and sweltering under the rays of a tropical sun. They are a group of five, each one large enough to make a little state in New England or Europe, and separated by wide stretches of seldom-quiet sea. From Oahu, which is the only island I visited, you can just see Molokai with the lofty peak of Maui behind it, like a lonely purple cloud on the horizon. Away to the southeast the big bulk of Hawaii, where the volcanoes are still on active duty, is lost in distance. Away to the northwest the sharp peaks and cloven valleys of Kauai are invisible. But Oahu contains in itself the makings of a tiny complete continent. There are two ranges of real mountains, which rose from the bottom of the sea some twenty thousand years ago. "By drastic lift of pent volcanic fires." Wind and weather have carved them into jagged ridges and pinnacles four thousand feet high. Between them lies the broad upland plain of Waialua and Ewa. The mountainsides are furrowed by deep glens and ravines, sharpest on the northeast side where the rains are heaviest, gentler on the south and west where the vales spread out, fan-like, into the broad sugar-plantations of the coast, and the virid fields of springing rice.

The foliage of the hills and valleys is wonderfully varied. The pale green of the *kukui* contrasts vividly with the dark green of the *koa* and the *ohia*. Long avenues of sombre ironwood-trees with drooping threadlike leaves stretch beside the road. The huge banyans and monkey-pods spread their tabernacles of pillared shade. The *hau* twists and twines its smooth trunks and branches into wide arbors, as if it were half tree and half vine. Stiff little *papayas* with round, flat tops like parasols, lift their clusters of delicious fruit as high as they can reach. Plumy mangoes conceal rich treasure among their pendent foliage. Bread-fruits expand their broad palmated leaves. The bright feathery green of the *algaroba*-trees (springing from a few seed-pods which a priest brought from the mainland in his pocket not many years ago) has flowed far and wide over the lowlands and slopes, making open groves where the cattle feed on the fallen beans, and tangled thickets full of needle-sharp thorns.

For purely tropical effect there are the bananas, with broad bending leaves, always flourishing and generally dishevelled; and the palms, a score of different kinds,—the smooth columnar royal palm with green-gray trunk and bushy head high-lifted; the slender coco-palm with corrugated bole, often slanting or curving, and heavy fruit half concealed by its tousled fronds; the rough-bodied palmetto; and many another little palm of the kind that withers and pines in the hallways of our Northern houses, but here spreads its hands abroad and wrestles gayly with the wind.

The wind,—the wind, the glorious life-giving trade-wind is the good angel of the Hawaiian Islands. It is the only big wind that I ever loved. Nine months of the year it blows out of the northeast over the lapis-lazuli plain of the Pacific, bringing health and joy on its wings. The great white clouds come with it, like treasure-fleets with high-piled sails. Above the mountains they pause, tangled and broken among the peaks. They change to dark gray and blue and almost black. They let down their far-brought riches, now in showers as soft as melted sunshine, now in torrential *douches* of seeming-solid rain. But the big trade-wind still blows, drawing down the valleys,

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tossing the palm-fronds, waving the long boughs of the algarobas and the slender tops of the ironwoods, refreshing the city streets and the sun-warmed beaches, where perhaps not a drop of rain has fallen, rustling through the fragrant gardens, and passing out to sea with a merry train of whitecaps. There you shall see him reassembling his snowy squadrons and flotillas of the air, driving them southward to refresh other thirsty islands.

It is the trade-wind that accounts for the livable and lovable climate of Hawaii, in which a native race of extraordinary beauty and strength developed, and people of America and Europe and Asia can make their homes without loss of health or working vigor. The thermometer, elsewhere a recorder of weather-torments, here loses its terrors, for it moves between 60° for winter's cold and 85° for summer's heat. Even when the sun is most ardent there is always a breeze in the shade that will cool you gently without a chill.

Honolulu is no siesta-city, where the shops are closed at noonday and the merchants retire to hammocks with large palm-leaf fans. It is a busy, thriving, modern town, which works full time every week-day, and where the telephone rings without ceasing. Its suburbs are reaching out Ewa way, Waikiki way, Nuuanu and Mañoa way, threading house after house on the trolley-lines. It has a good water-supply and a clean harbor front. Best of all, its civic life has a core of intelligence and public spirit, embodied in men and women of missionary stock, who feel that they are citizens of no mean city, and are resolved to have it *look* well and *be* well.

Yet it is astonishing how unobtrusive the city is, how little it mars the landscape. I often found myself forgetting that it was there. Our friendly hosts lived in a house with broad *lanai* and long *pergola*, on the shoulder of one of the lower hills sloping down from Mt. Tantalus. Look out between the royal palms on the terrace, and you will see the city almost submerged in a sea of greenery, like a swimmer floating on his back in tranquil waters. Beyond the long beach is a lagoon of translucent *aqua marina*, and beyond that the silver curve of the surf on the coral reef, and beyond that the intense cobalt blue of the Pacific. To the left lies the fulvous shape of Diamond Head, like a lion *couchant*, looking out to sea. Farther to the east, and sweeping around into the north, rise the dark peaks of the Koolau Range, embracing the Manoa Valley. Here and there you see the roofs of houses among the trees, the long arcades of Punahou School, the white façade of the College of Hawaii, the many windows of the Mid-Pacific Institute,—(never a place with so many fine schools as Honolulu!). But for the most part it is a tree-top view, like that from the cottage in the last scene of "Peter Pan."

Under the trees, and clambering over them, what flowers and vines! Tall hedges of hibiscus all abloom with scarlet and white and rose and crimson of every shade: masses of climbing Bougainvillea covered with light purple or flame-colored flowers: fragrant plumarias with clusters of pale white, or ivory yellow, or shell pink: lilies, milk-white or tawny orange: allamanda vines thickly set with rich golden trumpets, and honeysuckles with coral red: oleanders, white and rose: acacias, drooping aureate plumes, or clustering pink blossoms like apple-trees in May: intense burning red of Poinsettia and Poinciana: heavenly blue of a tree whose name I do not know, but whose rare beauty I shall never forget. They tell me that later in the season the long wall around Oahu College, where the night-blooming cereus covers the stones, will break into a glory of white bloom. But I can't wait for that.

The sea is as rich in colors as the land. The water changes its hues like peacock-feathers. The fish beneath it are vivid as if they had been dipped in rainbows. You may see them in glass tanks at the Aquarium,—weird, amazing creatures, some with long bills like birds, others with floating plumes and pennants,—streaked and striped and speckled, as if a mad painter had decorated them. I could not get rid of the feeling that they had been fabricated for the amusement of the visitor. But when I went on a picnic in the lonely, lovely bay of Hanama I saw them and caught them among the coral and lava rocks, at the foot of huge cliffs where

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the long waves rolled and broke in fountains of high-spouting foam. Those fish were quite as quaint as their cousins in the Aquarium: pale green, fringed with azure and banded obliquely with broad strips of black; bright blue, with orange fins, and on the sides a damascened pattern of mauve and apple-green; dark green, bordered with dark blue, and inlaid across the body with lozenges of crimson.

I tell you we caught fish there that were absolutely incredible. I disbelieved in them even while they flapped upon the rocks. But one I firmly believed in,—the golden giant, with a beak like an eagle's and a tail like a lyre-bird's, which the lady avowed she saw swimming disdainfully around her hook in the clear water. She angled for him with the patience of a saint, the hope of a poet, and the courage of a hero. The waves swirled about her knees; the spray dashed over her shoulders; her mind was firmly set upon that preposterous, scornful fish. But she never caught him. That is why I believe in him.

On the way home from our motor-rides we would stop at some convenient place,—oftenest at the long beach of Kahala,—and have a swim in the sea. The water was warm, and soft as silk. Within the lagoon it was still, but on the reef beyond the big waves were roaring, (as Bottom says,) "gently as any sucking dove." Bathing in the Pacific is a pastime fit for Paradise. I trust that some equivalent substitute for it will be provided in that world where, St. John tells us, "There shall be no more sea."

At Waikiki Beach we tried the surf-riding in a long, narrow, outrigger-canoe. You paddle out a quarter of a mile, beyond the breakers; then you wait for a big roller,—a *decuman*, the Romans called it, believing that the tenth wave was always the largest. But the muscular Hawaiian boy who steers, (adequately clothed in a loin-cloth and his bronzed skin,) knows nothing of Latin superstitions. He feels by instinct when the roller is coming; swings the dugout toward the beach and gives a yell; everybody paddles hard; the water swells beneath us, rises, sweeps forward, breaks into foam; and the canoe is carried swiftly on the crest, smothered in spray,—impelled by an immeasurable force, yet guided straight by human will and skill, unable to turn back, yet safe in darting forward,—till the wave sinks in soft ripples on the sand. That is the joy of motion: to ride on something that is infinitely stronger than you, and yet to be the master of your course. It is the thrill of tobogganing, skate-sailing, air-planing, surf-riding,—to feel yourself borne along by the irresistible, but still the captain of your own little ship!

I have delayed too long, perhaps, in the description of the scene and the accompaniments of the Mid-Pacific Pageant of which I set out to tell you. Yet here (and often elsewhere in the world,) the stage belongs to the play, and the *décor* is part of the action.

In the spacious park of Punahou School, (founded by the missionaries,) there is a broad playground called Alexander Field, (given by the descendants of missionaries,) and behind this rises Rocky Hill, a considerable height, with grassy slopes strewn with blocks of lava, and a shallow valley in the centre, leading by easy gradations toward the summit. The usual arrangement of an outdoor play is reversed. The audience and the chorus occupy the level: the actors move in the amphitheatre above them, going and coming by their palm-screened exits,—*makai*, seaward,—*mauka*, toward the mountains.

Seven hundred voices are in the chorus, gathered from various schools and colleges, including Hawaiians, Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Porto Ricans and Caucasians. In the audience there seem to be ten or twelve thousand, scattered over the playing-field and the grassy slopes and terraces around it. The pageant represents the history of Hawaii for a hundred years, from the arrival of the first missionaries from New England in 1820, down to the present day. It is difficult to compress so long a period into so short a show. To tell the truth, there are some ancient ways and manners in the record which must be left invisible; and some modern episodes which the most raging realist would not care to put upon the stage; and some political complications and intrigues which not even the

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most confidential chorus and the most elaborate tableaux could fully present. But the main story, the story of the things that really count and signify, is simple enough. Miss Ethel Damon has told it with admirable skill in her scenario and text; and Miss Jane Winne has preluded and accompanied it with excellent music.

The performance opens with Beethoven's "Hymn of Creation," rendered by the Hawaiian Band. Then comes a choral overture suggesting the state of civil war on the islands, the unrest and confusion caused by the old *tabu* system, and the comparative unity and peace brought by the victories of that beneficent tyrant, Kaméhaméha I, the Charlemagne of savages. Then comes the appeal to the imagination through the eyes, in color, movement and human action.

You must know a little about the history in order to follow the story closely, and to supply in imagination the darker elements of human sacrifice and infanticide and drunkenness and debauchery which so nearly turned the Hawaiian drama into an irremediable tragedy. But even without this knowledge you can feel the magic of the scene; the glorious setting of the play between the mountains and the sea; the little human shapes coming and going along the grassy trails, among the scattered rocks and wind-tossed trees; bare, brown arms and legs glistening in the sun, many-colored garments fluttering in the breeze, files and groups and crowds of men and women and children forming and dissolving around certain dominant figures,—a chapter of the human romance, unfolded on the breast of nature, beneath the open sky, in the light of the Eternal Presence.

The first picture shows the royal state of Kaméhaméha the Great, the native conqueror of the islands. Ancient rites and customs are displayed: old women beating bark for *tapa*-cloth, old men preparing *poi*, chiefs and chiefesses paying homage, commoners bringing their tribute of food and garments, all prostrating themselves before the monarch; a procession of soldiers and priests, carrying tall standards of war and hideous idols, the ugliest and most sacred of which is the red god of battle; a great feast spread on the ground; *hula-hula* dancing by beautiful damsels with mild reservations. It is a confused, barbaric scene, dominated by the tall old King in his cloak and helmet of red and yellow feathers. He is gloomy and unsatisfied, all-powerful and sad: his red god gives him no counsel for the using of his power. He vainly seeks enlightenment from his oldest priest and from one of the white men in his train. Silent and sombre, "the Lonely One" stalks off toward the sea, and the crowd melts away.

The second picture shows the breaking of the ancient *tabu* system and the destruction of the idols. The new King, Liholiho, is afraid at first, but his reluctance is overcome by the Queen, and the Queen Regent, who is in effect the most powerful person in the islands. It is the women who have suffered most from the tyranny of *tabu*, which forbade them to eat with their fathers, husbands, or male children, and prohibits them from using the most nourishing foods, under penalty of death. Womanhood rebels. The Queen eats a forbidden banana with her little son. Thus the *tabu* is badly cracked if not smashed. The Queen Regent argues, (and perhaps threatens,) with the King until he yields. The idols are thrown down, trampled under foot, burned. The bands of ancient, cruel superstition are loosed.

(But note here, reader, a strange fact unknown to the audience. The native Hawaiian actors cast for the part of iconoclasts, alarmed by the mysterious death of one of their number a few days before, declined to play the rôle of idol-breakers. Their place has to be supplied by Filipino and Chinese actors, whose subconscious minds have no roots of association with these particular images. Even in the twentieth century, as the Romans said long ago, "you can't expel nature with a pitchfork,"—nor with a pageant.)

The third and fourth pictures show the arrival of the Christian missionaries from New England,—seven men and seven women, with five children,—and the beginning of their work. The crisis of peril in their first reception, the gentle persuasions by which they win a welcome and permission to stay, the busy-ness of their early days in teaching the gentle savages

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the rudiments of learning and the arts of peace, are well depicted. The contrast in dress between the styles of New Haven and of Hawaii in 1820 is striking. The compromise invented for the native women in the shapeless form of the *holoku*, (a kind of outdoor nightgown,) is not altogether successful, but brilliant colors save it. Conch-shells call the children to open-air schools. Spinning-wheels are brought out. Needles get busy. A great white cross is disclosed at the top of the hill. Allegorical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, clad respectively in blue, pale green, and rose *chiffon*, flutter around, pretty and futile as allegorical figures usually are. The new era has begun. The details of hard work and struggle and danger and privation are written in the diaries and letters and records of the missionaries. Only the symbolic picture is shown here,—Christian love and courage setting out to rescue a generous, warm-hearted race from the degrading vices of so-called civilization without a religion, and to heal the poison-sores left by the fetters of hoary superstition.

The most dramatic episode in the story is shown in the fifth picture. Kapiolani, a noble princess of the islands, resolves to defy the goddess *Pele*, fierce mistress of undying fire, who dwells in the seething, flame-spouting crater of Kilauea. The princess, personated by a stately Hawaiian woman, climbs the crag on which a mimic volcano has been built. The volcano emits sufficient red fire and black smoke to suggest the terrifying reality to the imagination. The princess picks the sacred berries, which it is death to touch on the way up the mountain, stands on the brink of the crater and eats them, scornfully tossing the stones into the lake of fire and crying "Jehovah is my God!" The great defiance is accomplished and the power of *Pele* over the souls of men is broken. Tennyson wrote one of his latest poems, *Kapiolani*, on this theme.

(But remember, reader, what happened only a few years ago in the wonderful Bishop Museum, where the antiquities of the island are collected. A miniature *heiau*,—temple of the old gods,—was set up in the central hall. It was almost completed; council-chamber of the priests, enclosure walled with blocks of lava, black altar overshadowed by grinning idols,—all done but the slab for human sacrifice. A Hawaiian youth, working upon the roof, stepped by accident on the glass skylight of the hall, and fell through. His head was shattered on the altar, his blood stained the sands around it. Crowds of the Hawaiians came to look at the place. They shook their heads gravely and whispered one to another: "That was the only way,—no human sacrifice, no temple!")

Come back to the pageant on the sunny hillside. The four remaining pictures display the reign of law under the Magna Charta of King Kaméhaméha III; the development of modern industries; the union of Hawaii with America in 1898; and a review of the progress of a century. There is considerable allegory in the presentation; but the redeeming touch of reality is ever present in the fact that the chief actors are the descendants of the missionaries and of the Hawaiians whom they came so far to teach.

In the last scene more than two thousand people, from all the Christian Schools and the so-called "constructive agencies" of all races on the islands, take part. With waving flags and many-colored banners they stream up the green hill. Forming a huge open triangle, with the point toward the great cross at the top, the living symbol hangs poised in the light of the descending sun. The palms wave and rustle in the breeze. The white surf murmurs on the distant reef. The blue Pacific heaves and sparkles far away. The light clouds drift across the turquoise sky. Over the fair stage and the finished pageant sounds Haydn's glorious hymn, "The Heavens are Telling the Glory of God."

Shall I leave my story of pictures, impressions, memories, and hopes in Hawaii, just there? What can I add to it that may not darken counsel by words without knowledge?

The beautiful territory in the sea is full of people now, gathered from many lands, speaking diverse tongues, and thinking different thoughts,—Hawaiians and half-Hawaiians, Caucasians, Filipinos, Koreans, Chinese, and 120,000 Japanese,—as many from Nippon as from any four of the other races. Problems of race-mix-

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ture, of education, of capital and labor, of civic progress or reaction, of democratic government without class tyranny, must be met and solved. The people of Hawaii have their work cut out for them. The Government of the United States must stand by them steadily. There will be showers, storms, tempests of unrest; but I think there will be no cataclysm of destruction. The spirit which guided the missionaries will prove equal to its new tasks. The music of hope will lead onward for the glory of God. And in due time there will be a new star, a bright tranquil all-Pacific star, in the flag of the American Union.

MY mother detested slang. The use of slang expressions was to her something very closely akin to making up a bed without properly airing it or going to a party without a clean handkerchief.

My Mother's Slang

When my sister or I used some of the slang of our day, she used to say plaintively that she couldn't think where we got hold of such expressions. Had any one said to me then that my mother used slang I should have been incredulous and very likely indignant. While I considered my own right to a latitude of language inalienable to my youth, I felt, if only subconsciously, that mothers (and especially mine, who was of the good old-fashioned variety of genuine mothers) were different. One would no more expect them to use slang than one would expect them to wear short skirts, or dance, or ride a bicycle, or want the largest helping of ice-cream. I am sure if I had heard my mother say "rubberneck" or "for the love of Mike," the sound of such words on her lips would have horrified me even more than they horrified her when she heard them on mine.

It was only recently that the great revelation came to me. Harking back to my childhood I had used one of my mother's favorite words, "rambunctious," and was promptly asked what it meant by a person who had not had the advantage of being brought up in New England. Surprised at her ignorance, I explained at once that it was my mother's word for—well, for what? I had to put my reluctant brain to work before I could find words that gave even a faint flavor of what mother meant when she said: "Now you children, you clear right out of this kitchen, you're getting altogether too rambunctious." Not satisfied with my own definition, I finally sought Mr. Webster's aid. Rambunctious was not in the abridged on my desk. When I had turned, grumbling at the words they select to leave out of the abridged, to the unwieldy colossus in the hall, I could scarcely believe my knowledge of the sequence of the alphabet. But a careful resurvey failed to find me tripping. Rambunctious was not there. The dictionary passed blithely on from rambler to rameal (the same as ramal, if you *must* know).

As I laid the dictionary down, a new light burst upon me. Rambunctious was not a word in good standing. What was it then but the slang of an older generation. *My mother had used slang.* All the time she was bewailing the language of the new generation (as always the most unmanageable and radical generation that ever made moralists wonder what the world was coming to, and Aunt Tabitha refer dismally to the happy times forty summers ago when she was a girl and they never did so), my mother herself was using the slang of her day and generation.

Since that time I have been collecting my mother's slang as I found myself using it. The next phrase to be added to my collection after I had safely laid away "rambunctious" in the lavender of memory ("rampageous," by the way, is the nearest synonym of any word indorsed by Webster) was the phrase "spudge around."

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Again I could hardly believe my eyes when the dictionary passed obliviously from spud (not a potato, at all, but a spear) to spue. "Spudge" was one of my mother's favorite and most forceful words, frequently used in the hope of accelerating our dressing in the morning. Why is it, by the way, that a child who is like quicksilver in his motions all the rest of the day will dawdle over his dressing? Can it be because he has so recently laid aside the trailing clouds of glory (which had no troublesome buttons and buttonholes) and unconsciously resents the prison-house of conventional clothing into which he is being ruthlessly driven? That theory ought to delight the student of child psychology in his eternal quest for ways to make life a little easier for the child and a little harder for the parent, but I am afraid my mother would not have cottoned to it. "I'd like to see *him* trying to get three dawdling children ready for school," I can hear her say. "I guess he'd soon be trying to make them spudge round a little."

This vigorous phrase also associates itself with my memory of my mother's relations with the hired girl, whose composite personality holds as vivid a place in my memories of childhood as that of any other member of the family. My mother did not quite venture, even in those days of relative independence, to use that phrase to the girl, but it was a favorite in referring to her. She never saw any one so slow, my mother asserted (it mattered not of which); she moved like cold molasses; if she would only *spudge* around, get her work done, she'd get out in some kind of season.

There were six in our family in those days, we lived in a rambling, old-fashioned house with steps up here and steps down there, thick carpets on every floor, six kerosene-lamps to be filled daily, a kitchen that would have made a perfect bad example for a household efficiency expert (my mother used to call the trip from the dining-table to the ice-chest in the shed a Sabbath-day's journey), and the girl did all the heavy part of the routine work, much of the plainer cooking and all the washing, including sheets and pillow-cases for six beds. I think she received some three dollars a week for these labors, and I well remember, when she asked for three and a half, the family councils as to whether to yield to her extravagant demands or to let her depart and take one with ideas less "high falutin'" (my mother's slang again).

Another expression that sometimes took the place of "spudge around," or in severe cases was used as supplementary to it, is that wonderful New Englandism "git up and git." Did you ever know a noun (for as such it is used) that had a more racy fulness of meaning than that? The world, as Mr. Burgess has so well remarked, is divided for each one of us into two classes, the classifications varying according to our outlook. With some the classification is the people who eat olives and the people who don't, with others (himself among them) the Bromides who use Bromidioms and the Sulphides who don't. To a true New Englander the sheep and goats were separated by that one great test. Had they "git up and git," or had they not?

It would be treason to some of my most cherished memories to pass on from those two phrases without stopping to chronicle a further plea which, although it is not exactly a slang expression, is laid away with them in my lavender of memory. When we had been vigorously appealed to "to spudge around" or to "show some git up and git," mother would sometimes soften her urgency by adding: "To-day's Monday, to-morrow's Tuesday, next day's Wednesday, here's half the week gone and no work done yet." When she first said that, she explained to us that it was what her mother used to say to her, and after that I always liked to hear it because it worked for me that misty miracle which every child loves to contemplate and never more than half believes—my mother a little girl with a mother of her own telling her to do things.

Sometimes mother's slang was only a slight contraction or variation of some accepted word, but the variation always had a good deal more richness of suggestion than the legalized word. Take for instance mother's word "finicky." Doesn't that make you see the kind of child you would like to borrow for the sake of spanking him, picking at his food and whining that he doesn't want this and doesn't like that, much better than if the dictionary word "finical" were used to describe him?

Another word of somewhat similar construction to "finicky," but without its close alliance to a word accepted by Webster, was "pudgicky." Pudgicky seems to have

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sprung full-formed out of some one's need of vigorous expression. The word "pudgy" is in the dictionary, but there is no connection between its meaning of "fat" or "stodgy" and what mother inferred when she said that one of us children seemed to be "pudgicky" this morning. I wish I might know whether the readers who have not heard the word before (if such there be) can guess by instinct or by the help of onomatopœia just what that word means. Please first make your guess and then check it up by the next sentence. When one got out of the wrong side of the bed in the morning, one's disposition was referred to as pudgicky.

Most of mother's words I have heard elsewhere in homes where they are as much heirlooms as the old china or the sampler or the piece of Chippendale (even though those who have this rich inheritance do not recognize them as such), but now and then there is one that I have never happened to hear from any lips but hers. Such a one is "rideout." What does it mean? I can tell you best by using it in the one way in which my mother always used it. "My goodness," she would say when she came into a room where we children had been playing house some rainy afternoon, "what *have* you children been doing? This room certainly looks like rideout." Go into your children's playroom some rainy afternoon and I think you will know what "looks like rideout" means.

Another phrase which I have never heard any one else use is the one my mother employed to describe an overornamented room that tried to achieve grandeur and succeeded only in being mussy, or an overelaborate costume in which too much ornament attempted to conceal bad lines. "She looks," mother would say of the wearer of such a costume, "as if she tried to and couldn't."

"Got his comeuppance" is a more familiar phrase and one to which I notice a tendency to return. Several times of late I have fallen upon it in the magazines of the day either in that form or the slight modification "got come up with." It is, I think, an excellent revival. Surely no other phrase in our language expresses our satisfaction at seeing the wrong-doer in life or the book "get his" as well as that. "Poetic justice" is a weak phrase of inbred lineage compared to that vigorous, compelling child of the people,—"got his comeuppance."

Over and over again since I have begun to take notice of it, I have found myself using mother's slang. My collection of it is one of my most intimate and vital memories of her. Surely slang like that has a right to live. Inevitably I wonder if this present day is furnishing us with such a heritage. Will my children look back to their mother's slang with affection and hand it on to their children?

I should like to think so, but I am assailed by doubts. We use our slang so hard these days that I am afraid it is completely worn out when we finish with it, and hardly worth handing down. And besides, is it not—like the furniture of to-day—more cheaply made than the slang of an older day? Isn't much of the slang of this generation manufactured in the word factory of some writer of musical comedy or stage patter instead of in the home or the village shop where our grandfathers' slang—and furniture—was made?

Some Possibilities of Progress

THE soul of man has been a chief topic of speculation from prehistoric times. All men have to die, and this consciousness will exercise an influence on how they live, whether they believe in a future state of rewards and punishments or look forward only to living after death in the memories of mankind.

The evidence of paradise is not sufficient to convince one who does not care to believe. Doubtless the atheist and the agnostic have their rewards, but not in this life on earth—though Bradlagh may have got a curious emasculated joy from his denunciations of the possibility of God. Yet Bradlagh did protest too much. The very spectacle of men come together to inveigh against the existence of the Almighty indicates the important place which he holds in their lives.

The most important discovery made in man's investigations of the universe is the law of evolution. To every thoughtful person, on first grasping the import of this doctrine, comes the question at what particular point in the ascent of man did he become possessed of a soul. Religious people whose faith outruns their knowledge or intellect hesitate to consider this question. Let them be; but you and I cannot go on and leave this undemolished spectre in our rear.

The answer, as given by Sir Oliver Lodge, is that man had a soul when first he became

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aware of the promptings of his conscience: when he responded to a sense of shame. Ay, that is the great distinction between man and the beast. A tiger or a cow has no conscience, and so no soul. They are mere bags of water responding automatically to stimuli. Certain circumstances, mirrored in their brains, will produce foretellable reflexes as surely as the levers control the man-made machine.

Man, too, is largely an instinctively reacting motor—and yet ever and again an innate sense of right and wrong comes between the sensory sensation and the motor impulse, and stays his hand. If he disobeys this monitor his punishment is inevitable. He will even kill himself to escape its tortures.

Man cannot explain this thing, but his life is governed by it. If one be born without it his fellows call him mad, and, so far as they can, render him impotent for good or evil.

Raymond reported from the Beyond that his dog was with him. Has, then, a dog a soul? Quite possibly, as a kind of corollary to man's soul. With perhaps the exception of the elephant, the dog is the only animal which gives any indications of conscience or a sense of shame. He has lived so long with man that he has caught something of the human spirit. It is not for nothing that we speak of a "hangdog" look; and the calendar of dog's sacrifices—even of his life—for man or for what he conceives to be his duty comes down from the mists of the early days of man's nativity. Affection in a horse is merely a lively sense of favors to come; in a dog it reaches the heights of selflessness.

With the fate of Hamlet before us we should beware of too continual reference to fundamentals. Introspection leads to spiritual self-consciousness, and the soul thrives best in the man who does his duty in that state of life to which he is called. When one realizes that material success is not synonymous with happiness, one can rest one's soul in peace.

The church is a necessary medium of expression for some, but not for all. It furnishes a sphere of activity quite independent of any accountability to earthly employers, and for those whose calling here is humble and apparently unimportant this opportunity for exercising discretion in transcendent matters is something that makes life worth living.

This aspiration for a soul-satisfying occupation is common to all mankind. It lies at the base of our labor troubles and the unrest of the world. It breeds heroism and crime. It makes for selfishness and for sacrifice. It is the great neglected factor in our industrial system, the ever-present modifier of the logical laws of economics.

Once the fact of life after death be scientifically established so as to be accepted universally, it will affect the relations of men far more fundamentally than the demonstration of the law of evolution. Not one man in a thousand is aware of the extent of the operation of evolution, yet its acceptance by the world colors all his life.

Now I confess that I have discussed these matters with John, my gardener, in the intervals of his evening ministrations to my vegetables, and with somewhat disappointing results. John believes, so he says, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and adheres to the account of creation given in Genesis in preference to that offered by Darwin. Indeed, the day after I explained Mr. Darwin's theory to John I was visited by the local Methodist minister, so that I suspect that John was previously unaware of the doctrine of evolution. In view of the fact that I had supposed that it was universally accepted, this was somewhat disconcerting to me, and considerably confirmed John in his opinion that I was unreliable and irreligious. The Methodist minister also assured me that I was mistaken in thinking that most men had doubts of the existence of paradise. In fact, he mentioned so many examples, including John, of firm believers that I was quite confounded.

He finally asked me why I went out of my way to assume the acceptance of the truth of evolution, as to which there was much doubt, and to doubt the general acceptance of the existence of heaven, which he had just demonstrated. I admitted I was mistaken.

But some day I am going to ask that rascal, John, whether he believes the earth goes round the sun; and if he says of course he knows it does, I am going to ask him what makes him think so. He will not know, but when he accepts the existence of a hereafter with the same part of his mind that he now accepts the theory of the solar system, whether he understands it all or not, there will be a profound change in this world.

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THE FIELD OF ART

E. L. HENRY, N.A.

AN APPRECIATION

By Lucia Fairchild Fuller, A.N.A.

IN 1841 there did not exist in America what one could precisely call a fashion in art. So far as æsthetics went, a calm and static period was over the land, and into this period, in South Carolina, on January 12 of that year, Edward Lamson Henry was born. It is not often that the date and place of a man's birth are of any great relevance in regard to his later work in the world, but in E. L. Henry's case the tie between his early influences and his later production is so intimate that the fact must be immediately told, and should be kept in consideration.

From Mr. Henry's Sketch-book.

Among the old Southern gentlefolk with whom Mr. Henry's early years were spent there was as simple an assurance of good faith as is to be found in any of his paintings; as passionate and as exact an interest in early American history; as great a polish of surface; as fine an appreciation of finish in detail. There was also the same self-respect and belief in their own standards; such as that which led Mr. Henry through all his long life to continue painting the sort of subjects which he had begun by painting, and in the same manner in which he had first treated them; as unconscious apparently of the changing fashions in art as the true gentleman of South Carolina remained unconscious of the changing fashions in thought and in manners during his day.

For there are fashions in art and in thought as definitely as there are in dress, and just as it takes a great lady to ignore the one, so it takes a high character to ignore the other. While every little shop-girl has to wear a skirt of the "right" length, a hat of the "right" shape, a sleeve full or narrow, short or long, according to the latest dictates of fashion; while every native of a South African tribe must put on nose-ring or feathers exactly as fashion prescribes, a duchess in London may go to a social function in shabby clothes, dressed in a way our little shop-girl would despise. Indeed she often does so, for, with her, realities have long since taken the place of appearances, and the duties and responsibilities of her position are to her of greater moment than her costume. In such an old, long civilized place it is in fact almost axiomatic that indifference to dress proves good breeding; just as in every country, in the realms of thought and art, as well as in the lesser one of dress, a sincere disregard of fashion is apt to prove the existence of some standard which more than takes fashion's place. But by the disregard of fashion I do not mean the conscious courting of eccentricity—which amounts quite simply to "bad form," worse form, truly, than being fashion's slave. The existence of a standard must always be found before any height of character can be proved, and such a standard usually rises higher than intellect, higher than courage itself.

It is such a standard as Pasteur held in the midst of a society where, if any one wished to be classed among the "intellectuals," he was forced to embrace agnosticism to avoid being set down as a hope-

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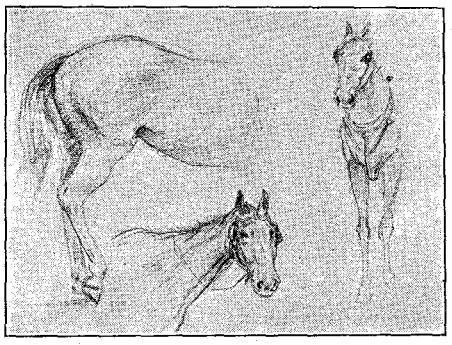


From Mr. Henry's Sketch-book.

less back number mentally. To one of these modish agnostics who scornfully asked Pasteur how, as a scientist, he could still cling to old superstitions, and go to Mass every day on his way to his laboratory, Pasteur made his famous reply:

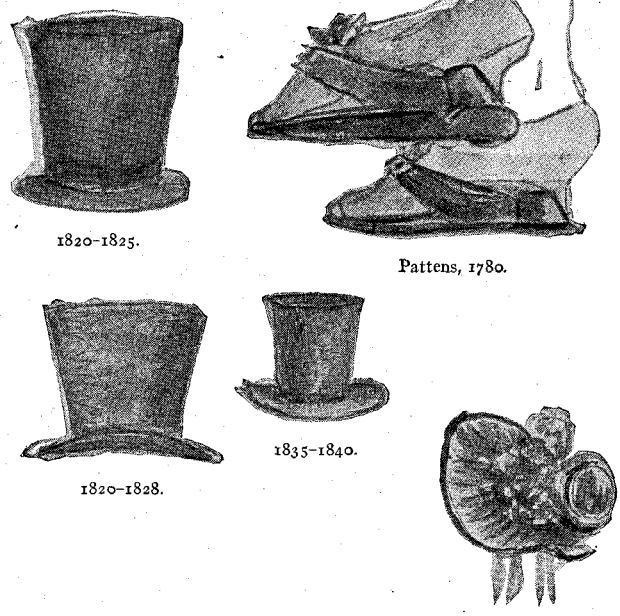
"Remember," he said, "I know very little. I am only a Breton peasant, with a simple Breton peasant's piety. If I knew more," he added, "I might hope to have the piety of a Breton peasant's wife."

There is something of that same high simplicity in the way in which E. L. Henry held always to the conception of beauty in which he was reared. There is certainly the same steadfastness.

His early art education was given him in Philadelphia, in New York, and later in Paris, where for a short time he studied under Courbet. The technique of painting he learned, and learned thoroughly; but his æsthetic principles seem to have remained throughout unchanged. He did not search through the history of painting, and choose among the different periods and schools what seemed to him the highest ideal to follow (as Kenyon Cox did, later), but with the unconscious love of a child he clung to the particular form of beauty in which he had been brought up, the care for fine flowered materials, for smooth warmth of color, for historic and actual truth in detail.

Very early in his life he began to exhibit the pictures he created. Very early, and soon after his return to America, a great success came to him. In 1869, when he was only twenty-eight years old, he was elected a National Academician; which was then, as it is now, a very high honor for any American artist, and which has almost never been attained by a man so young.

His pictures were very popular and sold readily. Indeed, at that time they were fashionable, and American buyers sought eagerly to possess each of his quaint scenes of New England colonial—or especially early nineteenth-century—life as they appeared. From the first these pictures had a quaint and deeply personal touch, making every one of them memorable. Sometimes they represented interiors where slim, ringleted maidens sat in flowered muslin gowns. Sometimes the subject would be a couple driving in some primeval buggy, rendered in each particular with the utmost historic



1820–1825.

Pattens, 1780.

1820–1828.

1835–1840.

Yellow, edge black.

From Mr. Henry's Sketch-book.

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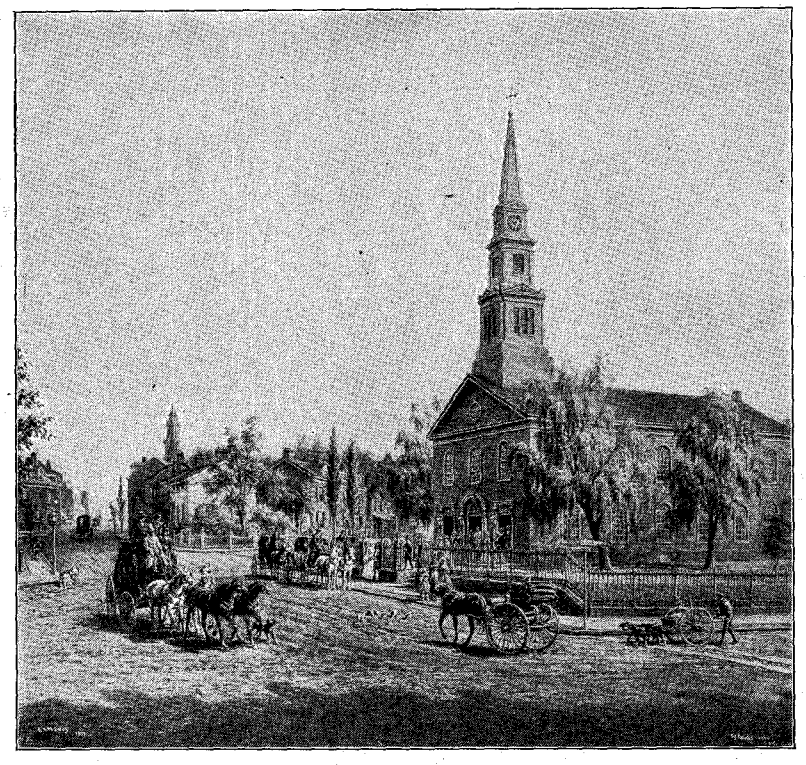
accuracy—a young man in shining high hat, in lavender pantaloons, and a bottle-green coat of huge bygone lapels, escorting a dainty and pelissed young lady who nestled by his side. A handsome colonial house might be in the background, or an historic tavern, painted with the same meticulous care for the facts of truth as were the old vehicle and the costumes of its occupants.

torical Society at Albany, is a more ambitious and a more important piece of work. But this "New England Railway Station" sold for the then large price of five hundred and thirty dollars, and was admired by every picture lover in the land.

His success and fame, however, did not turn Mr. Henry's head. He was pleased, naturally, but he was also indifferent. In



Old St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie.
By permission of Mrs. E. L. Henry.

The accompanying illustrations show several of his pictures, and give a better idea of them than mere description can. Some may be of later date than this first period of his greatest success, but as all who knew him are aware, neither his subjects nor his method of treating them ever changed.

In 1876 when his picture named "Railway Station—New England" was exhibited, he may be said to have reached his highest pinnacle of national fame, although his large picture, of the first railway train in America (on the old Mohawk and Hudson, now the New York Central), which hangs in the His-

the studio which he had built for himself at Cragsmoor he continued to live with the same simplicity as before; and he continued there to paint, with the candor and the ardor of a youth.

What to another nature would have seemed bad days were ahead of him; but to a man of his sincerity, his deep unquestioning love of the beautiful as he conceived it, and his unflagging interest in scenes and dress of long ago, "bad days" were powerless to come. He was protected from them as if by a magic circle made through the agency of his own pure heart.

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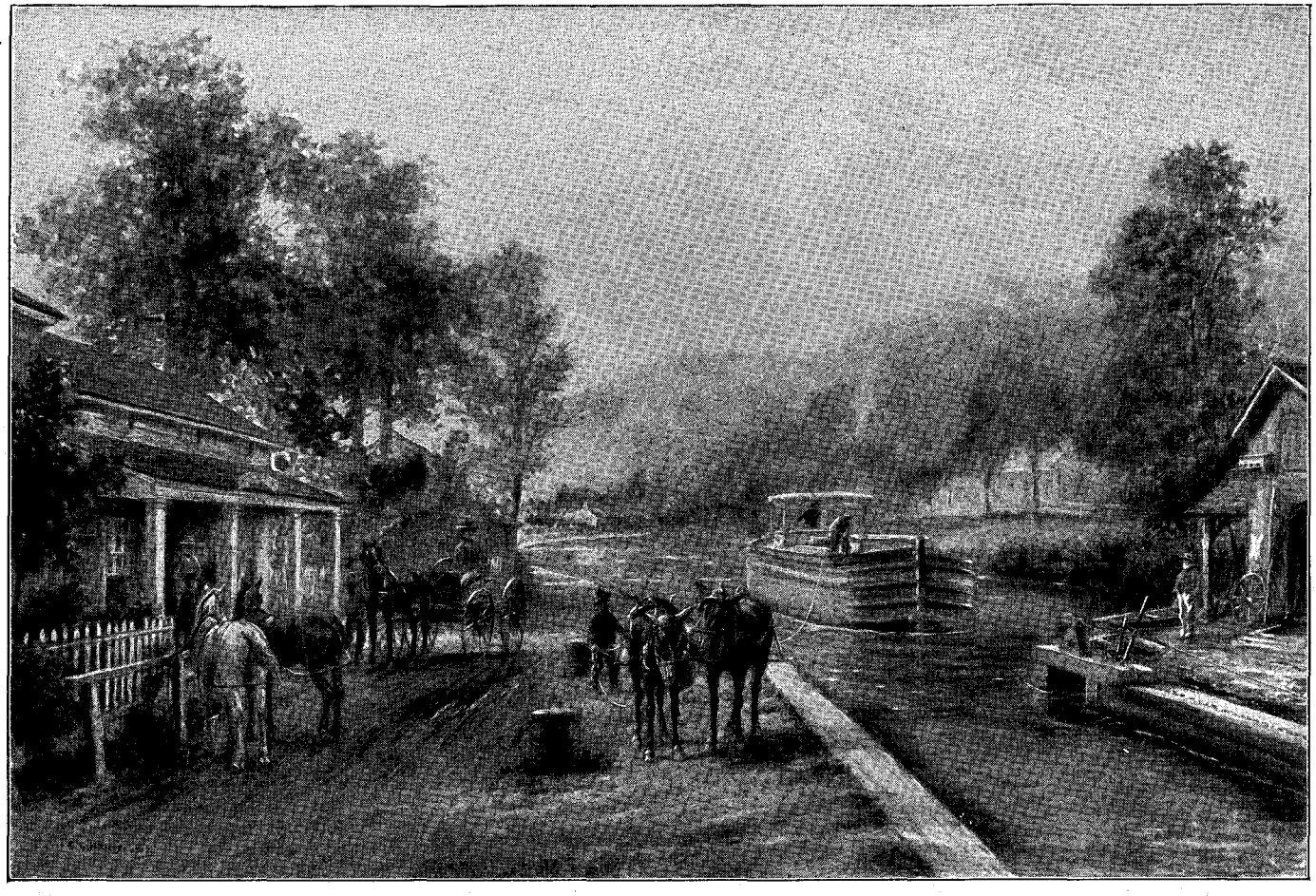

A Canal-Boat Entering a Lock.

The original water-color painting was made in 1912 from studies made on the old Delaware and Hudson Canal between Ellenville and Napanoch.
By permission of Mrs. E. L. Henry.

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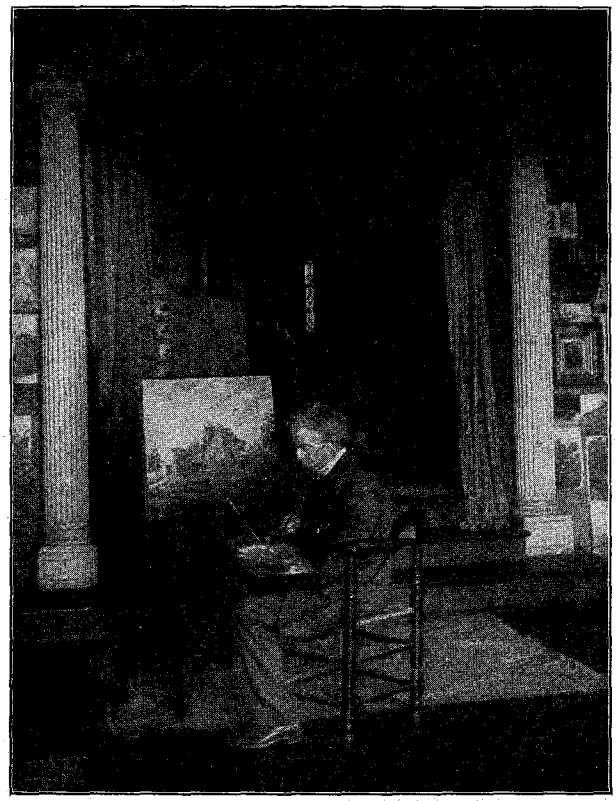
So when the Æsthetic Movement began, when in 1885 Whistler's "Ten O'Clock" was published and was soon on every tongue, when Japanese fans became "the rage," and the name of Hokusai a household word—Mr. Henry remained unconscious of the great change in the world of art around him. His placid absorption in his own painting and his own occupations continued. He would scour the countryside for miles around; dig out from some forgotten lumber-room an old harness, the use and style of which were both long over with; and this he would have put in repair and polished so that the horses in his pictures might be as correctly accoutred in the mode of their day as were his ladies, his gentlemen and his grooms.



E. L. Henry in his studio at Cragsmoor.
From a copyrighted photograph by the Woodbury Hunt Company taken in July, 1914.

Meantime the new Æsthetic Movement gained force. It became popularized by the criticisms and the lectures of the unfortunate Oscar Wilde. In 1890 Whistler's "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" appeared, and the slur cast at Frith (the English painter of "Derby Day" and like subjects) was often thrown at Mr. Henry's name. Whistler's suit for libel against Ruskin is the first thing in the book, and in the course of it Frith is quoted as saying that in his youth it was the toss of a penny whether he should become an artist or an auctioneer; and Whistler in a bitter side-note observes: "He evidently tossed the penny." So when Mr. Henry's name was mentioned one often heard it said that "he must have tossed the penny too."

As indifferent and as tranquil as before, E. L. Henry kept on in the path which had lain so brightly before him in his youth. If his sun were under a cloud he did not seem to notice it, and fortunately there was always in his work a genuine attractive quaintness so that still his pictures sold. And times had so changed that while in 1876 five hundred and thirty dollars was a large sum to pay for a painting, it was by 1890 a moderate amount, and his prices did not have to change.

It was not long, however, before another new movement, and a yet more powerful one, again changed the fashions in art. This was the Impressionist Movement, with its introduction of the spectrum and the scientific use of color in painting.

The old Hudson River School with which, although he did not actually belong to it, Mr. Henry was closely allied, was fairly beaten from the field. Some of its old adherents changed to the new method. Some disappeared. One I remember meeting who said to me with a certain dignified pathos: "Once all I had to do was to paint a good picture, and it sold. Now I am sweeping out studios for younger men."

Even through this débâcle E. L. Henry

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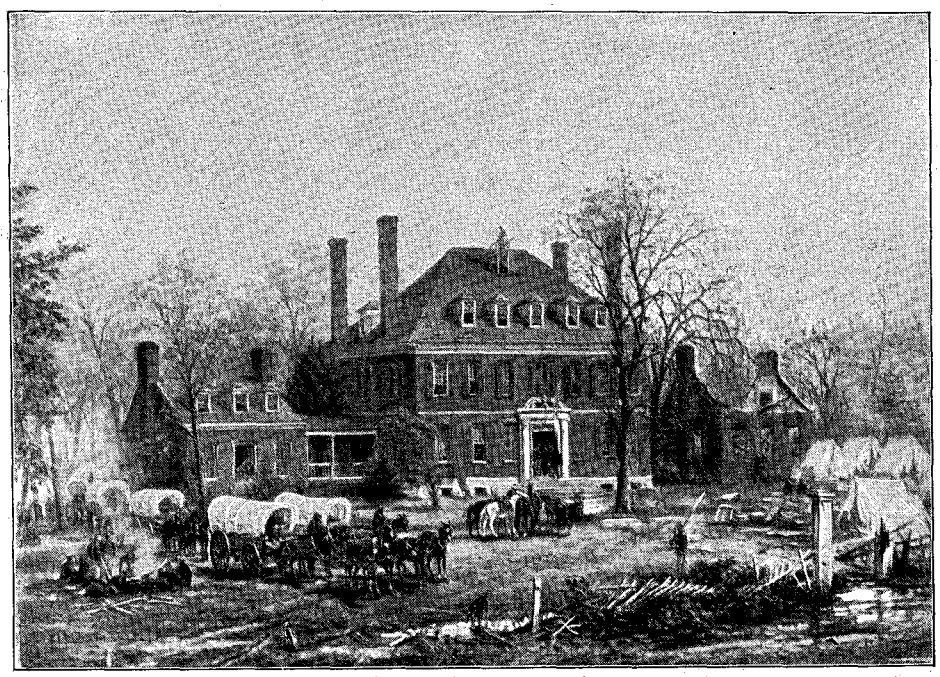

Westover, the James River. Campaign of 1863.
In the possession of the Century Club, New York.

The Watering-trough.
In the possession of the Salmagundi Club, New York.

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survived; painted as he had always painted, and sold his pictures as he had always sold them. And when in 1906 the National Academy of Design coalesced with the Society of American Aritsts—which was made up of these now successful younger men—and when, consequently, an academician, instead of having a right to hang several pictures on the line in every exhibition, was only allowed one picture, and that hung where the hanging committee pleased, still Mr. Henry survived, unchanged, untroubled, steadfast, and happy and gentle as of old.

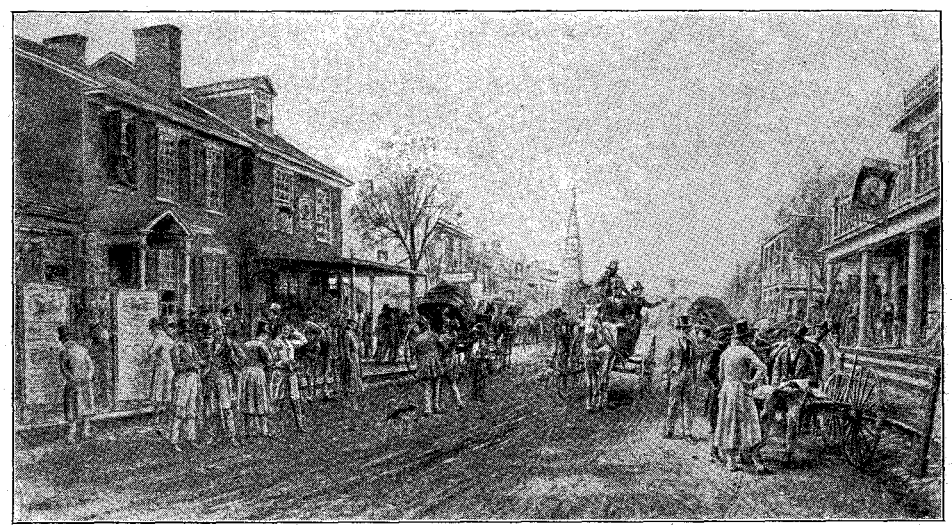
As a matter of fact, although during the first years of this régime Mr. Henry's small canvases were sometimes discourteously used, it was not for long. After a picture or two of his had been "skyed," or hung in what is known as the Academy's Morgue (a room lit only by artificial light), back to the line and back to the best gallery they came. Fashionable or unfashionable, they were of too great a popular interest to be maltreated or ignored for any length of time.

What E. L. Henry supremely gave us has, in a sense, nothing to do with art at all. Just as Pasteur gave us nothing in religion, but *did* give us a new illumination in science, so did Mr. Henry give us, not a contribution to art itself, but the unconsciously rendered portrait of a nature as beautiful as it was rare. Victor Hugo's lines,

> "Sa douce bonne foi,
> Sa voix qui veut tout dire"

would come, perforce, into one's mind on looking at one of his pictures. The soul of a child seemed always there revealed, and written large for all to see and to love. Life was transmuted into a richer thing to those to whom this tender personal vision came.

And if Mr. Henry's paintings are no more connected with the general history of art than Mr. John S. Sargent has declared the drawings of William Blake to be, they are connected with the history of our country and of its painting. In their rare sincerity and their quaintness it is my belief that they will always be of interest and of value to our people, and will throw an ever-penetrating light into our vanished customs and past social history.



Election Day.
The contest between James K. Polk and Henry Clay, 1844.
By permission of Mrs. E. L. Henry.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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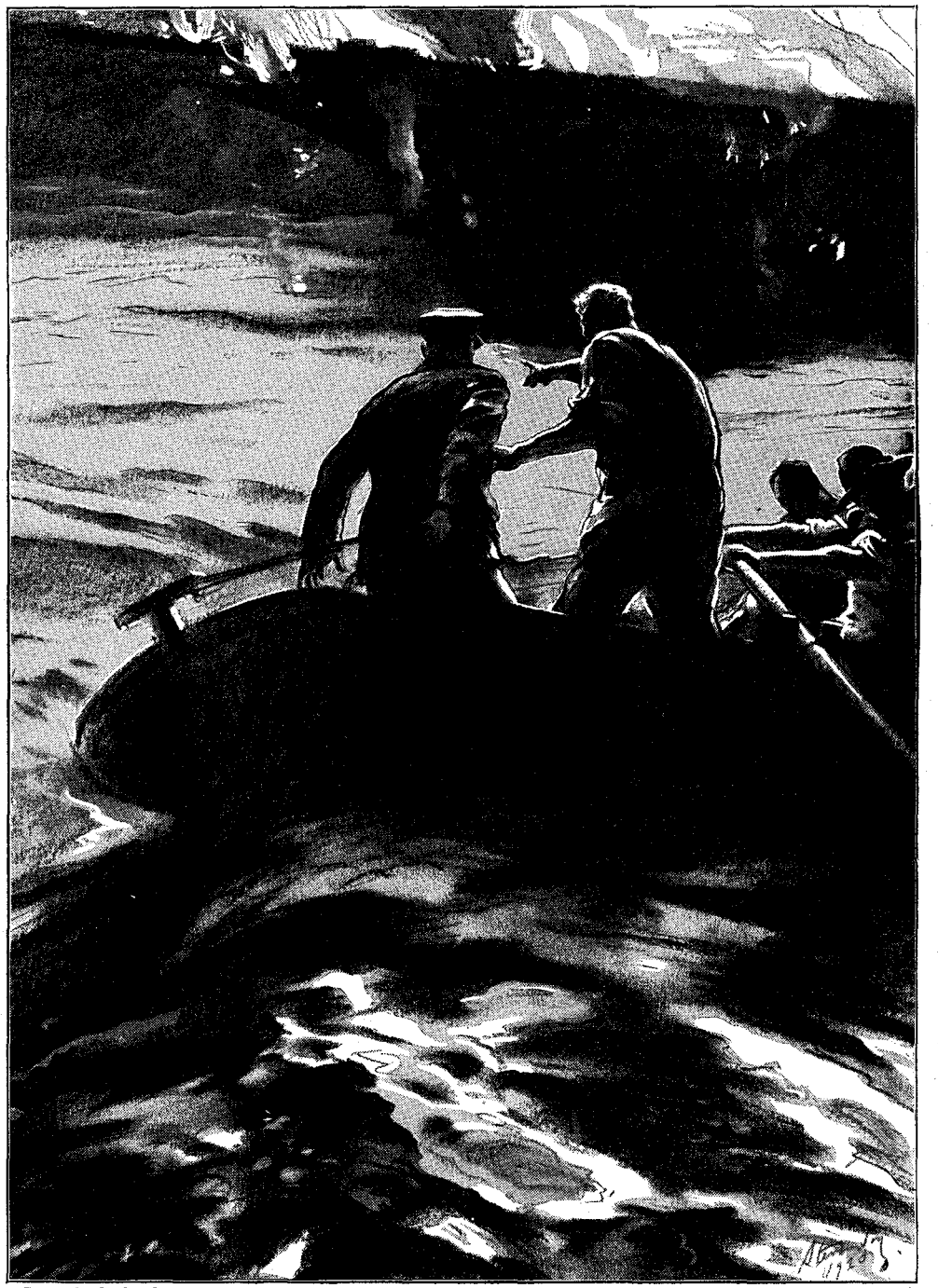

Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

I ROSE, HOLDING THE TILLER ROPES IN MY HANDS, AND FOLLOWED HIS POINTING.

—"Sea Ginger," page 343.

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